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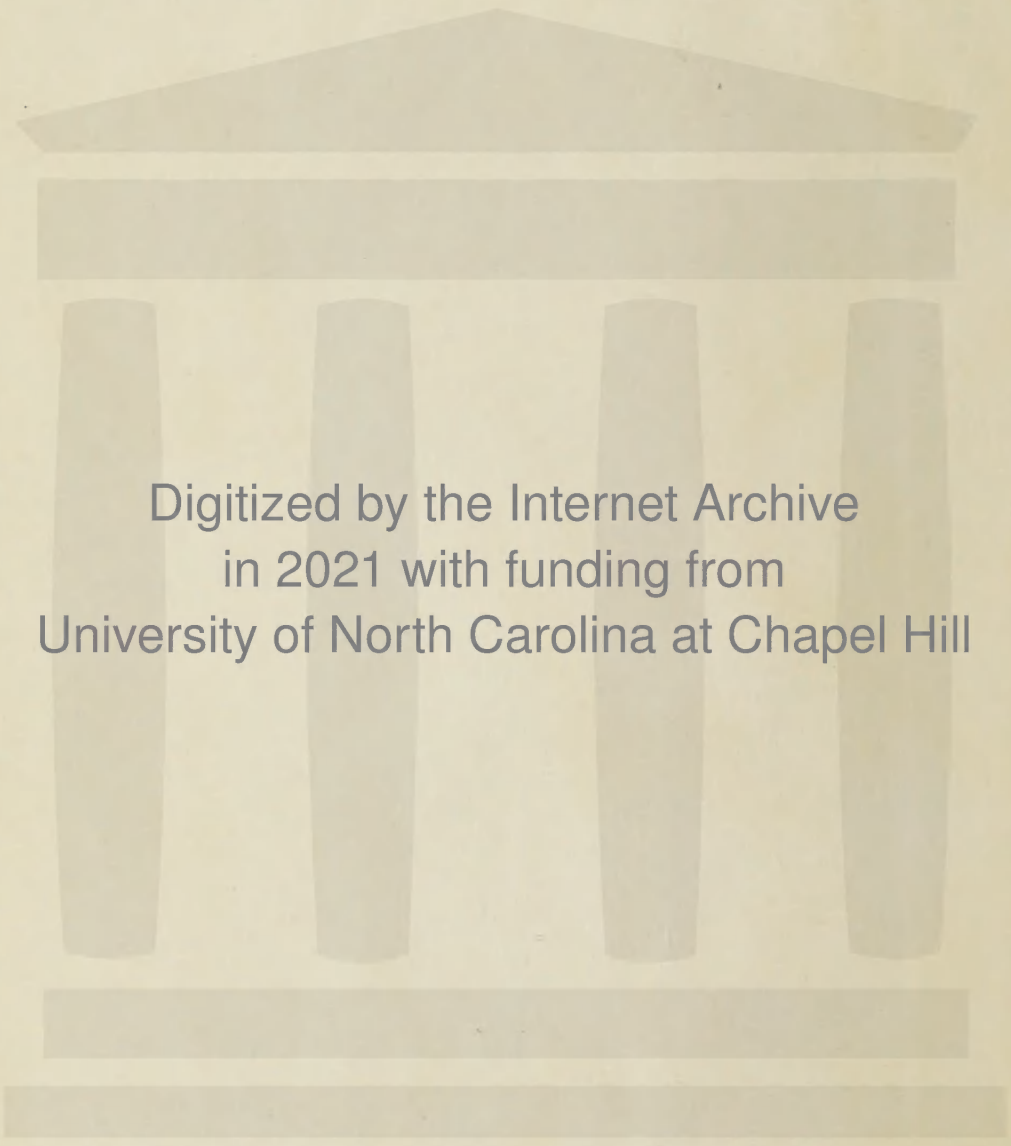

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THE

CHARMS OF MELODY;

OR

Siren Medley.

BEING THE MOST EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF

LOVE,	BACCHANALIAN,
SENTIMENTAL,	HUMOROUS,
WAR,	SEA, AND
HUNTING,	POLITICAL

SONGS,

OLD ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH, AND GERMAN BALLADS, LEGENDARIES, &c.

EVER BROUGHT TOGETHER IN A SINGLE PUBLICATION,

SELECTED FROM THE BEST POETS AND MOST ADMIRED WRITERS.

DUBLIN:

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THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY;

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION OF THE NEWEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE SONGS

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

THE WEDDING DAY.

WHAT virgin or ſhepherd of valley or grove,
Will envy my innocent lays;
The ſong of the heart, and the offſpring of love,
When ſung in my Corydon's praiſe;
O'er brook and o'er brake as he hies to the bower,
How lightſome my ſhepherd can trip;
And ſure, when of love he deſcribes the ſoft power,
The honey dew drops from his lip.

How ſweet is the primroſe, the violet how ſweet,
And ſweet is the eglantine breeze;
But Corydon's kiſs, when by moonlight we meet,
To me is far ſweeter than theſe;
I bluſh at his raptures, I hear all his vows,
I ſigh when I offer to ſpeak:
And O! what delight my fond boſom o'erflows,
When I feel the ſoft touch of his cheek.

Reſponſive and ſhrill be the notes on each ſpray—
Let the pipe thro' the village reſound;
Be ſmiles on each face, O ye ſhepherds, to-day,
And ring the bells merrily round:
Your favours prepare, my companions, with ſpeed,
Aſſiſt me my bluſhes to hide;
A twelvemonth ago, on this day I agreed
To be my love Corydon's bride.

O LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O LOGIE of Buchan! O Logie the laird!
They ha'e taen away Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe, and the viol ſae ſma;
They ha'e taen away Jamie the flow'r o' them a'.

He ſaid, think na long laſſie, tho' I gang awa,
He ſaid, thing na lang laſſie, tho' I gang awa,
For the ſummer is coming, cauld winter's awa'
And I'll come and ſee thee in ſpite o' them a'.

Sandy has ouſen, has gear, and has kye,
A houſe and a hadden, and ſiller forby;
But I'd tak mine ain lad wi' his ſtaff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houſes and land.
He ſaid, think na lang laſſie, &c.

My daddy looks ſulky, my minny looks ſour,
They frown upon Jamie becauſe he is poor;
Tho' I loe them as weel as a daughter ſhould do,
They are no half ſae dear to me, Jamie as you.
He ſaid, think na lang laſſie, &c.

I ſit on my creepie and ſpin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that loed me ſae weell;
He had but a ſixpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa.

Then haſte ye back Jamie, and bide na awa,
Then haſte ye back Jamie, and bide na awa,
The ſummar is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And I'll come and ſee thee in ſpite o' them a'

VOURNEEN DHEELISH.

O! The moment was ſad, when my love and I parted— *Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue;*
As I kiſs'd off her tears I was quite broken hearted,
Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue:
Wan was her cheek, which hung on my ſhoulder—
Damp was her hand, and no marble was colder;
I thought in my heart that I ne'er more ſhould behold her— *Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue.*

When the word of command put our troops all in motion— *Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue;*
I claſp'd on my knapſack, to croſs the wide ocean:
Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue,
Briſk were our troops, all roaring like thunder—
Pleas'd with their voyage, impatient for plunder—
Whilſt my poor heart with grief was almoſt torn aſunder— *Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue.*

I fought for my country, far far from my true-love,
Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue;
My pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love—
Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue:
Peace was proclaim'd—I eſcap'd from the ſlaughter
Landed at home, my ſweet girl I ſought her—
But ſorrow, at laſt, to her cold grave had brought her!— *Vourneen dheeliſh Elleen ogue.*

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

IN ſtorms, when clouds obſcure the ſky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly—
In midſt of all theſe dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove;
Laſh'd to the helm,
Should ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry ſide,
And art is vain the ſhip to guide—
In various ſhapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my boſom chears.
The troubled main, &c.

But ſhould the gracious pow'rs prove kind—
Diſpel the gloom, and ſtill the wind—
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-loſt native ſhore—

No more the main
I'll tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
Then I with thee
Would happy be,
And think of nought but love.

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STERNE's MARIA.

'TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
MARIA choſe her wretched ſeat,
To mourn her ſorrows free.
Her lovely form was ſweet to view
As dawn at op'ning day—
But, ah! ſhe mourn'd her love not true,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmur ſmooth along;
Her pipe, that once ſhe tun'd ſo ſweet,
Had now forgot its ſong:
No more to charm the vale ſhe tries,
For grief had fill'd her breaſt—
Thoſe joys which once ſhe us'd to prize,
For love had rob'd her reſt.

Poor hapleſs maid! who can behold
Thy ſorrows, ſo ſevere—
Or hear thy love-lorn ſtory told,
Without a falling tear?
MARIA, luckleſs maid! adieu!
Thy ſorrows ſoon muſt ceaſe!
Sure Heav'n will take a maid, ſo true,
To Everlaſting Peace!

NAN OF HAMPTON-GREEN.

WITH care I ſearch'd the village round,
And many hamlets try'd;
At length a fair I happ'ly found,
Devoid of art and pride:
In neat-built cot
It is her lot
A ruſtic life to lead;
With tender care
Her lambkins rear,
And watch her ewes to feed.
Where Thames in ſilver current flows,
To beautify the ſcene,
There blooms this fair, a bluſhing roſe,
Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green.

Her eyes beſpake a ſoul for love—
Her manner form'd to pleaſe;
In mildneſs equal to the dove,
With innocence and eaſe.
To paint her face,
Her form and grace,
All words are weak and vain—
Enough to tell,
She does excell
The daughter of the main.
Where Thames, &c.

When firſt this charmer I ſurvey'd,
With doubt my mind was fraught—
Fancy the beauteous maid pourtray'd
A goddeſs to my thought:
In am'rous bliſs,
I ſeiz'd a kiſs,
Which baniſh'd all alarms;
Then joyful found
My wiſhes crown'd—
A mortal in my arms.
Where Thames, &c.

LULLABY.

PEACEFUL ſlumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
Wind and waves, in gentle motion,
Soothe them with their Lullaby.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby—
Soothe them with their lullaby.

Tho' the wind tempeſtuous blowing,
Still no danger they deſcry—
The guiltleſs heart its boon beſtowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Lullaby, &c.

THE DUTCH FISHMONGER.

OF all what ſtrive to live and to thrive,
And by cunning over-reach man—
Vether trade ben dead, or trade ben live,
De beſt trade of all is a Dutchſman:
With ſome 'tis fiſh vat he can get—
But all ben fiſh in a Dutchſman's net:
Ik ben lider lick, du biſt lider lick,
Snick ſnack lider lick, a licho.

Mynheer can drink—when drink by chance,
Mynheer by chance can caper;
But Ik never let my vrow go dance,
'Till ſomebody pay de piper:
And if my holt ev'ry hond,
Or breaks mine pipe, and I nic vor ſtond:
Ik ben lider lick, &c.

We trade mit de Yonkey, and deal mit de Scot—
And cheaten de taen and de t'other;
We cheaten de Jew—and, better as dat,
We cheaten either 'nother:
And at Amſterdam, when whee coms dere,
We ſhall cheaten de Dyvil—and that's all fair:
Ik ben lider lick, &c.

De ſtrange mans comes for de fiſh dat's nice,
And he looks ſharp as donder:
Ik praiſe mine goods, and tak mine price—
And ſell him a ſtinking flounder:
Den he calls me tief—Ik ſay yaw,
And keeps mine hand to de gelt, com ca:
Ik ben lider lick, &c.

CORN RIGGS.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy, O;
His breath is ſweeter than new hay—
His face is fair and ruddy, O.
His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize—
He's ſtately in his walking, O;
The ſhining of his een ſurprize—
'Tis Heav'n to hear him talking, O.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing, O;
There mony a kindly word he ſpoke,
That ſet my heart a glowing, O.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine—
And loo'd me beſt of ony, O;
Which gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O *corn riggs* are bonny, O.

Let maidens o' a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt their wanting, O—
Since we for yielding were deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting, O:
Then I'll comply, and marry late—
And ſyne my cockernony, O;
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where *corn riggs* are bonny, O.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER's WIND.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind—
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning—moſt loving, mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly—
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky—
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friends remember'd not.
Heigh ho! &c.

NONE CAN LOVE LIKE AN IRISHMAN.

THE turban'd Turk, who ſcorns the world,
May ſtrut about, with his whiſkers curl'd—
Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,
For no-body elſe but himſelf to ſee:
Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran,
Before he can love like an Iriſhman.
Before he can love like an Iriſhman—
Like an Iriſhman;
Before he can love like an Iriſhman.

The gay Monſieur, a Slave no more—
The ſolemn Don, the ſoft Signior;
The Dutch Mynheer, ſo full of pride—
The Ruſſian, Pruſſian, Swede, beſide;
They all may do whate'er they can—
But they'll never love like an Iriſhman.
Like an Iriſhman, &c.

The London folks themſelves beguile,
And think they pleaſe in a capital ſtile;
Yet let them aſk, as they croſs the ſtreet,
Of any young virgin they happen to meet;
And I'm ſure ſhe'll ſay, from behind her fan—
"O! there's none can love like an Iriſhman!"
Like an Iriſhman, &c.

FROM NIGHT 'TILL MORN.

FROM night 'till morn I take my glaſs,
In hopes to forget my Chloe;
From night, &c.
But as I take the pleaſing draught,
She's ne'er the leſs before me:
Ah! no, no—wine cannot cure
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew, to eaſe the pain
Her beauteous charms created;
To wine, &c.
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
And love would not be cheated.
Ah! no, no, &c.

THE STREAMLET THAT FLOW'D.

THE ſtreamlet that flow'd round her cot
All the charms of my Emily knew;
How oft has its courſe been forgot,
While it paus'd her dear image to woo!

Believe me, the fond ſilver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize;
For, ſilently ſwelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the ſkies!

MA CHERE AMIE.

MA chere amie, my charming fair,
Whoſe ſmiles can baniſh ev'ry care;
In kind compaſſion ſmile on me,
Whoſe only care is love of thee. *Ma chere, &c.*

Under ſweet friendſhip's ſacred name,
My boſom caught the tender flame:
May friendſhip in thy boſom be
Converted into love for me. *Ma chere, &c.*

Together rear'd, together grown—
O let us now unite in one:
Let pity ſoften thy decree—
I droop, dear maid—I die for thee. *Ma chere, &c.*

SWEET BIRD.

STILL let thy plaintive numbers flow,
Sweet bird of ſolitude and night;
And I will join the ſong of woe,
Until the morn's returning light.

With thee I ſhun the world's relief—
Woo ſorrow only to my breaſt!
And preſs, for luxury of grief,
The thorn that will not let it reſt!

JANE OF GRISIPOLY—*Air—Moggy Lawther.*

O HAD I Allan Ramſay's art,
To ſing my paſſion tender,
In ev'ry line ſhe'd read my heart,
Such ſoothing ſtrains I'd ſend her:
Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid,
To ſhew, is all a folly,
How much I love the charming maid,
Sweet Jane of Griſipoly.

She makes me know what all deſire,
So lovely are her glances—
Her modeſt air then checks my fire,
And damps my bold advances:
Tho' ſprightly as the bounding fawn,
Yet by her conquer'd wholly—
For modeſt as the bluſhing dawn
Is Jane of Griſipoly.

My ſenſes ſhe's bewilder'd quite—
I ſeem an am'rous ninny:
A letter to a friend I write—
For *Sandy* I ſign *Jenny!*
Laſt Sunday, when from church I came,
With looks demure and holy,
I ſigh'd, when aſk'd the *text* to name,
"*Sweet Jane of Griſipoly!*"

My Jenny is no fortune great,
And I am poor and lowly—
A fig for pow'r and grand eſtate,
Her perſon I love ſolely:
From ev'ry ſordid, ſelfiſh view,
So free my heart is wholly;
And ſhe is kind as I am true—
Sweet Jane of Griſipoly.

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

THO' Bachus may boaſt of his care-killing bowl,
And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worſhip, alas! hath no charms for my ſoul,
When ſofter devotions the ſenſes invite.
To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
His potions oblivious a balm may beſtow;
But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of Reflection's the birth of all woe.

What ſoul that's poſſeſs'd of a dream ſo divine,
With riot would bid the ſweet viſion begone?
For the tear that bedews Senſibility's ſhrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bachus's tun.
The tender exceſs that enamours the heart
To few is imparted—to millions deny'd:
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart;
And fools jeſt at that, for which ſages have dy'd.

Each change and exceſs hath thro' life been my doom,
And well can I ſpeak of its joy and its ſtrife:
The bottle affords us a glimpſe thro' the gloom—
But Love's the true ſunſhine that gladdens our life.
Come then, roſy Venus, and ſpread o'er my ſight
Thoſe magic illuſions that raviſh the ſoul—
Awake in my breaſt the ſoft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

WHEN BIDDEN TO THE WAKE OR FAIR.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each true hearted ſwain,
When Phoebe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd laſt of all the train.
If chanc'd ſome fairing caught her eye,
The ribbon gay, or ſilken glove,
With eager haſte I ran to buy—
For what is gold compar'd to love?

My poſey on her boſom plac'd—
Could Henry ſweeter ſcents exhale?
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With ſcorn ſhe hears me now complain—
Nor can thoſe ruſtic preſents move;
Her heart prefers a richer ſwain—
For gold, alas! has baniſh'd love!

THE TWINS OF LATONA.

THE Twins of Latona, ſo kind to my boon,
Ariſe to partake of the chace;
And Sol lends a ray to chaſte Dian's fair moon,
And a ſmile to the ſmile on her face.
The ſport I delight in—the bright queen of love
With myrtle my brow ſhall adorn;
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and ſculks thro' the grove,
Excell'd by the ſound of the horn.

The hounds are uncoupled—how ſweet is their cry!
Yet far ſweeter the notes of ſweet Echo reply——
Sweet Echo!—ſweet Echo reply!
Hark forward! my honies—the game is in view;
But Love is the game I would wiſh to purſue—
I would wiſh to purſue—
I would wiſh to purſue.

The ſtag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His ſentence he hears in the gale;
He flies—'till, entangled in fear and in doubt,
His courage and conſtancy fail:
Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray—
(Deſpair taking place of his fear)
With antlers erected, a while ſtands at bay——
Then ſurrenders his life with a tear!
The hounds are uncoupled, &c.

BUSY FLY.

BUSY, curious, thirſty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup—
Could thou ſip, and ſip it up.
Make the moſt of life you may—
Life is ſhort, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine—
Haſt'ning quick to their decline:
Thine's a ſummer—mine no more,
Though repeated to three-ſcore;
Three-ſcore ſummers, when they're gone,
Will appear as ſhort as one.

WHEN ISICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

WEN iſicles hang upon the wall,
And Dick the ſhepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk come frozen home in pail;
When blood be nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl—
Tu-whit tu-whu—a ſcurvy note!
While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot.

When ſharp and loud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw—
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow—
And Marian's noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl—
Tu-whit tu-whu, &c.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to ſee,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhew,
To ſet his Eurydice free.
All Hell was aſtoniſh'd a perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far——but how vaſt their ſurprize,
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a puniſhment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But Hell had not torments ſufficient, he thought—
So—he gave him his wife back again!
But Pity ſucceeding, found place in his heart,
And (pleas'd with his playing ſo well)
He took her again, in reward of his art—
Such power had muſic in Hell!

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ſhip up channel ſteer'd—
And ſcudding under eaſy ſail,
The high blue weſtern land appear'd:
To heave the lead the Seaman ſprung,
And to the Pilot chear'ly ſung—
By the deep—Nine!
By the deep—Nine!
To heave the Lead, &c.

And bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view—
An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
Or beacon, to the veſſel true;
While oft the lead the Seaman flung,
And to the Pilot chear'ly ſung—
By the mark—Sev'n!

And as the much-lov'd ſhore we near,
With rapture we behold the roof,
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof:
The lead once more the Seaman flung,
And to the watchful Pilot ſung—
Quarter—leſs—Five!

Now to her birth the ſhip draws nigh;
We take in ſail—ſhe feels the tide:
"Stand clear the cable," is the cry—
"The anchor's gone"—we ſafely ride!
The watch is ſet, and thro' the night
We hear the Seaman, with delight,
Proclaim—"ALL'S WELL!"

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

YOUNG Donald is the bliſheſt lad
That e'er made love to me;
Whene'er he's by my heart is glad,
He ſeems ſo gay and free:
Then on his pipe he plays ſo ſweet,
And in his plaid he looks ſo neat,
It cheers my ſoul at eve to meet
Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me;
And fain he wants to be my love—
But ah! it canna be:
Tho' mother frets both ſoon and late,
For me to wed this youth I hate,
There's none need hope to gain young Kate,
But Donald of Dundee.

When laſt we rang'd the banks of Tay,
The ring he ſhew'd to me;
And bade me name the bridal day—
Then happy would he be;
I ken the youth will aye prove kind;
Na mair my mither will I mind—
Meſs John to me ſhall quickly bind
Young Donald of Dundee.

THE ALL OF LIFE IS LOVE.

WHEN firſt this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I ſtrove,
My grain was ſcarce, my ſheep were few,
My all of Life was Love.
By mutual toil our board was dreſs'd,
The ſpring our drink beſtow'd;
But when her lip the brim had preſs'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling ſhar'd,
No other gueſt came nigh,
In them was giv'n (tho' gold was ſpar'd)
What gold could never buy.
No value has a ſplendid lot,
But has the means to prove
That from the caſtle to the cot,
The All of Life is Love.

[Numb. 3]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Green grow the Raſhes—O.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry hand,
In ev'ry hour that paſſes—O,
What ſignifies the life of man,
If t'were not for the laſſes—O.

Green grow the raſhes—O,
Green grow the raſhes—O,
The blytheſt hours I ever ſpent,
Were ſpent among the laſſes—O.

The worldly wiſe will riches prize,
And riches ſtill may fly them—O,
And if at laſt they graſp them faſt,
Their hearts cannot enjoy them—O. *Chorus.*

Give me a happy hour at e'en,
My arms about my deary—O,
And wardly cares and warldly men,
May all gang tapſey tiney—O. *Chorus.*

All ye ſo wiſe that ſneer at this,
Ye're nought but ſenſeleſs aſſes—O.
The wiſeſt man the warld e'er ſaw,
He dearly lov'd the laſſes—O. *Chorus.*

Auld nature ſwears the lovely dears,
Her nobleſt work ſhe claſſes—O,
Her 'prentic'd hand ſhe try'd on man,
And then ſhe made the laſſes—O. *Chorus.*

Burns.

Poor Tom Bowling.

HERE, a ſheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempeſt howling,
For Death has broach'd him too:
His form was of the manlieſt beauty—
His heart was kind and ſoft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed;
His virtues were ſo rare,
His friends were many, and true hearted—
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd ſing ſo blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy—
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When HE who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word—to pipe, all hands!
Thus Death, who kings and tars diſpatches,
In vain poor Tom has doff'd;
For tho' his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft. *Dibdin.*

The Tar for all Weathers.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy;
My jib! how it ſmack'd thro' the breeze!
She's a veſſel as tight to my fancy,
As ever ſail'd thro' the ſalt ſeas:
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native ſhore;
For if ſome hard rock we ſhould ſplit on,
We ſhall never ſee them any more:

But ſailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low;
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we muſt go.

When we enter'd the Gut of Gibraltar,
I verily though ſhe'd have ſunk;
For the wind then began to ſo alter,
She yaw'd juſt as tho'f ſhe'd been drunk:
The ſquall tore the main-ſail to ſhivers—
Helm a-weather, the hoarſe boatſwain cries;
Brace the fore-ſail athwart—ſee, ſhe quivers,
As thro' the rough tempeſt ſhe flies.
But ſailors, &c.

The ſtorm came on thicker and faſter,
As black juſt as pitch was the ſky;
When truly a doleful diſaſter
Befell three poor ſailors and I:
Ben Bluntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handſail,
By a blaſt that came furious and hard,
Thus while we were furling the main-ſail,
Were ev'ry ſoul ſwept from the yard:
But ſailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam and Dick, cry'd *pecavi*,—
As for I, at the riſk of my neck,
While they ſunk down in peace to Old Davy,
Caught a rope, and ſo landed on deck;
Well, what would you have? we were ſtranded—
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that ſail'd, never landed,
But I, and (I think) twenty-two!
But ſailors, &c.

After thus we at ſea had miſcarry'd,
Another gueſs way ſat the wind;
For to England I came and got marry'd
To a laſs that was comely and kind:
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we are born;
Perhaps I may find a kind ſtation—
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
Sailors, &c.

Dibdin.

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While the Lads of the Village.

WHILE the lads of the village ſhall merrily, ah!
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I ſay unto thee, that verrily, ah!
Thou and I will be firſt in the throng.

Juſt then when the ſwain who laſt year won the dow'r,
With his mate ſhall the ſports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladneſs reſounds from each bow'r,
And thou long'ſt in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

Thoſe joys that are harmleſs, what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim that youth ſhould be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the ſame,
Believe me thou ſhalt preſently ſee.
Quaker. *While the lads, &c.*

Let's be jovial.

LET's be jovial, fill our glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think
How the world is rul'd by aſſes,
And the wiſe are ſway'd by chink. *Fa, la, ra.*

Then never let vain cares oppreſs us,
Riches are to them a ſnare;
We'er ev'ry one as rich as Cræſus,
While our bottle drowns our care. *Fa, la, ra.*

Wine will make us red as roſes,
And our ſorrows quite forget;
Come, let's fuddle all our noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of debt. *Fa, la, ra.*

When grim Death is looking for us,
We are toping at our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus,
Death, be gone, here's none but ſouls. *Fa, la, ra.*

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling Death away ſhall fly;
Ever after underſtanding
Drinking ſouls can never die. *Fa, la, ra.*

In ſultry Climes.

IN ſultry climes long doom'd to roam,
My Edward dares the raging ſea,
And leaves, with troubled heart, a home
Solac'd by tenderneſs and me—
Tho' torn by ruthleſs fate away,
Yet ſtill within my throbbing breaſt,
He lives unrivall'd all the day,
Nor quits my pillow when I reſt.

Be thou, fond youth, as conſtant too,
And in a tender boſom wear
The image that will prove thee true,
And mindful of Olivia's care:
The abſence then we both deplore,
Our preſent ſorrow ſhall requite;
For you can never doubt me more,
Nor I miſtruſt the love you plight.

Now Phœbus ſinketh in the Weſt.

NOW Phœbus ſinketh in the weſt,
Welcome ſong, and welcome jeſt;
Midnight ſhouts and revelry,
Tipſy dance and jollity:
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine,
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with ſcrup'lous head;
Strict Age, and ſour Severity,
With their grave ſaws in ſlumbers lie.
With their, &c.

Black Ey'd Suſan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Suſan came on board;
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among your crew!

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd and caſt his eyes below;
The cords glide ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

"O, Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear,
"My vows ſhall ever true remain;
"Let me kiſs off that falling tear—
"We only part to meet again.
"Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
"The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen ſay,
"Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind
"They'll tell thee, ſailors when away
"At ev'ry port a miſtreſs find:
"Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo—
"For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
"Thy eyes are ſeen in diamond's bright;
"Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale—
"Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
"Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
"Brings to my mind ſome charm of lovely Sue.

"Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
"Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
"Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms
"William ſhall to his dear return:
"Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
"Leſt precious trars ſhould drop from Suſan's eye."

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word—
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board:
They kiſs'd—ſhe ſigh'd—he hung his head.
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" ſhe cry'd—and wav'd her lily hand.
Gay.

Oh! how ſhall I.

OH! how ſhall I in language weak,
My ardent paſſion tell;
Or form my falt'ring tongue to ſpeak
That cruel word, farewell!

Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never ſtray;
Go where I will, my conſtant heart
Muſt with my charmer ſtay.

The Deſart of Wildneſs.

'TIS in vain for ſuccour calling—
Hope no more my boſom chears!
Cruel fate that bliſs appalling,
With her ſcroll of joyleſs years.

Come, deſpair and diſtraction confound me!
Add ſtill to my life's wretched load,
And while your mix'd horrors ſurround me,
This Deſart of Wildneſs ſhall be my abode!

The Ploughman.

I That once was a Ploughman, a ſailor am now:
No lark, that aloft in the ſky,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I:
But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's ſhip,
And he ax'd me to go juſt to ſea for a trip;
And he talk'd of ſuch things
As if ſailors were kings;
And ſo teazing did keep,
And ſo teazing did keep,
Till I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn—
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
I truſted to the carfindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ſhip,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bombo and flip,
But I did not like rocking about:
Bye and bye came a hurricane—I did not like that;
Next a battle, that many a ſailor lay'd flat:
Ah! cry'd I, who would roam,
That, like me, had a home!
Where I'd ſow and I'd reap—
Where I'd ſow and I'd reap;
Ere I left my poor plough to go plough in the deep;
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn—
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
Ere I truſted to the carfindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin—
Nor did I make any long ſtay,
Ere I found out my friend, who I ax'd for my kin—
"Father's dead, and your wife ran away:"
Ah! who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame—
Wives loſing their huſbands, oft loſe their good name:
Ah! why did I roam?
When, ſo happy at home,
I could ſow and could reap—
I could ſow and could reap—
Ere I left my poor plough to go plough in the deep;
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
Curſe light upon the carfindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gif's a ſhake by the fiſt—all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife's ſafe at home:
Stark ſtaring with joy, I leapt out of my ſkin—
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin:
Now, cry'd I, let them roam,
Who want a good home:
I am well—ſo I'll keep;
I am well—ſo I'll keep;
Nor again leave my plough to go plough in the deep:
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn—
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn;
Nor ſhall any damn'd carfindo, nor the inconſtant wind,
Ere tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Dibdin.

Women, War, and Wine.

BATTLE firſt my ſoul employs,
Next comes love with all its toys,
And liquor crowns my daily joys.
Next comes love with all its toys.
Give me, then, ye powers divine,
Give me women, war, and wine,
Give me women, charming women,
Give me women, war, and wine.

Battle makes me madly vain,
Love pops in and cools the flame,
But liquor makes me mad again,
Love pops in and cools the flame.
Give me, then, &c.

Let me fight and never fly,
Let me love and never ſigh,
Let me drink until I die,
Let me love until I die.
Give me, then, &c.

Nanny—O.

WHILE ſome for pleaſure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without ſtealth,
Kiſs and careſs my Nanny—O.
She bids more fair t'engage a Jove
Then Leda did, or Danae—O:
Were I to paint the queen of love
None elſe ſhould ſit but Nanny—O.
How joyfully my ſpirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely—O,
I gueſs what heaven is by her eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely O.
Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſt Britannia,
None's happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
My lovely charming Nanny—O.
I care not tho' the world ſhould know
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

When I was a young one.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like me!
So wanton, ſo airy, and briſk as a bee?
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and when e'er
A fiddle was heard—to be ſure I was there.

To all that came near I had ſomething to ſay;
'Twas this, ſir, and that, ſir, but ſcarce ever nay;
And Sundays, dreſs'd out in my ſilk and my lace,
I warrant I ſtood by the beſt in the place.

At twenty I got me a huſband, poor man!
Well, reſt him—we all are as good as we can!
Yet he was ſo peeviſh, he'd quarrel for ſtraws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him ſome cauſe.

He ſnubb'd me, and buff'd me; but, let me alone,
Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own:
Ye wives, take the hint, and when ſpouſe is untow'rd
Stand firm to your charter, and have the laſt word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty ſummers ago:
This Time's a ſore foe; there's no ſhunning his dart;
However I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be ſitting mum chance;
I ſtill love a tune, tho' unable to dance;
And, books of devotion laid by on the ſhelf,
I teach that to others I once did myſelf.

The Piper.

A PIPER on the meadows ſtraying,
Met a ſimple maid a maying;
Straight he won her heart by playing,
Fal de ral de ral de ral lal la la la.
Wedded, ſoon each note grew teazing,
Fal de ral de ral de ral lal la la la.
His pipe had loſt the pow'r of pleaſing.
Fal de ral de, &c.

Wedlock's laws are hard and griping—
Women fretful arts are ripe in:
'Twas his wife that ſpoil'd his piping,
Fal de ral de, &c.
Her ſhrill notes mar'd ev'ry ſonnet,
Fal de ral de, &c.
And cruſh'd his pipe, depend upon it,
Fal de ral de, &c.

Silly wives too late diſcover
When the honey moon is over—
Huſh grows ev'ry piping lover,
Fal de ral de, &c.
"Zounds, why teaze morn, noon, and night now?
Fal de ral de, &c.
"Your pipe, my dear, is out of tune now!"
Fal de ral de, &c.

The happy Fellow.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
I'll drink to my neighbour and friend;
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll ſmother,
Since life I know ſhortly muſt end:
While Ceres moſt kindly refills my brown jug
With good ale, I will make myſelf mellow;
In my old wicker chair I will ſeat myſelf ſnug,
Like a jolly and true hearted fellow.

I ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
I've enough of my own for to mind;
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
To death we muſt all be conſign'd:
Then I laugh, drink and ſmoke, and leave nothing to pay,
But drop, like a pear that is mellow;
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to ſay,
He's gone—what a hearty good fellow!

Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear:
When forc'd from her to go,
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear;
My heart was fraught with woe.
Our anchor weigh'd, for ſea we ſtood,
The land we left behind;
My tears then ſwell'd the briny flood,
My ſighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep; and now between
Us lay the ocean wide:
For five long years I had not ſeen
My ſweet, my bonny bride.
That time I ſail'd the world around,
All for my true love's ſake;
But preſs'd as we were homeward bound—
I thought my heart would break.

The preſs-gang bold I aſk'd in vain,
To let me go on ſhore;
I long'd to ſee my Poll again,
But ſaw my Poll no more.
"And have they torn my love away?
"And is he gone?" ſhe cry'd:
My Polly, ſweeteſt flow'r of May—
She languiſh'd—droop'd—and dy'd.

Come, come my jolly Lads.

Sung in the Pantomime of '*Robinſon Cruſoe.*'

COME, come my jolly lads
The wind's abaft,
Briſk gales our ſails ſhall crowd;
Bome buſtle, buſtle, buſtle, boys,
Haul the boat;
The boatſwain pipes aloud:
The ſhip's unmoor'd,
All hands on board;
The riſing gale
Fills ev'ry ſail;
The ſhip's well man'd and ſtor'd.

Then ſling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes ariſe—
The girls we prize
Shall bleſs each jovial ſoul:
The can, boys, bring—
We'll drink and ſing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spaniſh coaſt
We're bound to ſteer,
We'll ſtill our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be ſteady, boys,
Soon we'll ſee
Old England once again:
From ſhore to ſhore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars ſhall ſhew
The haughty foe,
Britannia rules the main.

Then ſling the flowing bowl, &c.

Whilſt with Village Maids.

WHILST with village maids I ſtray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day,
Whilſt with village maids I ſtray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day,
Chearful glows my artleſs breaſt,
Mild content the conſtant gueſt;
Chearful glows my artleſs breaſt,
Mild content the conſtant gueſt;
Sweetly, ſweetly wears the joyous day,
Whilſt with village maids I ſtray.

Roſina. *Sweetly, ſweetly, &c.*

Ah! ſeek to know.

AH! ſeek to know what place detains
The object of my care,
If yet his breaſt unchang'd remain,
And I his object ſhare.
Tell me if e'er he gently ſighs,
At mention of my name—
If e'er his tender paſſions riſe;
His lips the truth proclaim.

Donald.

WHEN firſt you courted me,
I own I fondly favour'd you;
Apparent worth and high renown,
Made me believe you true, Donald:
Each virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
The man eſteem'd by me;
But now the maſk is thrown off,
I ſcorn to waſte one thought on thee, Donald.

O then for ever haſte away!
Away from love and me!
Go ſeek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me, Donald:
For I'll reſerve myſelf alone,
For one that's more like me;
If ſuch a one I cannot find,
I fly from love and thee, Donald.

[Numb. 4]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preserving, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

When the fancy-stirring Bowl.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And life's an endless treasure:
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart
Fresh with gay desires;
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling hope inspires.

Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking;
And magic grapes
Give angel shapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here sweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me;
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me;
Tho' my head may swim, yet true
Still to Nature's feeling,
Peace and beauty swim there too,
And rock me as I'm reeling.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youths soft pillow, tender truth
Her pensive lesson taught me;
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wisdom wak'd and caught me;
A bargain, then, with love I knock'd,
To hold the pleasant gipsy;
When wife, to keep my bosom lock'd—
But turn the key when tipsey.
Then who'd be grave. &c.

When time assuag'd my heated heart,
The grey-beard, blind and simple,
Forgot to cool one little part,
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple:
That part's enough of beauty's type,
To warm an honest fellow;
And though it touch me not when ripe,
It melts me still when mellow.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage we all declare,
With scarce a port to hide in;
It may be so to pride or care—
That's not a sea to ride in:
Here floats my soul, till fancy's eye
Her realms of bliss discover—
Bright worlds that fair in prospect lie
To him that's half-seas over.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

Capt. Morris.

Anacreon.

TO Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be—
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:
Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute—
I'll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot;
And, besides, I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news thro' Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,
If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs:
Hark—already they cry,
In transport of joy,
"Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly;
"And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids
From Hellicon's banks will incontinent flee;
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.
My thunder, no fear on't,
Shall soon do its errand,
And d—n me, I'll swinge the ring-leaders I warrant;
I'll trim the young dogs for daring to twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo rose up—and said prythee ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below:
Your thunder is useless. Then shewing his laurel,
Cried *fic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
Then over each head
The laurel I'll spread—
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread:
Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:
The full tide of harmony still shall be his—
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine.
Then Jove be not jealous
Of these hearty fellows,
Cry'd Jove—"we relent, since the truth you now tell us;
And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand,—
Preserve unanimity, friendship and love:
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plan'd:
You've the sanction of gods and the fiat of Jove.
While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be—
"May our club flourish happy, united and free,"
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

R Tomlinson

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Bachelor's Hall.

TO Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace that makes up our delight:
We have ſpirits like fire, and of health ſuch a ſtock,
That our pulſe ſtrikes the ſeconds as true as a clock.
Did you ſee us, you'd ſwear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dubb'd ſome new gods of the chace.
Hark away! hark away!—all Nature looks gay;
And Aurora with ſmiles uſhers in the bright day.

Dick Thickſet came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
Tom Trig rode a bay full of mettle and bone;
And gayly Bob Buxem rode proud on a roan;
But the horſe of all horſes, that rival'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a grey.
Hark away! hark away! while our ſpirits are gay,
Let's drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Then for hounds—there was Nimble, ſo well that climbs rocks;
And Cock-noſe, a good one at ſcenting a fox;
Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferret and and ſearch;
And beetle-brow'dHawk's eye, ſo dead at a lurch;
Young Sly-locks, that ſcents the ſtrong breeze from the ſouth,
And muſical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horſes thus all of the very beſt blood,
'Tis not likely you'll eaſily find ſuch a ſtud;
And for hounds, our opinions with thouſands we'll back,
That all Ireland throughout can't produce ſuch a pack.
Thus having deſcrib'd our dogs, horſes and crew,
Away we ſet off, for the fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns ſound a call,
And now you'r all welcome to Bachelor's-Hall;
The ſav'ry ſirloin grateful ſmokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.
Come on, then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the ſweet pleaſures that ſpring from the chaſe. *Hark away, &c.*

Dibdin.

The Banks of Tweed.

ALL on the pleaſant Banks of Tweed,
Young Jockey won my heart,
He tun'd ſo ſweet his oaten reed,
None ſung with half ſuch art.
His ſkilful tale
Did ſoon prevail
To make me fondly love him,
But now he hies,
Nor heeds my cries—
I wiſh I ne'er had ſeen him.

When firſt me met, the bonny ſwain
Of nought but love could ſay,
"Oh! give" he cry'd, "that heart again
"Which you have ſtole away;
"Or elſe incline
"To give me thine
"And I'll together join them;
"My faithful heart,
"Will never part,"
Ah! why did I believe him?

Then all ye maidens fly the ſwain,
His wily ſtories ſhun,
Elſe you, like me, may ſoon complain,
Like me will be undone.
But peace, my breaſt,
Nor break my reſt,
I'll try quite to forget him,
For I may ſee
As good as he—
And wiſh I ne'er had ſeen him.

Poor Jack.

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs, do you ſee,
'Bout danger and fear, and the like;
A tight water boat and good ſea-room give me,
And it en't to a little I'll ſtrike: [ſhould ſmite,
Tho' the tempeſt top-gallant-maſt ſmack-ſmooth
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood, [thing tight,
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bowſe every
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud.
Avaſt! nor don't thing me a milk-ſop ſo ſoft,
To be taken for trifles a-back;
For they ſay there's a Providence ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,
'Bout ſouls—heaven—mercy—and ſuch;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
Why, 'twas juſt all as one as high Dutch!
But he ſaid, how a ſparrow can't ſounder d'ye ſee,
Without orders that come down below;
And many ſuch things—which prov'd clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, ſays he, do'ye mind me, let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the top lifts of ſailors aback,
There's a ſweet little cherub ſits perch'd up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Poll (for you ſee ſhe would cry,
When laſt we weigh'd anchor for ſea)
What argufies ſniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you muſt be:
Don't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all—
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What, then? all's a hazard—come, don't be ſo ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye ſee, there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be, ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the ſhip—
With her brave the world without off'ring to flinch
From the moment the anchor's a trip.
As to me, in all weathers, all times, tides and ends,
Nought's a trouble, from duty that ſprings;
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's—
And as for my life—'tis my king's!
E'en when my time's come, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft,
As with grief to be taken a-back;—
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

Dibdin.

He that will not merry, merry be.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a gen'rous bowl and a toaſt,
May he in bridewell be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a poſt:
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry here;
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his glaſs in courſe,
May he be 'blig'd to drink ſmall-beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purſe.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding wife,
To confound him with her noiſe.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his miſtreſs in his bed,
Let him be lay'd in yon church-yard,
And I put in his ſtead.
Let him be merry, &c.

The Mulberry Tree.

BEHOLD this fair goblet—'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, oh! my ſweet Shakeſpear, was planted by thee:
As a relic I kiſs it, and bow at thy ſhrine;
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine.

All ſhall yield to the Mulberry Tree:
Bend to thee,
Bleſs'd Mulberry!
Matchleſs was he
Who planted thee—
And thou, like him, immortal ſhall be.

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here
To root out the natives, at prices ſo dear.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal—is Britain's great boaſt—
Preſerv'd once our king, and will always our coaſt:
Of the fir we make ſhips; there are thouſands that fight—
But one, only one, lik our Shakeſpear can write.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs—
Pomona in fruit trees—and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakeſpear all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flow'rs, and the faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd birch
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the church;
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpear we find—
He gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree:
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine—
The tree of our Shakeſpear is ſtill more divine.
All ſhall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakeſpear outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree—
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be.
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim—
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Fame ſound her Trumpet.

LET Fame ſound her trumpet, and cry to the war;
Let glory, let glory re-echo the ſtrain:
The full tide of honour may flow from the ſcar,
And heroes may ſmile, may ſmile at their pain;
The treaſures of autumn let Bacchus diſplay,
And ſtagger about with his bowl;
On Science let Sol beam the luſtre of day,
And Wiſdom give life to the ſoul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to my view,
Each virtue, each virtue, each joy to improve;
But, give me the friend that I know to be true
And the fair that I tenderly, tenderly love.
What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,
And riot's the pleaſure of wine:
What's riches but trouble? and title's a name,
But Friendſhip and Love are divine.

The Stay Maker.

GAD-a-mercy—devil's in me—
All the damſels wiſh to win me;
All the damſels, all the damſels wiſh to win me;
Like a may-pole round me cluſter,
Hanging garland, fuſs and fluſter,
Lilting, cap'ring, grinning, ſmirking,
Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking,
Cocking bills up, chins up perking;
Kates and Betties,
Polls and Lettys—
All were doating, gentle creatures,
On theſe features.
To their aprons all would pin me.
Gad-a-mercy—devil's in me—
All the ladies wiſh to win me.

Pretty damſels—ugly damſels—black hair'd damſels—red hair'd damſels—ſix-foot damſels—three foot damſels—pale fac'd damſels—plump fac'd damſels—ſmall-leg'd damſels—thick leg'd damſels—dainty damſels—dowdy damſels—pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, ſix-foot, three foot, pale-fac'd, plump fac'd, ſmall leg'd, thick-leg'd, dowdy, dainty—all run, all run, after me, ſir:

For when pretty fellows we,
Pretty maids are frank and free;
Are frank and free.

Gad-a-mercy—devil's in me
All the ladies wiſh to wiſh me;
All the ladies, all the ladies wiſh to win me;
For their ſtays taking meaſure—
Taking meaſure, oh! the pleaſure;
Taking meaſure, taking meaſure,
Oh! the pleaſure.
Oh! ſuch tempting looks they give me,
Wiſhing of my heart to nim me—
Pat and cry—"you devil, Jemmy."
Pretty ladies—ugly ladies, &c.

A Sailor's Life at Sea.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd, and the ſhip's unmoor'd,
And landſmen lag behind, ſir;
The ſailor joyful ſkips aboard,
And, ſwearing, prays for a wind, ſir:
Towing here—yeoing there—
Steadily readily, cheerily, merrily;
Still from care and thinking free—
Is a ſailor's life at ſea.

When we ſail with a freſh'ning breeze,
And landſmen all grow ſick, ſir,
The ſailor lolls with his mind at eaſe,
And the ſong and the can go quick, ſir:
Laughing here—quaffing there—ſteadily, &c.

When the wind at night whiſtles o'er the deep,
And ſings to landſmen dreary,
The ſailor fearleſs goes to ſleep,
Or takes his watch moſt cheery:
Boozing here—ſnoozing there—ſteadily, &c.

When the ſky grows black, and the wind blows hard,
And landſmen ſculk below, ſir,
Jack mounts up to the topſail yard,
And turns his quid as he goes, ſir:
Hawling here—bawling there, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
And landſmen cry, "*all's gone,*" ſir,
And the ſailor hangs 'twixt ſea and ſky,
And jokes with Davy Jones, ſir;
Daſhing here—claſhing there—ſteadily, &c.

When the ſhip (d'ye ſee) becomes a wreck,
And landſmen hoiſt the boat, ſir,
The ſailor ſcorns to quit the deck,
While a ſingle plank's a-float, ſir:
Swearing here—tearing there—ſteadily, &c.

Bright Phœbus.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted her chariot of day;
And the horns and the hounds call each ſportſman away,
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with ſpeed now they bound,
While health, roſy health, is in exerciſe found.

Hark away, hark away, hark away is the word to the ſound of the horn,
And echo, lithe echo—whilſt echo, lith echo makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puſs flies the covert, and dogs quick purſue;
Behold where ſhe flies o'er the wide ſpreading plain,
While the loud op'ning pack purſue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length puſs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the ſhout of the huntſman's the ſignal of death;
No joys can delight like the ſports of the field,
To hunting all paſtimes and pleaſures muſt yield.
Hark away, &c.

When on Board our trim Veſſel.

WHEN on board our trim veſſel we joyouſly ſail'd,
While the glaſs circled round with full glee,
King and country to give, my old friend never fail'd
And the toaſt was ſoon toſs'd off by me:
Billows might daſh,
Lightnings might flaſh,
'Twas the ſame to us both when at ſea.

If a too pow'rful foe in our track did but paſs,
We reſolv'd both to live and die free:
Quick we number'd her guns and for each took a glaſs,
Then a broadſide we gave her with three:
Cannons might roar,
Echo'd from ſhore,
'Twas the ſame to us both when at ſea.

O dear, what can the matter be.

OH! dear, what can the matter be?
Oh! what can the matter be?
Dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's ſo long at the fair:
He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing ſhould pleaſe me,
And then for a kiſs, oh! he row'd he would teaze me;
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of new ribbons,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.
Oh! dear, what can the matter be?

He promis'd he'd bring me a baſket of poſies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roſes,
A little ſtraw hat, to ſet of the new ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.
Oh! dear, what can the matter be?

He promis'd he'd buy me a pair of new ſtockings,
A pair of new garters ſhould coſt him but two-pence,
A little ſtraw hat, to ſet off the new ribbons,
That tie up my bonny brown hair.
Oh! dear, what can the matter be?

The Greenwich Penſioner.

'TWAS in the good ſhip Rover
I ſail'd the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd Britiſh ground:
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main;
Found all relation's ſtranded,
And went to ſea again.

That time bound ſtraight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore,
And when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the ſhore:
She lay, ſo it did ſhock her,
A log upon the main,
'Till ſav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to ſea again.

Next in a frigate ſailing,
Upon a ſqually night—
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrors of the fight;
My precious limb was lopp'd off—
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
And went to ſea again.

Yet ſtill I am enabled
To bring up life's rere,
Altho' I'm quite diſabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier:
The king, God bleſs his royalty,
Who ſav'd me from the main,
I'll praiſe with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to ſea again. *Dibdin.*

The jolly gay Pedlar.

I AM a jolly gay pedlar,
Come here to ſell my ware;
Yet tho' in all things I'm a medler,
I meddle the moſt with the fair:
When I ſhew my ribbons to miſſes,
Tho' copper and ſilver I gain;
Yet better I'm pleas'd with the bliſſes,
That I cannot now well explain.
I am a jolly gay Pedlar, &c.

Fools ſay that this life is but ſorrow,
And ſeem diſinclin'd to be gay;
But why ſhould we think of to-morrow,
When we may be happy to-day:
I rov'd round the world for my pleaſure,
Reſolv'd to take nothing amiſs;
And think my exiſtence a treaſure,
When bleſt with the cup and the kiſs.
I am a jolly gay Pedlar, &c.

They ſurely are thick-headed aſſes,
Who think that youth's gone in a crack,
Yet will not enjoy, as it paſſes,
The ſeaſon that never comes back;
Let time jog on ſlower, or quicker,
Or whether we'er ſilly or wiſe;
We ſhall not be the worſe for good liquor,
Or the ſmiles of a girl with black eyes.
I am a jolly gay Pedlar, &c.

The Bumper Toaſt.

HERE's a health to all good laſſes—
Pledge it;
Merrily fill your glaſſes,
Let a bumper toaſt go round.
Here's a round—
May they merrily fill our glaſſes.
Let a bumper toaſt go round, &c.

All good, live—for in them true joys are found—
May they live a life of pleaſure,
Without mixture, without meaſure;
For in them true joys are found, &c.
Let a bumper toaſt go round, &c.

[Numb. 5]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preſerving, in the Engliſh Language; forming an Univerſal Mazagine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Old Towler.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And ſpangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark ſprings from the corn;
Dogs, huntſmen, round the windows throng
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Ariſe! the burden of their ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.

With a hey, ho chivy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
With a hey, ho chivy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy.
Ariſe, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntſman blows a jovial ſound,
The dogs ſnuff up the gale:
The upland winds they ſweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly;
The game is rouz'd, too true the ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor ſtag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntſman's pleaſure is no more,
His joys were in the chace.
Alike the ſportſmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn purſue.
With their hey, ho, &c.

Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er ſeas and diſtant ſhores;
With merry ſong and jocund tales,
I've paſs'd ſome pleaſant hours.
Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find
A girl like blithſome Sally,
Who picks and culls and cries aloud,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whiſtling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From neſting of each tree,
I choſe a ſoldier's life to wed,
So ſocial, gay and free.
Yet tho' the laſſes love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleaſes me like her who cries
"Sweet lilies of the valley"

I'm now return'd of late diſcharg'd,
To uſe my native toil,
From fighting in my country's cauſe,
To plough my country's ſoil:
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I poſſeſs my Sally,
That little merry nymph that cries
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

I ſigh while I tug at the Oar.

OH! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be;
But pleaſure is fled, even hope is deſtroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the ſea:
I was ta'en by the foe—'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore!
When thought brings to mind my once happy ſtate,
I ſigh—while I tug at the oar.

Hard—hard is my fare! oh, how galling my chain!
My life's ſteer'd by miſery's chart;
And though 'gainſt my tyrants I ſcorn to complain,
Tears guſh forth to eaſe my full heart:
I diſdain e'en to ſhrink, tho' I feel the ſharp laſh,
Yet my hreaſt bleeds for her I adore!
While around me the unfeeling billows will daſh,
I ſigh—and ſtill tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleaſure in tow,
The port where ſhe dwelt wee'd in view;
But the wiſh'd nuptial morn was o'er clouded with woe,
And, dear Anne, I was hurried from you:
Our ſhallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more:
But deſpair waſts my ſpirits, my form feel decay,
He ſigh'd—and expir'd at the oar.

Spanking Jack.

SPANKING Jack was ſo comely, ſo briſk, and ſo jolly,
Tho' winds blew great guns ſtill he'd whiſtle and ſing;
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And, if honour gave greatneſs, was great as a king.
One night as we drove with two reefs in our foreſail,
The ſcud came on low'ring from off a lee ſhore,
Jack went up aloft, to hand the top-mainſail,
A ſpray waſh'd him off and we ne'er ſaw him more.

But grieving's a folly, ſo let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at ſea, boys, we've pleaſures on ſhore.

Whiffling Tom ſtill of miſchief and fun in the middle,
Thro' life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd laugh, and he'd ſing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And ſwig, with an air, his allowance of grog:
Long ſide of a Don in the Terrible Frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the ſhore,
In and out whiffling Tom did ſo caper and jig it,
That his head was ſhot off, and we ne'er ſaw him more.

But grieving's a folly, &c.

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Bonny Ben was to each jolly meſſmate a brother,
He was brave, open-hearted, good-natur'd and free,
And if ever one tar was more true than another,
To his friend and his duty that ſailor was he:
One day with the David, to heave the cadge-anchor,
Ben went in a boat on a bold craggy ſhore,
He over-board tripp'd, when a ſhark or a ſpanker
Soon nipp'd him in two, and we ne'er ſaw him more.
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Come then jolly meſſmates let's not be down-hearted
Becauſe that mayhap we now take our laſt ſup,
Life's cable muſt one day or other be parted,
And death in faſt moorings muſt bring us all up;
But 'tis always the caſe, and you'll ſcarce find a brother,
Sound as pitch, honeſt-hearted and true to the core,
But by battle or ſea, or ſome dam'd thing or other,
They're popp'd off the hooks and we ne'er ſee them more.
Dibdin. *But grieving's a folly, &c.*

The Wanton God.

THE wanton God, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the nymph diſdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine;
Roſy wine, roſy wine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine!

Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I'm ſcorn'd becauſe enjoy'd,
Sure the ſqueamiſh fops are free
To rid me of dull company;
Sure they're free, ſure they're free,
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilſt mine can pleaſe;
I love them much, but more my eaſe;
No jealous fears my love moleſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt;
Break my reſt, break my reſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt.

Why ſhould they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy diſdain?
All I hope of mortal man
Is to love me while he can;
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can. *Milton.*

Jolly Dick the Lamp-lighter.

I'M jolly Dick the lamp-lighter,
They ſay the ſun's my dad,
And truly I believe it, ſir,
For I'm a pretty lad:
Father and I the world delight,
And make it look ſo gay,
The diff'rence is I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I,
For knowing life and fun;
For I ſtrange tricks and fancies ſpy,
Folks never ſhew the ſun:
Rogues, owls and bats can't bear the light,
I've heard your wiſe ones ſay,
And ſo, d'ye mind, I ſees at night
Things never ſeen by day.

At night men lay aſide all art,
As quite a uſeleſs taſk,
And many a face, and many a heart
Will then pull of the maſk;
Each formal prude, and holy wight,
Will throw diſguiſe away,
And ſin it openly at night,
Who ſainted all the day.

His darling hoard the miſer views,
Miſſes from friends decamp,
And many a ſtateſman miſchief brews
To his country o'er his lamp;
So father, and I, d'ye take me right,
Are juſt on the ſame lay,
I bare-fac'd ſinners light by night,
And he falſe ſaints by day.

Blow high, blow low.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempeſts tear
The main-maſt by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well ſtored,
Shall brave all dangers, ſcorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging ſea,
In hopes on ſhore to be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.
Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whiſtling winds that ſcud along,
And the ſurge roaring from below,
Shall my ſignal be to think on thee,
And this ſhall be my ſong
Blow high, blow low, &c

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their ſweet-hearts and their wives,
I'll heave a ſigh, and think on thee,
And as the ſhip rolls thro' the ſea,
The burden of my ſong ſhall be,
Blow high, blow low, &c.

Down the rugged Mountain's Steep.

DOWN the rugged mountain's ſteep,
Hark! the plunging waters leap,
Ruſhing with reſiſtleſs force,
To the Derwent's gentler courſe,
Soon its fury will ſubſide,
Then we'll truſt the ſafer tide.

Danger now awaits the wave,
Which the raſh alone would brave:
Hark! the plunging waters leap
Down the rugged mountain's ſteep:
Soon its fury will ſubſide,
Then we'll truſt the ſafer tide.

I can't for my Life.

Sung in the "*Deſerter.*"

I Can't for my life gueſs the cauſe of this fuſs,
Why there's pipers & fidlers; while Robin & Harry
And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us
Have pull'd as much fruit as we're able to carry.

MARGARET.

Why numſcull, that's nothing; her ladyſhip's wine
All over the village runs juſt like a fountain;
And I heard the folks ſay, ev'ry diſh when they dine
Will be ſwimming in claret, madeira & mountain

JENNY.

Then for poultry, and ſuch like—good lord, what a ſtore!
I ſaw Goodman Gander fix baſkets full cramming
Then ſuch comfits and jellies! why one ſuch feaſt more
Would certainly breed in the village a famine.

CHORUS

What the meaning can be
We ſhall preſently ſee,
For yonder's old Ruffet, who certainly knows;
But be what it will,
Our wiſh ſhall be ſtill,
Joy and health to the Dutcheſs, wherever ſhe goes!
Dibdin.

The Flower Girl.

IN poverty's garb tho' tis true I'm array'd,
Yet jocund with me paſs the hours;
Contentment is mine, tho' a poor ruſtic maid,
I cheerfull cry—who'll buy ſweet flow'rs?
Theſe roſes ſhall give girls a warning,
That thoſe beauties, thoſe dimples they prize,
Which they take ſo much pains in adorning,
Soon, like the roſe, withers and dies:
Then ye on whom fortune her affluence pours,
Come purchaſe, I pray ye, a wreath of ſweet flow'rs.

When ſpring doth the face of all nature inſpire,
And gladdens the earth with its ſhow'rs;
When cold hoary froſts from the meadows retire,
Then I cearfull cry who'll buy ſweet flow'rs:
Then, ladies, I pray take a warning,
'Tis not beauty alone you ſhould prize;
For, tho' freſh and blooming this morning,
Alas! on the morrow it withers and dies:
Then ye on whom fortune her affluence pours,
Come purchaſe, I pray ye, a wreath of ſweet flow'rs.

Sweet Lavender.

HOW happy was of late each morn,
I wak'd from ſoft repoſe,
And careleſs trip the verdant lawn
Where freſh the hawthorn blows,
Till love that caus'd the tear to ſmart,
And ſtole contentment's ſweet,
Now's left me with an aching heart,
To cry thro' London ſtreets,
Four bunches a penny ſweet lavender, four bunches a penny,
Four bunches a penny ſweet lavender, four bunches a penny.

What tho' my cot was humbly poor,
Calm peace her bleſſings lent;
And ſmil'd upon my threſhold door,
With innocent content;
'Till William came, the pride of ſwains,
And ſtole away its ſweets;
Which made me leave my native plains,
To cry thro' London ſtreets

Four bunches a penny, &c.

But glory fill'd his manly breaſt,
He fled to wars alarms;
And left me with a heart oppreſt,
Diſrob'd of love's ſoft charms:
To follow him in humble guiſe,
I bade adieu to ſweets
Of village ſports, with ſtreaming eyes,
To cry thro' London ſtreets,

Four bunches a penny, &c.

Then lovely maidens come and buy,
They'll ſcatter ſweet perfume;
For nought with nature's ſtore can vie,
Or ſhed ſo ſoft a bloom;
So ſhall my grateful boſom bleſs
The hand that bounty greets,
And aids poor Sue with fond redreſs,
That cries thro' London ſtreets

Four bunches a penny, &c.

The Nymph who in my boſom reigns.

THE nymph who in my boſom reigns,
With ſuch full force my heart enchains;
That nothing ever can impair
The empire ſhe poſſeſſes there.

Who digs for ſtones of radiant ray,
Finds baſer matter in his way;
The worthleſs load he may contemn,
But prizes ſtill and ſeeks the gem.

The Traveller benighted.

THE traveller benighted,
And led thro' weary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn ſurveys.

The riſing proſpects viewing,
Each look is forward caſt;
He ſmiles, his courſe purſuing,
Nor thinks of what is paſt. *Love in a Village.*

The Trim-built Wherry.

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge farewell;
Never more at Chelſea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a ſpell.

But to hope and peace a ſtranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball ſhall lay me low.

Then may-hap when homeward ſteering,
With the news my meſs-mates come,
Even you my ſtory hearing,
With a ſigh may cry—poor Tom!

The Waterman.

How ſtands the Glaſs around.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around,
For ſhame, you take no care, my boys,
How ſtands the glaſs around,
Let mirth and wine abound;
The trumpets ſound,
The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill or wound;
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, ſoldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Why, ſoldiers, why,
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis to die:
What!—ſighing, fie!
Hang fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
'Tis but in vain
For ſoldiers to complain
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys.
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again. *Gen. Wolfe.*

Had I Heart for falſhood fram'd.

Air,—'*Molly Aſtore.*'

HAD I a heart for falſhood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you:
For tho' your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
No ſtranger offer wrong:
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bleſt
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſion reſt,
And act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young. *Sheridan.*

The Death of Allen.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,
And Allen he roſe full ſoon,
Sad tydings were heard for Allen to hear,
That Mary would wed e'er noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
And Thomas came at his call,
"Make ready a coffin and winding ſhroud,
"For Mary ſhall ſee me fall.

"When laſt we parted with brimful eye,
"Right-loving ſhe made a vow;
"But Richard has twice as many ſheep,
"And Mary forgets me now.

"Then bear me to the green-graſs bank,
"Where we did kiſs and play,
"And tell her, the rain, that made it ſo green,
"Has waſh'd my kiſſes away."

The bridegroom led the bride ſo fair,
The prieſt he came anon;
But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corſe,
Before the wedding was done.

He laid him on the green-graſs bank,
Where they did kiſs and play,
And told her, the rain, that made it ſo green,
Had waſh'd his kiſſes away.

When ſhe beheld poor Allen's dead corſe,
Her maiden bluſh was loſt,
She faded, as tho' on April morn
A primroſe nipt by a froſt.

Then all beneath one fatal ſtone
Together they buried were.
Falſe maidens, who break your plighted vow,
Take heed ye come not there!

The Diſtreſs of Marian.

ONE April ev'ning, when the ſun
Had journey'd down the ſky,
Sad Marian, with looks of woe,
Walk'd forth full heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded cheek,
Soft ſighs her boſom heav'd;
Soft ſighs reveal'd her inward woe;
Alas! ſhe'd been deceiv'd.

"Oh! what a wretch am I become,
"A luckleſs laſs," ſaid ſhe,
"The cowſlip, and the violet blue,
"Have now no charms for me.

"The golden ſun that daily ſhines,
"And glitt'ring decks the ſky,
"Brings no relief to my diſtreſs,
"Or pleaſure to my eye.

"This little river, when I dreſs'd,
"Has ſerv'd me for a glaſs;
"But now it only ſhews how love
"Has ruin'd this poor face.

"What charms could happy Lucy boaſt,
"To fix the wav'ring mind?
"What charms in Lucy more than me,
"Ungrateful, couldſt thou find.

"Haſt thou forgot the tender vows
"Which at my feet were made?
"Yet I'll not ſpend my dying hour
"Thy falſehood to upbraid.

"But what remaining breath I have
"Shall intercede with heav'n;
"That all thoſe broken vows to me,
"At laſt may be forgiv'n.

"Yet one poor boon, before I die,
"I would of thee require;
"And do not thou refuſe to grant
"A wretch's laſt deſire!

"When you with Lucy ſhall affix
"The happy marriage day,
"Oh! do not o'er my green graſs-grave
"Inhuman take thy way."

The Spaniſh Lady's Love.

WILL you hear of a Spaniſh lady,
How ſhe woo'd an Engliſh man?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Deck'd with jewels ſhe had on.

As his priſoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faſter
By the liking of an eye.

But at laſt there came commandment
For to ſet the ladies free,
With their jewels ſtill adorned,
None to do them injury.

"Gallant captain ſhew ſome pity
"To a lady in diſtreſs;
"Leave me not within this city,
"For to die in heavineſs:"

"How ſhould'ſt thou, fair lady, love me,
"Whom thou know'ſt thy country's foe?
"Thy fair words make me ſuſpect thee:
"Serpents lurk where flowers grow."

"Bleſſed be the time and ſeaſon,
"That you came on Spaniſh ground;
"If you may our foes be termed,
"Gentle foes we have you found."

"Reſt you ſtill, moſt gallant lady;
"Reſt you ſtill, and weep no more;
"Of fair lovers there are plenty,
"Spain doth yield you wond'rous ſtore."

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
"Thou alone enjoy'ſt my heart;
"I am lovely, young and tender,
"Love is likewiſe my deſert:"

"It would be a ſhame, fair lady,
"For to bear a woman hence;
"Engliſh ſoldiers never carry
"Any ſuch without offence."

"I have neither gold nor ſilver
"To maintain thee in this caſe,
"And to travel is great charges,
"As you know in ev'ry place."

"On the ſeas are many dangers,
"Many ſtorms do there ariſe,
"Which will be to ladies dreadful,
"And force tears from wat'ry eyes.

"Courteous lady, leave this fancy,
"Here comes all that breeds the ſtrife;
"I, in England, have already
"A ſweet woman to my wife."

"O, how happy is that woman
"That enjoys ſo true a friend!
"Many happy days God ſend her;
"Of my ſuit I make an end:

"Commend me to thy lovely lady,
"Bear to her this chain of gold:
"And theſe bracelets for a token:
"Grieving that I was ſo bold.

"I will ſpend my days in prayer,
"Love and all his laws defy;
"In a nun'ry will I ſhroud me,
"Far from any company.

"Thus farewell, moſt gallant captain!
"Farewell to my heart's content!
"Count not Spaniſh ladies wanton,
"Though to thee my love was bent."

[Numb. 6]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Mid Watch.

WHEN 'tis night and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling miſts hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then ſailors think of their far diſtant home,
And of thoſe friends they may ne'er ſee again;
But when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
We think that ſhould the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear,
That their old companion he was one.

Or my lad, if you a miſtreſs kind
Have left on ſhore ſome pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth liſten to the wind;
And ſighs to think how it may fare with you:
O when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only ſhould the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart to hear,
That her own true ſailor he was one.

William of the Ferry.

OFT' as on Thames's banks I ſtray,
Where nymphs and ſwains appear,
From all their ſports I turn away,
If William be not there:
The nymphs all laugh,
The ſwains all quaff
Their cider, ale, and perry,
They nod and wink,
While health they drink,
To William of the ferry.

When on the ſtream the youths attend
Their manly ſkill to ſhew,
With rival force the oar they bend,
And o'er the ſurface row:
But none, I'm ſure,
E'er ply the oar,
Or ſteer ſo well the wherry,
As he who won
The prize alone,
Young William of the ferry.

Such bliſs to me his ſmiles impart,
Whene'er he talks of love,
That now I find my yielding heart
Does all his hopes approve:
So Hymen's bands
Shall join our hands:
Then I'll be blithe and merry,
And ſing thro' life,
The happy wife
To William of the ferry.

When ſcarce a Handſpike high.

WHEN ſcarce a handſpike high,
Death with old dad made free;
So what does I do, but I
Pikes me off to ſea:
Says I to ſweetheart Poll,
If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and ſing tol lol de rol,
If not, remember Jack.

I'd fortune ſmooth and rough,
The wind would chop and veer:
'Till hard knocks I'd nap'd enough,
On board a privateer:
Propt with a wooden peg,
Poll I thought would bid me pack,
So was forc'd d'ye ſee, to beg,
And 'twas, pray remember Jack.

I ax't, as folks hove by,
And ſhew'd my wooden pin;
Young girls wou'd ſometimes ſigh,
And gaping lubbers grin:
In vain I'd often bawl,
My hopes were ta'en a-back,
And my ſhare of coppers ſmall,
So pray remember Jack.

One day, my lockers bare,
And togs all tatter'd grown,
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
Well rigg'd, a bearing down:
'Twas Poll—ſhe look'd ſo ſpruce,
What, thus, ſaid ſhe, come back!
My tongue forgot its uſe,
And, pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate,
She'd ſhiners ſav'd a few;
Soon I became her mate,
Wa'n't Poll a ſweetheart true?
Then a friend I'd ſerv'd before,
From a long voyage trips back,
Shar'd with I his gold galore,
For he well remember'd Jack.

So what tho' I loſt my leg,
It ſeem'd my fortune to mend,
And was forc'd, d'ye ſee, to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend:
Here's the King, Old England, Poll,
My ſhipmate juſt come back:
Then laugh and ſing tol lol de rol,
And pray remember Jack.

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Beauty blooms on every Thorn.

BEAUTY blooms on every thorn,
Lovely ſhew the fields to view,
Fair the bluſh of riſing morn,
Fairer you.

Sweet the flow'rs in rich array,
Pearled o'er with morning dew,
Sweet the breath of infant May,
Sweeter you.

Mild the breeze that fans the grove,
Mild the feather'd nation too,
Mild the voice of happy love,
Milder you.

Sally in our Alley.

By Mr. Henry Carey.

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley:
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half ſo ſweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the ſtreets does cry 'em;
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long,
To ſuch as chooſe to buy 'em;
But ſure ſuch folks cou'd ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely;
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt,
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dreſt all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
And often am I blamed;
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
Soon as the text is named;
I leave the church in ſermon time,
And ſlink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
Oh! then I ſhall have money?
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
And give it to my honey;
I wiſh it were ten thouſand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A ſlave and row a galley;
But when my ſev'n long years are out,
Oh! then I'll marry Sally;
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

The Swelling Canvaſs.

THE ſwelling canvaſs caught the breeze,
The ſhip flew thro' the ſea,
But nought, Louiſa, could avail,
To take my thoughts from thee:
Ah! no—from love, my charming maid,
I'd every pain endure;
And you alone the wound have made,
That you alone can cure.

When loud contending billows ſweep,
And ſilver'd waves ariſe,
The ſhip now plunges in the deep,
And now aſſails the ſkies:
But greater are the ſtorms by far
That in my boſom roll,
Love's ev'ry conflict ſtruggles there,
And agitates my ſoul.

Thy form, my mind, my paſſion holds,
No one e'er lov'd more true;
Tho' parted diſtant as the poles,
My heart is ſtill with you;
In pity then return my love,
Nor from my wiſhes fly,
For if you ſmile 'twill heaven prove,
But if you frown I die.

The Cottager's Daughter.

AH! tell me ye ſwains have you ſeen my Paſtora,
O ſay have you met the ſweet maid in your way,
Tranſcendant as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,
From Neptune's bed riſing to hail the new day,
Forlorn do I wander, and long time have ſought her,
The faireſt, the rareſt, for ever my theme:
A goddeſs in form, tho' a cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding ſtream.
Of Aln's winding ſtream, &c.

Tho' lordlings ſo gay and young ſquires have ſought her,
To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain,
Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter,
Convinc'd them that flatt'ry and offers were vain:
When firſt I beheld her, I fondly beſought her,
My heart did her homage, and love was my theme,
She vow'd to be mine, the ſweet cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding ſtream.

Then why thus alone does ſhe leave me to languiſh,
Paſtora to ſplendour cou'd ne'er yield her hand,
Ah! no, ſhe returns to remove my fond anguiſh,
O'er her heart love and truth ſtill retain their command.
The wealth of Golconda cou'd never have bought her,
For love, truth and conſtancy ſtill is her theme;
Then give me, kind Hymen, the cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding ſtream.

The Woodman.

STAY, trav'ller, tarry here to-night,
The rain yet beats, the wind is loud,
The moon has too withdrawn her light,
And gone to ſleep behind a cloud.

'Tis ſeven long miles acroſs the moor,
And ſhould you chance to go aſtray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
Nor ſoul to tell the ready way.

Come, deareſt Kate, our meal prepare,
This ſtranger ſhall partake our beſt;
A cake and raſher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary bleſt.

Approach the hearth, the e take a place,
And 'till the hour of reſt draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood and Chevy Chace
We'll ſing,—then to our pallets hie.

Then ſay my ſweet Girl.

DEAR Nancy I've ſail'd the world all around,
And ſeven long years been a rover;
To make for my charmer each ſhilling a pound;
But now my hard perils are over.
I've ſav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget;
Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold;
And all for my pretty Brunette;

Then ſay, my ſweet girl, can you love me,
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, can you love me,
Then ſay, &c.

Tho' others may boaſt of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer;
At their jeers and ill nature I'll ſcorn to repine,
Can they boaſt of a heart that is truer?
Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
Brave the ſeaſons both ſtormy and wet,
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette;

Then ſay, my ſweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar in purſuit of the foe,
I ſigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would perſuade me I might be laid low,
And ah! never more ſee my Nancy;
But hope like an angel ſoon baniſh'd the thought,
And bade me ſuch notions forget:
I took the advice and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty Brunette;

Then ſay, my ſweet girl, &c.

The Rake at large.

LOOK'E, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,
Natibus hey! tippity ho,
In my ſhoe I wear a ſtring;
Tied in a black bow, ſo:
Cards and dice, I've monſt'rous luck,
I'm no drake yet keep a duck,
Tho' not married, yet I'm a buck,
Lantherum ſwaſh, kee-vi.

I've a purſe well ſtock'd with braſs,
Chinkety hey! tinkity ho!
I've good eyes but cock my glaſs,
Stare about, ſquintom ho!
In two boots I boldly walk,
Piſtol, ſword, I never balk,
Meet my man and bravely talk,
Pippity pop, coupee.

Sometimes I mount a ſmart cockade,
Puppydum hey, ſtruttledum ho!
From High Park to the parade,
Cock my carey kee:
As I paſs a centry box,
Soldiers reſt their bright firelocks,
Each about his muſket knocks
Rattledum ſlap, to me.

In the Mall, Ma'am gives her card,
Caſhedy me, kiſſady ſhe!
Sit before the ſtable yard,
Leg-orum lounge a row;
Pretty things I ſoftly ſay
When I'm aſk'd our chairs to pay,
Yes, ſays I, and walk away,
Pennybus tartum, ho!

At Bolougne I liv'd a week,
Fricaſee hey! trick a ſee ho!
There fine French I learn'd to ſqueak,
Grinnibus ſkiptum, ho!
Slap French clack about, *hateur,*
Navette, chef dœvre, bon donceur,
En bon point, quel tout mon cœur,
Fiddledee toll, hee hee!
Rotten-row my Sunday ride,
Trottledum hey, tumble off, ho!
Pony, eighteen-pence a ſide,
Windgall, glanderum ho!
Cricket, I fam'd Lumpey nick,
Daddles, ſmouch Mendoza ſick,
Up to, ah! I'm juſt the kick,
Alamande cap'rum toe.

O'Keeffe

Were I laid on Greenland's Coaſt.

WERE I laid on Greenland's coaſt,
And in my arms embrac'd my laſs;
Warm amidſt eternal froſt,
Too ſoon the half year's night would paſs.
Were I ſold on Indian ſoil,
Soon as the burning day was cloſ'd,
I could mock the ſultry toil,
When on my charmer's breaſt repos'd.

And I would love you all the day,
Ev'ry night we'd kiſs and play,
If with me you'd fondly ſtray,
Over the hills and far away.

Beggar's Opera.

Somebody.

WERE I obliged to beg my bread,
And had no place to lay my head,
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,
And ſteal a look at Somebody:
My own dear Somebody,
My conſtant Somebody,
I'd creep were yonder herds are fed,
And ſteal a look at Somebody.

Oh! had I eagle's wings to fly,
And take my flight acroſs the ſky,
I'd feaſt my longing tearful eye,
And ſteal a look at Somebody.
I'd feaſt my longing tearful eye,
And ſteal a look at Somebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at reſt,
And may be number'd with the bleſt,
Oh! may the artleſs feeling breaſt,
Throb with regard for Somebody.
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,
And ſigh for the loſt Somebody.

But ſhould I ever live to ſee
That form ſo much ador'd by me,
Then thou'lt reward my conſtancy,
I'll be bleſt with Somebody.
Then ſhall my tears be dry'd by thee,
And I'll be bleſt with Somebody.

I like the Fox ſhall grieve.

I LIKE the fox ſhall grieve,
Whoſe mate has left her ſide;
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
Chace o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the weary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.

Beggar's Opera.

My Love to War is going.

MY love to war is going,
And I am left to mourn;
For him my tears are flowing,
Ah! when will he return?

O war, thou ſource of ſorrow,
By thee what thouſands mourn,
Perhaps before to-morrow,
He'll fill the fatal urn.

R. Twiſs.

Julia.

TO the graves, where ſleep the dead,
Hapleſs Julia took her way;
Sighs to heave and tears to ſhed,
O'er the ſpot where Damon lay.
Many a blooming flow'r ſhe bore,
O'er the green graſs turf to throw;
And while faſt her tears did pour,
Thus ſhe ſang to ſooth her woe:

" Soft and ſafe tho' lowly grave,
" Faſt o'er thee my tears ſhall flow;
" Only hope the hapleſs have,
" Only refuge left for woe.
" Conſtant love and grief ſincere
" Shall thy hallow'd turf pervade;
" And many a heartfelt ſigh and tear,
" Hapleſs youth, ſhall ſooth thy ſhade.

" Lighted by the moon's pale ſhine,
" See me, to thy mem'ry true,
" Lowly bending at thy ſhrine,
" Many a votive flow'r to ſtrew.
" But how little do theſe flow'rs
" Prove my love and conſtancy!
" Yet a few ſad fleeting hours,
" And, dear youth, I'll follow thee.

" Roſe replete with ſcent and hue,
" Sweeteſt flow'r that nature blows,
" Damon flouriſh'd once like you;
" Now o'er him the green graſs grows.
" Roſe, go deck his hallow'd grave,
" Lily, o'er the green turf twine;
" Honour meet that turf ſhould have,
" Beauty's bed and virtue's ſhrine.

" Primroſe pale, and violet blue,
" Jeſs'min ſweet, and eglantine,
" Nightly here thy ſweets I ſtrew,
" Proud to deck my true-love's ſhrine.
" Like you, my Damon bloom'd a day,
" He did die, and ſo muſt you—
" But ſuch charms can you diſplay,
" Half ſo virtuous, half ſo true?

" No, ſweet flow'rets, no ſuch charms,
" No ſuch virtues can you boaſt;
" Yet he's torn from my fond arms,
" Yet my faithful love is croſt.
" But a radient morn ſhall riſe,
" (Loit'ring moments, faſter flow)
" When with him I'll tread the ſkies,
" Smile at death, and laugh at woe."

Thus ſhe ſung, and ſtrew'd the flow'r,
Beat her breaſt, and wept, and ſigh'd;
And, when toll'd the midnight hour,
On the green turf grave ſhe dy'd.
Many a nightingale forlorn
Sung her knell, while breezes ſigh'd;
Haughty grandeur heard with ſcorn
How ſo poor a maiden dy'd.

The Dowy Den.

O See you not yon bonny ſteed,
That eats beneath the tree?
O tarry not, my little boy,
But bring him faſt to me.

The boy ran nimbly to the place,
Where fed the milk-white ſteed,
And brought him to the lady fair,
Who mounted him with ſpeed.

The whip ſhe ply'd—the courſer flew,
The duſt in clouds did riſe,
And ſoon ſhe ſpy'd the *dowy den
Where her true lover lies.

But now the panting ſteed ſhe ſtop'd,
And on the ground ſhe ſprung,
Then hied her to the fatal place,
With trees and buſhes hung.

A dreary place, I ween, it was,
And mournful to behold;
Above—the winds did doleful blow;
Below—dark waters roll'd.

All cold and pale the youth was laid
Faſt by the rueful flood;
A breathleſs corſe, outſtretch'd he lay,
And all beſmear'd with blood.

" O ſight of woe!" ſhe cry'd, and ran
To where her lover lay;
Then, like an aſpin, quiv'ring ſtood,
And gaz'd on the cold clay.

That breaſt where oft thou, love-ſick maid!
Haſt laid thy languid head,
Doth now preſent the ghaſtly wound
Made by the deathful blade.

Thoſe yellow locks, that oft with joy
Thy lily hand hath bound,
Toſs'd by the wind, now looſely flow
Neglected on the ground.

How cold and wan at noon that cheek,
Where glow'd at morn the roſe!
Thoſe beauteous eyes the ſleep of death
Doth now for ever cloſe.

In ſilent anguiſh fix'd ſhe ſtood,
And o'er the body hung.
Then ſtooping, graſp'd and kiſs'd the hand,
And ſighing, thus begun:

Nor wealth nor grandeur pow'r could have
My faithful heart to ſhake;
For thee it beat, O much lov'd boy!
For thee it now doth break.

Why did thy wrathful rival think
His ſword could us disjoin?
Did he not know that love had made
My life but one with thine?

Then haughty baron, know it now,
Nor hope I'll be thy bride;
With this dear youth I joy to die,
Contemn thy pomp and pride.

And thou, my father, come and ſee
How low thy daughter lies;
From croſſing virtuous love, behold
What dire misfortunes riſe.

O hapleſs youth—But ah! no more
Her fault'ring tongue could ſay;
Then ſoftly ſunk upon his breaſt,
And breath'd her ſoul away.

* Dowy ſignifies diſmal.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the ſweet birds throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to live i' the ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Shakeſpeare

[Numb. 7]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Drink to me only, *&c.*

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiſs but in the cup,
And I'll look not for wine:
The thirſt that from my ſoul doth riſe,
Doth aſk a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar ſip,
I would not change for thine.

I ſent thee late a roſy wreathe,
Not ſo much hon'ring thee,
As giving it in hope that there
It would not wither'd be:
But thou thereon didſt only breathe,
And ſent it back to me;
Since when it grows and ſmells, I ſwear,
Not of itſelf, but thee.

When Gen'rous Wine.

WHEN gen'rous wine expands the ſoul,
How pleaſure hovers round the bowl:
Avaunt, avaunt ye cares of fancy's crew,
And give the guilty wretch his due, *&c.*
Avaunt ye cares of fancy's crew,
And give the guilty wretch his due,
And give the guilty wretch, &c.

But let the juice of ſparkling wine,
My groſſer ſenſe to love refine,
As Jove his nectar drinks above,
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love,
I'll quaff whole goblets, &c.

Then why ſhould I at life repine?
Bring me Venus, bring me wine,
Fill the ever flowing bowl,
In circles gay and pleaſures roll,
In circles gay, &c.

Ever open, ever free,
Hail thou friend to jollity,
My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd,
I live to love, my cares are drown'd,
I live to love, &c.

Sleep on.

SLEEP on, ſleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace poſſeſs thy breaſt;
Yet doſt thou dream thy true-love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and reſt.

The birds ſing ſweet, the morning breaks,
Thoſe joys are none to me:
Tho' ſleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes
To none but love and thee.

Ye Sportſmen draw near.

YE ſportſmen draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too
Who delight in the joys of the field,
Mankind tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the conteſt will yield:
His lordſhip, his worſhip, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go;
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chaſe,
With, hark forward! huzza! tally ho!

The lawyer will riſe with the firſt of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The huſband gets up at the ſound of the horn,
And rides to the commons full ſpeed;
The patriot is thrown in purſuit of his game,
The poet too often lies low;
Who mounted on Pegaſus flies after fame,
With, hark forward! huzza! tally ho!

While fearleſs o'er hills and o'er woodlands we ſweep
Tho' prudes on our paſtime may frown;
How oft' do they decency's bounds overleap,
And the fences of virtue break down?
Thus public, or private, for penſion or place,
For amuſement, for paſſion, for ſhow,
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chace,
With, hark forward! huzza! tally ho!

In Airy Dreams.

IN airy dreams ſoft fancy flies
My abſent love to ſee,
And with the early dawn I riſe,
Dear youth, to think on thee.

How ſwiftly flew the roſy hours,
When love and hope were new;
Sweet was the time as opening flowers,
But ah! as tranſient too.

The moments now move ſlowly on,
Until thy wiſh'd return,
To count them off as all alone
In penſive ſhades I mourn;

Return, return, my love, and charm
Each am'rous care to reſt,
Thy ſmiles can every doubt diſarm,
And ſooth my ſoul to reſt.

The Soldier Tir'd.

THE ſoldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Forſwears the clang of hoſtile arms,
And ſcorns the ſpear and ſhield;
But if the brazen trumpet ſound,
He burns with conqueſt to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

The flowing Can.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early,
Now up, now down, now to and fro,
What then? he takes it cheerly;
Bleſs'd with a ſmiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, riſe, or fall,
To fate's laſt verge he'll jogg;
The cadge to weigh,
The ſheets belay,
He does it with a wiſh;
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head
The pond'rous anchor fiſh;
For while the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man:
We ſing a little, and laugh a little,
And work a little, and ſwear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
We ſing a little, and laugh a little,
And work a little, and ſwear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And ſwig the the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring ſeas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the ſtorm, our hearts at eaſe,
For Jack's to fear a ſtranger.
Bleſs'd with the ſmiling grog we fly,
Where now below,
We headlong go,
Now riſe on mountains high;
Spite of the gale
We hand the ſail,
Or take the needful reef;
Or man the deck,
To clear ſome wreck,
To give the ſhip relief;
Though perils threaten 'round,
All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man.

We ſing a little, &c.

But yet think not our caſe is hard,
Though ſtorms at ſea do treat us;
For coming home (a ſweet reward!)
With ſmiles our ſweet-hearts greet us.
Now to the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toaſt,
Her we love moſt,
And gaily ſing and laugh;
The ſails we furl,
Then for each girl,
The petticoat diſplay:
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms ſurvey;
And then the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man.

We ſing a little, &c.

Celebrated Fairy Song.

LITTLE fairy, ſuccour lend,
You e'er now have been a friend,
When you're ſipping like a bee,
Think, I pray you, think on me;
You for aid I call upon,
Spouſe of Mab, ſweet Oberon!

You for aid, &c.

Hear me call and cure love's ſmart,
Sooth the torment of my heart;
Cool my boſom's amorous fire,
Or extinguiſh all deſire:
Peace and joy with Damon's gone,
Come then, gentle Oberon!

Peace and joy, &c.

So may acorns full of dew,
Every night be ſet for you;
So may the glow-worm lift its head,
To light where e'er you wiſh to tread;
By your art were Damon won,
What your praiſe, ſweet Oberon!

By your art, &c.

The Weſtern Sky.

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleaſing ray,
And, flocks reviving, felt no more
The ſultry heat of day:
When from an hazel's artleſs bow'r,
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue,
He bleſt the ſcene, he bleſt the bow'r,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

Let fops with fickle falſhood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilſt weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden every grove:
But endleſs bleſſings crown the day,
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale,
And ev'ry bleſſing finds its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair,
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care:
And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I thoſe charms forego,
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the higheſt hill
Which riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at ſea;
Then ſoft and low a voice was heard
Say, "Mary weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to aſk who there might be,
She ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye;
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath the ſtormy ſea:
Far, far from thee I ſleep in death;
So, Mary weep no more for me.

Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days
We toſs'd upon the raging main,
And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave—
But all our ſtriving was in vain.
E'en then when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love of thee:
The ſtorm is paſt, and I'm at reſt—
So, Mary weep no more for me.

O maiden dear, thyſelf prepare;
We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I ſhall part no more."—
Loud crow'd the cock, the ſhadow fled;
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

The late Repentance.

COULD grief recall the moments paſt,
Or weeping ſoothe the breaſt of pain,
Theſe fruitleſs tears that flow ſo faſt
Would ſoon my innocence regain.
But ſooner ſhall the pride of ſpring,
December's gelid brow adorn,
Or youth that flies on ſilent wing
To warm the breaſt of age return.

Virg.

The Chimney Sweeper.

THO' late and early I do pad,
A bawling ſweep-ſoot-ho!
Yet ſtill am I as blithe a lad,
As e'er you'd wiſh to know:
And when the ladies ſine I hear
Cry "take care of the ſweep!"
"Ladies" ſay I "you need not fear,"
But I'm for them too deep:
For I gives 'em a ſmut
Of my bag full of ſoot,
They cry "curſe you, mind how you go,"
"Dear me, ma'am," ſays I,
"I was juſt bruſhing by,"
And I'm off with my ſweep-ſoot-ho!

And when diſguis'd I meet the devil,
I love to have ſome fun;
A lawyer I mean—the greateſt evil
That thrives beneath the ſun:
For ſure we both, beyond all doubt,
Are to the devil a-kin:
The diff'rence is, I'm black without,
The lawyer's black within—
I gives him a ſmut
Of my bag full of ſoot,
He cries "damme, mind how you go!"
"Sir" ſays I "pray,
"Do keep out of the way,"
And I'm off with my ſweep-ſoot-ho!

Your flaſhy folks dreſt fine and gay,
As thro' the ſtreets I go,
All in an inſtant clear the way,
At ſound of ſweep-ſoot ho:
And thus I gammons all the folks,
I care not great or ſmall,
I laughs, I ſings, I cracks my jokes,
And ſomething ſays to all;
For I gives 'em a ſmut
Of my bag full of ſoot,
They cry "prithee mind how you go,"
"O dear, ſir," ſays I,
"I was juſt bruſhing by,"
And I'm off with my ſweep-ſoot-ho!

Death or Liberty.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boaſt my country's charter;
I'll never baſely lend my hand
Her liberties to barter:
The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall;
And well I am perſuaded,
Each free-born Briton's ſong ſhall be,
Give me death or liberty!
Give me death, &c.

Tho' ſmall the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us:
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us:
By law ſecur'd from lawleſs ſtrife,
Our houſe is our caſtellum:
Thus bleſs'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre ſhall we ſell them?
No, ev'ry Briton's ſong ſhall be,
Give me death or liberty!
Give me death, &c.

The Triumph of Ceres,
OR HARVEST HOME.

WHAT chearful ſounds ſalute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn!
Behold! the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn;
The nymphs and ſwains, a jovial band,
Still ſhouting as they come,
With ruſtic inſtruments in hand,
Proclaim the harveſt-home.

The golden ſheaves, pil'd up onhigh,
Within the barn are ſtor'd;
The careful hind, with ſecret joy
Exulting, views his hoard.
His labours paſt, he counts his gains;
And, freed from anxious care,
His caſks are broach'd; the ſun-burnt ſwains
His rural plenty ſhare.

In dance and ſong the night is ſpent;
All ply the ſpicy bowl:
And jeſts and harmleſs merriment
Expand the artleſs ſoul.
Young Colin whiſpers Roſalind,
Who ſtill reap'd by his ſide;
And plights his troth, if ſhe prove kind,
To take her for his bride.

For joys like theſe, through circling years,
Their toilſome taſk they tend:
The hind ſucceſſive labour bears,
In proſpect of the end:
In ſpring, or winter, ſows his ſeed,
Manures or tills the ſoil;
In ſummer various cares ſucceed;
But harveſt crowns his toil.

Thomas and Sally.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny ſeaman,
With tears ſhe ſent him out to roam,
Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
But left his heart with her at home;
She view'd the ſea from off the hill,
And, as ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel,
Sung of her bonny ſailor.

The wind grew loud, and ſhe grew paler
To ſee the weathercock turn round,
When, lo! ſhe ſpied her bonny ſailor
Come ſinging o'er the fallow ground;
With nimble haſte he leap'd the ſtile,
Fair Sally met him with a ſmile,
And hugg'd her bonny ſailor.

Faſt round the waiſt he took his Sally,
But firſt around his mouth wip'd he:
Like home-bred ſpark he could not dally,
But preſs'd and kiſs'd her with a glee;
"Through winds and waves and daſhing rain,
Said he, thy Tom's return'd again
To bring a heart for Sally."

'Welcome! cried ſhe,' my conſtant Thomas,
Though out of ſight, ne'er out of mind;
Though ſeas our hearts have parted from us,
Yet ſtill my thoughts were left behind:
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
That time nor abſence from my heart
Could drive my conſtant Thomas.'

"This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
Which ſtill I've kept for her dear ſake,
A thouſand times in amorous folly
Her name has carv'd upon the deck:
Again this happy pledge returns,
To ſhew how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally."

'This thimble, thou didſt give to Sally,
Whene'er I ſee I think on you;
Then why ſhould Tom ſtand ſhilly-ſhally,
When yonder ſteeple is in view?'
Tom, never to occaſion blind,
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Iſlington.

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a ſquire's ſon :
He lov'd a bailiff's daughter dear,
That liv'd in Iſlington.

She was coy, and ſhe would not believe
That he did love her ſo,
No nor at any time ſhe would
Any count'nance to him ſhow.

But when his friends did underſtand
His fond and fooliſh mind,
They ſent him up to fair London,
And apprentice for to bind.

Away he had been ſeven long years,
Nor could he his love e'e ſee :
" Many a tear have I ſhed for her ſake,
When ſhe little thought of me."

All the maids of Iſlington,
Went forth to ſport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear,
She ſecretly ſtole away.

She put off her gown of grey,
And put on her pooreſt attire,
She's up to fair London gone,
Her true love to require.

As ſhe went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was ſhe aware of her true love,
At length came riding by.

She ſtepp'd to him as red as a roſe,
Catching hold of his bridle-ring :
" Pray you, kind ſir, give me one penny,
To eaſe my weary limb,"

" I prithee ſweet-heart, can'ſt thou tell me,
Where that thou waſt born."
At Iſlington, kind ſir, ſaid ſhe,
Where I have had many a ſcorn.

" I prithee, ſweet-heart, can'ſt thou tell me,
Whether thou doſt know
The bailiff's daughter of Iſlington."
" She's dead, ſir, long ago."

" Then will I ſell my goodly ſteed,
My ſaddle and my bow ;
I will into ſome far country,
Where no man doth me know."

" O ſtay, O ſtay, thou goodly youth,
She's alive, ſhe is not dead ;
Here ſhe ſtandeth by thy ſide,
And is ready to be thy bride."

" O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thouſand times and more ;
For now I have ſeen mine own true love,
That I thought I ſhould have ſeen no more!"

Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor.

LORD Thomas he was a bold foreſter,
And a chaſer of the king's deer ;
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he lov'd her dear.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother he ſaid,
And riddle us both as one ;
Whether I ſhall marry with fair Eleanor,
And let the brown girl alone?

The brown girl ſhe has got houſes and lands,
Fair Eleanor ſhe has got none,
Therefore I charge thee, on my bleſſing,
To bring me the brown girl home.

And as it befell on a high holiday,
As many did more beſide,
Lord Thomas he went to fair Eleanor,
That ſhould have been his bride.

But when he came to fair Eleanor's bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
But who was ſo ready as fair Eleanor
To let lord Thomas come in.

What news, what news, lord Thomas? ſhe ſaid,
What news haſt thou brought unto me?
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee.

O God forbid, lord Thomas, ſhe ſaid,
That ſuch a thing ſhould be done ;
I thought to have been thy bride my own ſelf,
And you to have been the bridegroom.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, ſhe ſaid,
And riddle it all in one :
Whether I ſhall go to lord Thomas's wedding,
Or whether I ſhall tarry at home?

There's many that are your friends, daughter,
And many that are your foe,
Therefore I charge you, on my bleſſing,
To lord Thomas's wedding don't go.

There's many that are my friends, mother,
If a thouſand more were my foe,
Betide my life, or betide my death,
To lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

She clothed herſelf in gallant attire,
And her merry men all in green,
And as they rid through every town,
They took her to have been a queen.

But when ſhe came to lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked there at the ring,
But who was ſo ready as lord Thomas,
To let fair Eleanor in.

Is this your bride? fair Ellen ſhe ſaid,
Methinks ſhe looks wonderous brown;
You might have had as fair a woman,
As ever trod on the ground.

Deſpiſe her not, fair Ellen, he ſaid,
Deſpiſe her not unto me ;
For better I love thy little finger,
Than all her whole body.

This brown bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and ſharp,
And betwixt the ſhort ribs and the long,
She prick'd fair Eleanor to the heart.

Oh! Chriſt now ſave thee, Lord Thomas, he ſaid,
Methinks thou look'ſt wonderous wan ;
Thou waſt us'd for to look with as freſh a colour
As ever the ſun ſhin'd on.

Oh! art thou blind, Lord Thomas? ſhe ſaid,
Or can'ſt thou not very well ſee?
Oh! doſt thou not ſee my own heart's blood
Runs trickling down my knee?

Lord Thomas he had a ſword by his ſide ;
As he walk'd about the hall,
He cut off his bride's head from her ſhoulders,
And he threw it againſt the wall.

He ſet the hilt againſt the ground,
And the point againſt his heart,—
There was never three lovers that ever met
That ſooner than they did depart.

Price, [Numb. 8] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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The wandering Lamb.

AN anxious mother searched in vain,
To find her darling, infant lamb,
Which playful stray'd from off the plain,
So lost its way, so lost its dam:
The bleating mother's rending cries,
Soon reach'd the passing trav'ller's ear,
Each bleating sound was fill'd with sighs,
Affection dropt sweet nature's tear.

Hard, cruel fate! most sad to tell,
The snow fell fast, the cold severe,
When, near a dismal, dreary dell,
The little wand'rer perish'd there!
There, on a bank of feather'd snow,
The hapless victim sunk to rest;
Death kindly gave a gentle blow,
And fill'd with care the mother's breast.

The Convent Bell.

WHEN waken'd by the Convent Bell,
At midnight's dark and dreary hour,
I rose my mournful beads to tell,
And think of life and love no more,
In vain I wept, I blush to own,
I dropt a tear for him alone.

At sober eve, or twilight grey,
The swelling organ's awful sound,
Wou'd warn the vestals when to pray,
While holy tears bedew'd the ground;
In vain I wept, I blush to own,
I dropt a tear for him alone.

As Amoret and Phillis sat.

AS Amoret and Phillis sat
One ev'ning on the plain,
And saw the charming Strephon wait,
To tell the nymph his pain;
The threat'ning danger to remove,
He whisper'd in her ear,
Ah! Phillis, if you would not love
The shepherd, do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art,
His passion to convey
Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
And steal her soul away!
Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your fate.
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

What a charming thing's a Battle.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle,
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;
Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle,
Every heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front, and from the rear,
Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads and limbs and bullets flying!
Then the groans of soldiers dying;
Just like sparrows as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop,
While the muskets, prittle, prattle:
Kill'd and wounded,
Lie confounded,
What a charming thing's a battle!
But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horse and foot,
All go to't,
Kill's, the word, both men and cattle:
Then to plunder,
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle!

On Tay's sweet Banks.

ON Tay's sweet banks the lint-white sings so cheerily,
Sweetly blooms the violet and gowan in the grove,
The lambs on the meads they sport and play so merrily,
And each shepherd here, at e'en, is fain to meet his love:
'Twas here my Sandy first I knew,
'Twas here into his arms I flew,
The youth was comely, kind and true,
Ah me! one luckless day,
The press-gang forc'd my love to go,
To fight against my country's foe,
And left me here quite sunk in woe,
For Sandy far away.

On Tay's sweet banks they tore my laddie from me,
O fair did I weep when Sandy cry'd adieu;
In vain the shepherds try to heap their favors on me,
In vain the lasses seek sweet flow'rs to busk my bonnie brow,
But should the youth return again,
'Twould ease my aching heart frae pain,
Then pleas'd I'd listen to his strain
A' the live long day:
My blessing aye attend my love,
Make him your care ye pow'rs above,
For well I ken he'll constant prove,
My Sandy far away.

Soft Flowing Avon.

THOU ſoft flowing Avon, by whoſe ſilver ſtream,
Of things more than mortal thy *Shakſpear* would dream,
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love ſtricken maiden, and the ſighing ſwain,
Here rove without danger, and ſigh without pain,
The ſweet bud of beauty no blight ſhall e'er dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth ſhall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the ſpirit of youth,
For the raptures of fancy, here poets ſhall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on ſilver Avon, in ſong ever flow,
Be the ſwans on thy boſom ſtill whiter than ſnow,
Flow on, ever flow, like his fame may you ſpread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

For we ſhall both grow older.

THEY tell me I'm too young to wed,
But ſure 'tis all a fancy;
A ſmiling girl runs in my head,
'Tis pretty little Nancy:
My mother ſays it muſt not be,
Tho' this I've often told her,
That Nancy is as young as me,
And we ſhall both grow older.

Her eyes are blue, with flaxen hair,
Her ſmile juſt hit my fancy;
No girl ſo mild, ſo ſoft, ſo fair,
As pretty little Nancy:
Then why not wed as well as love?
And ſo I've often told her,
If now too young, we ſhall improve,
For we ſhall both grow older.

When year on year rolls o'er her head,
She ſtill will pleaſe my fancy,
As when to church I fondly led
My pretty little Nancy:
Then let us wed as love invites,
For this I've often told her,
'Tis love alone can give delights,
When we are both grown older.

Mad Tom.

I'M old mad Tom, behold me,
My wits are quite unframed;
I'm mad I'm ſure, and paſt all cure,
And in hopes of being proclaimed.

I'll mount the froſty mountains,
And then I'll ſtill the weather;
I'll pluck the rainbow from the ſky,
And I'll ſplice both ends together.

I'll mount the pride of marble,
And there I'll fright the gypſies;
And I'll play at bowls with ſun and moon,
And win them with eclipſes.

I 'prentice was to Vulcan,
And ſerv'd my maſter faithful,
In making tools for jovial fools;
But, ye gods! ye prov'd ungrateful.

The ſtars pluck'd from their orbs too,
And put them in my budget;
And if I am not a roaring boy,
Then let all the nations judge it.

When thou are abſent, &c.

WHEN thou are abſent, charming maid,
In vain the ſky-larks ſing;
Or woodbines weave the vernal ſhade,
Or Flora paints the ſpring:
But when you range the daiſy'd field,
Or in the garden rove,
Increas'd perfume the bloſſoms yield,
And ſeem to court your love.

Sharp are the pangs of wan deſpair,
By which my breaſt is torn,
While robb'd of thee, my lovely fair,
More ſweet than May-day morn:
Then haſte, dear tenant of my heart,
Nor let my ſoul repine;
O fly to heal thy lover's ſmart,
Dear charming valentine.

The Jew Pedlar.

I AM a Jew of Duke's-Place fame;
Old cloaths and ſkins I deals in;
To cheat the chriſtians is my aim,
For cheating is not ſtealing:
Thro' ev'ry ſtreet about the town,
My voice is known full well,
For I each day walk up and down,
And cry—old clohs to ſell.

Ha'loo, Smouch—Who call's?—What will you give for theſe new ſattin breeches, and two handſome coats? Let's look; why all the wool's off, and I can ſee you ſto'e them, ſo I ſhall tell your maſter, unleſs you let me have them cheap. Well, what will you give for them, you raſcal? No, not a raſcal; I will give you five ſhillings for them.

'Tis thus I trick each roguiſh wag,
For it is right you know,
To make a penny of a rag,
By crying—clo ſell, clo.

I buys the money counterfeit,
Gives two-pence for a ſhilling,
Quickſilver ſoon makes twelve of it,
Juſt rubb'd around the milling.

At night when all bad faces paſs,
No diff'rence you can tell,
I then gets rid of all my braſs,
And cries—old cloaths to ſell:

Any bad ſhilling, hare-ſkins, rabbit-ſkins, any phials or broken flint glaſs—a nice ſecond-hand cloak, ma'am, very cheap. only fifteen ſhillings. O, 'tis too much, I will only give ſix ſhillings. Well, take it then, ma'am.

I always aſks a good high price,
Tho' I abate, or ſo,
I gets my cent. per cent. ſo nice,
By crying—clo ſell, clo.

Little Bingo.

THE farmer's dog leapt over the ſtyle,
His name was little Bingo.
The farmer's dog leapt over the ſtile,
His name was little Bingo.
B with an I—I with an N,
N with a G—G with an O;
His name was little Bingo!
B—I—N—G—O!
His name was little Bingo.

The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale,
He call'd it rare good ſtingo.
The farmer lov'd, &c.
S—T with an I, &c.
And is not this a ſweet little ſong,
I think it is——by Jingo.
And is not this, &c.
J with I, &c.

May is the Mother of Love.

THE virgin, when ſoften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows,
The birds fondly bill on the ſpray,
And the poplars embrace with their boughs:
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We ſhepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail May, as the mother of love.

From the weſt as it wantonly blows
Fond Zephyr careſſes the vine;
The bee ſteals a kiſs from the roſe,
And willows and woodbines entwine!
The pinks by the rivulet's ſide,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downwards and kiſs the ſoft tide,
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the larks and the linnets now ſing,
Their muſic is taught them by May;
The ſtock dove, recluſe with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliſs in the grove,
And murmuring ſeems to repeat,
That May is the mother of love.

The goddeſs will viſit ye ſoon,
Ye virgins, be ſportive and gay;
Get your pipes, O! ye ſhepherds, in tune,
For muſic muſt welcome the May:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguiſh remove,
Let him tell her ſoft tales, and he'll find,
That May is the mother of love.

Auld Robin Grey.

YOUNG Jamie loo'd me weel, and aſk'd me for his bride,
But having a crown, he had nothing elſe beſide,
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to ſea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
He had nea been gane a year and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was ſtole away;
My mither ſhe fell ſick, and Jamie at the ſea,
And auld Robin Grey came a courting to me.

My faither could nae wark, and my mither could nae ſpin,
I toiled day and night, but their bread I could nae win,
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his eye,
Said, Jenny for their ſake, O pray marry me:
My heart it ſaid nea, and I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and his ſhip it was a wreck,
His ſhip was a wreck; why did nea Jeany dee,
And why was ſhe ſpar'd to cry wae is me.

My father urg'd me fair, but my mither did nea ſpeak,
But ſhe look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the ſea,
And auld Robin Grey was a gude man to me:
I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,
When ſitting ſo mournfully at my ain door,
I ſaw my Jamie's wraith, I could nae think it he,
Till he ſaid "I'm comed hame to marry thee"

O ſair, ſair did we greet, and muckle did we ſay,
We took but ane kiſs, and we tore ourſelves away,
I wiſh I were dead, but I am nae like to dee,
O why was I born to ſay wa'es me?
I gang like a ghaiſt, and I canna like to ſpin,
I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that would be a ſin,
But I'll do my beſt, a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Grey is very kind to me.

Hot Mutton Pies.

O Lord what a place is a camp!
What wonderful doings are here!
How the people are all on the ſcamp:
Now to me it looks deviliſh queer;
There's ladies a ſwigging of gin,
And crop'd macaronies likewiſe;
There's I with my who'll up and win?
Come here with your hot mutton pies.

Tol, lol, de, rol, lol, &c.

There's horſes, and aſſes, and chaiſe,
And waggons, and carts out of number;
Here's racketing nights and by days,
And inns full of dead and live lumber;
Now there is a beau in a gig,
And there is a lady in clover;
And there lies an alderman's wig,
With Billy the tailor done over.

Tol, lol, &c.

There's galloping this way and that,
With—madam ſtand out of the way—
There's— fie, ſir, what would you be at!—
Come, none of your impudence pray—
There's halt, to the right about face,
There's laughing, and ſcreaming and cries,
There's milliners, men out of place—
And I with my hot mutton pies.

Tol, lol, &c.

There's the heath, all the world like a fair,
There's butlers, ſutlers, and cooks,
There's popping away in the air,
And captains with terrible looks;
There's—how d ye do?—pretty well,
Oh! the duſt has half blinded my eyes,
There's what have you now got to ſell?
Why, here is my hot mutton pies.

Tol, lol, &c.

*There's horſe-jockies, tailors and quacks,
There's parſons, and lawyers, and thieves,
There's pedlars with ſhops on their backs,
And miſſes with nice pucker'd ſleeves;
There's *ladies* with Plunket-ſtreet ſmocks,
And they painted up to the eyes,
There's quiz capes and modern docks,
And there's—me with my hot mutton pies.

Tol, lol, &c.

* This Verſe is the Production of a Gentleman, to whoſe uſeful Hints for this Publication the Publiſher is much indebted.

My Friend and Pitcher.

THE wealthy fool with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer;
Give me but theſe, I aſk no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With ſuch what mortal can be richer,
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

My friend ſo rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what 'tis can bewitch her;
With all my heart, can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher?

My friend ſo rare, &c.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

AS it fell out upon a day,
Two lovers they ſat on a hill;
They ſat together a long ſummer day,
And could not talk their fill.

I ſee no harm by you, Margaret,
And you ſee none by me:
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you ſhall ſee.

Fair Margaret ſate in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair;
There ſhe eſpied ſweet William and his bride,
As they a were riding near.

Down ſhe laid her ivory comb,
And up ſhe bound her hair;
She went away firſt from the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all was faſt aſleep,
Then came the ſpirit of fair Margaret,
And ſtood at William's bed feet.

God give you joy, you true lovers,
In bride-bed faſt aſleep;
Lo! I am going to my graſs-green grave,
And I am in my winding ſheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from ſleep,
Sweet William to his lady ſaid,
My dear, I've cauſe to weep.

I dream'd a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreams are never good:
I dream'd my bower was full of red ſwine,
And my bride-bed full of blood

Such dreams, ſuch dreams, my honour'd ſir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of ſwine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, "I'll away to fair Margaret's bower,
"By the leave of my lady."

And when he came to fair Margaret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
So ready were her ſeven brethren
To let ſweet William in.

Then he turn'd up the covering ſheet—
"Pray let me ſee the dead;
"Methinks ſhe looks both pale and wan,
"She has loſt her cherry red.

"I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
"Than any of thy kin;
"For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
"Though a ſmile I cannot win."

With that beſpoke the ſeven brethren,
Making moſt piteous moan,
"You may go kiſs your jolly brown dame,
"And let our ſiſter alone."

"If I do kiſs my jolly brown dame,
"I do but what is right;
"For I made no vow to your ſiſter dear,
"By day, nor yet by night.

"Pray tell me then, how much you'll deal,
"Of white bread and your wine:
"So much as is dealt at her fun'ral to-day,
"To-morrow ſhall be dealt at mine."

Fair Margaret died to-day, to day,
Sweet William he died the morrow;
Fair Margaret died for pure true love,
Sweet William he died for ſorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher;
Out of her breaſt there ſprang a roſe,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top,
Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a true-lover's-knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the pariſh,
As you this truth ſhall hear,
And by miſfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

Old Tom of Bedlam.

FORTH from my dark and diſmal cell,
And from the deep abyſs of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
And ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppreſs my ſoul:
Hark, how the angry furies howl!
Pluto laughs, and Proſerpine is glad,
To ſee poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the world I wander night and day
To ſeek my ſtraggling ſenſes,
In an angry mood I met old Time,
With his pentatuch of tenſes:

When me he ſpied,
Away he hied,
For time will ſtay for no man:
In vain with cries
I rend the ſkies,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comforleſs I lie:
Help, oh help! or elſe I die!

Hark! I hear Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſte Diana bends her bow,
The bear begins to briſtle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knock off my troubleſom ſhackles;
Bid Charles make ready his Waine
To fetch me my ſenſes again.

Laſt night I heard the dog-ſtar bark;
Mars met with Venus in the dark;
Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
And furiouſly made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns hang ſo much in his light,
He could not ſee to aim his blows aright:

Mercury the nimble poſt of heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the quarrell;
Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, giant-like,
Beſtrid a ſtrong-beer barrel.

To me he drank,
I did him thank,
But I could get no cyder;
He drank whole butts
Till he burſt his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor Tom is very dry:
A little drink for charity!

Hark, I hear Acteon's horn!
The huntſman whoop and hallow:
Ringwood, Royſter, Bowman, Jowler,
All in the chaſe to follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga ſack
Will fire the buſh at his back.

[Numb. 9]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Foli° Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language; forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Every Inch a Sailor.

THE wind blew hard, the ſea ran high,
The dingy ſcud drove 'croſs the ſky;
All was ſafe ſtow'd, the bowl was ſlung,
When careleſs thus Ned Hawlyard ſung—
A ſailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily,
If winds can whiſtle he can ſing,
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets below'd by all the ſhip,
And toaſts his girl and drinks his ſlip.

A leak, a leak—come lads be bold,
There's five feet water in the hold;
Eager on deck ſee Hawlyard jump,
And hark, while working at the pump.
A ſailor's life, &c.

Down topſails boys, the gale comes on
To ſtrike top gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the ſail prepar'd,
Ned chearful ſings upon the yard,—
A ſailor's life, &c.

And ſee the veſſel nought can ſave,
She ſtrikes and finds a watery grave
Yet Ned preſerv'd with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign ſhore—
A ſailor's life, &c.

And now unnumber'd perils paſt,
On land as well as ſea at laſt;
In tatters to his Poll and home
See honeſt Hawlyard ſinging come—
A ſailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Hawlyard what diſgrace,
Poll ſwears ſhe never ſaw his face;
He damns her for a faithleſs ſhe,
And ſinging, goes again to ſea—
A ſailor's life, &c.

Stand to your Guns.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,
Let not one word on board be ſpoke,
Victory ſoon will crown the joke,
Be ſilent and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and ſpunge them well,
Let us be ſure the balls will tell,
The cannon's roar ſhall ſound their knell;
Be ſteady, boys, be ſteady.

Not yet—nor yet; reſerve your fire,
I do deſire—
Now the elements do rattle,
The gods amaz'd behold the battle,
A broadſide, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd ſide.
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
Conquer boys, or bravely die;
Hurl deſtruction on your foes,
She ſinks, huzza! to the bottom down ſhe goes.

Nothing like Grog.

A PLAGUE of thoſe muſty old lubbers,
Who tell us to faſt and to think;
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good ſtuff, had they twigg'd it,
'Twould have ſent them for pleaſure agog.
And in ſpite of the rules
Of the ſchools
The old fools
Would have all of 'em ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

My father when I laſt from Guinea,
Return'd, with abundance of wealth,
Cried, Jack, never be ſuch a ninny,
To drink—ſaid I, father your health.
So I ſhew'd him the ſtuff and he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog;
And he ſwigg'd, and mother
And ſiſter and brother,
And I ſwigg'd and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

'Tother day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk:
I ſhew'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And I ſoon ſet his reverence agog,
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd, and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then truſt me there's nothing like drinking,
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave.
As for me from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee, or a-weather,
Four hours together,
I've conſtantly ſwigg'd it,
And d—me there nothing like grog.

Hope and Fear.

YE gloomy thoughts, ye fears perverſe,
Like ſullen vapours all diſperſe,
And ſcatter in the wind;

Deluſive phantoms, broods of night,
No more my ſickly fancy fright,
No more my reaſon blind:

'Tis done; I feel my ſoul releas'd;
The viſions fly, the miſts are chas'd,
Nor leave a cloud behind.

Catharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's ſweet ſcent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which bloom'd ſo rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd tho' it was fogie;
I aſk'd her name—kind ſir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is Catharine Ogie.

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear
In a country maid ſo neatly:
Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lily in a bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Catharine Ogie.

Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſt in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clowniſh rogie;
Thour't match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Catharine Ogie.

O were I but ſome ſhepherd's ſwain!
To feed my flocks beſide thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Catharine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtatemen's dangerous ſtations:
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conquering nations:
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs, of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Catharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo ſweet a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my caſe! ye powers above!
Elſe I die for Catharine Ogie.

The Lad for me.

KILKENNY is a handſome place
As any town in Shamrockſhire;
There firſt I ſaw my Jemmy's face,
There Jemmy firſt beheld his dear:
My love he was a baſhful boy,
And I ſimple girl to ſee;
Yet I was Jemmy's only joy,
And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the bell,
In ſtreets and ſquares, and houſes fine,
Oh! there young Dick his love would tell,
And there I told young Dickey mine:
For Dick he was a roving blade,
And I was hearty, wild and free;
He lov'd, and I his love repaid,
Then Dickey was the lad for me.

When Dover was my happy lot,
And William there my love did crown;
Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,
Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town:
For William was a gentle youth,
Too baſhful, nor too bold was he;
He ſaid he lov'd, and told me truth,
And William was the lad for me.

The Tempeſt of War.

LET the tempeſt of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets and cannons alarms;
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or ſkill,
Seek honour and conqueſt in arms.

To live ſafe, and retire,
Is what I deſire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe poſſeſt;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the laſting enjoyments of reſt.

In ſome cottage, or cell,
Like a ſhepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at eaſe;
In a peaceable life,
To be bleſt with a wife,
Who will ſtudy her huſband to pleaſe.

New Jockey.

MY Laddie has gang'd far away o'er the plain,
While in ſorrow behind, I am forc'd to remain,
Tho' blue-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in bloſſom, and ſweet blows the thorn,
No pleaſure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can pleaſe me, now Jockey's away,
Forlorn I ſit ſighing, and this is my ſtrain,
Haſte, haſte, my dear Jockey, to me back again,
Haſte, haſte, &c.

The lads and the laſſes are on the green met,
They laugh, and they ſing, they dance, and they chat,
Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment ſee;
Their paſtimes offend me, my ſhepherd's not there,
No pleaſure I reliſh that Jockey don't ſhare,
It makes me to ſigh, I from tears ſcarce refrain,
I wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.
I wiſh, &c.

But hope ſhall ſuſtain me, nor will I deſpair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here,
On fond expectation my wiſhes I feaſt,
For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haſte;
Then farewell each care, and adieu each fond ſigh,
Who'll then be ſo bleſt, or ſo happy as I,
I'll ſing to the meadows, and alter my ſtrain,
Till Jockey returns to my arms back again.
Till Jockey, &c.

As bringing home, &c.

AS bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers ſeem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I ſung acroſs the mead;
In vain they tun'd their pleaſing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As paſſing thro' the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage ſtood,
I thought I ſaw the queen of love,
When Clora's charms I view'd;
I look'd, I gaz'd, I preſs'd her ſtay,
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain—ſhe fled away,
Nor could my ſighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,
Came pity to my breaſt;
And thus I (as compaſſion bade)
The feather'd pair addreſs'd—
Ye little warblers, chearful be,
Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myſelf ſo free,
Am far more caught than you.

Hart's Lamentation.

Executed April 1796, in Dublin, for High Treaſon; Aged 17 Years.

AIR—"Hoſier's Ghoſt."

THE pale moon in cloudleſs glory,
Silver'd o'er the Liffey's ſtream,
And, on turrets high and hoary,
Shed a wan and dubious beam;—
When, alone, in hopeleſs ſorrow,
HART, in fetters, droop'd his head,
Crying—I muſt, on the morrow,
Slumber with the ſilent dead.

"O, that I had ne'er forſaken
My allegiance to my King;
Nor a traitor's counſel taken,
Whence my ſad misfortunes ſpring:
Then my ſoul, to guilt a ſtranger,
Would this cell have never ſeen,
And ſecure from every danger,
In this dreadful hour have been.

"I, by fair but humble merit,
Might have gain'd an honeſt name,
And through life, my tranquil ſpirit
An approving conſcience claim.
O! that, fir'd by ancient ſtory,
I had fought my country's good,
Foremoſt in the field of glory,
In her cauſe I might have ſtood.

"Or, where cloth'd in regal thunder,
Rides the conqu'ring Britiſh fleet,
Some brave Iriſh captain under,
I a hero's death might meet.
But falſe men, my youth miſguiding,
Vice in robes of virtue dreſt,
And their evil purpoſe hiding,
Lodg'd their treaſons in my breaſt.

"Step by ſtep, my ſoul undoing,
They their ſpecious arts employed,
And, their country's woe purſuing,
All my innocence deſtroyed.
Fir'd by frantic hopes of plunder,
To embrue our hands in gore,
And to rend the ſtate aſunder,
By a lawleſs oath we ſwore.

"While, with boſoms unrelenting,
We our midnight murders plann'd,
Heaven our horrid crimes preventing,
Sav'd this ſpoil-devoted land;
Sav'd this land from wild commotion,
In which talents, wealth and life,
As upon a ſtormy ocean,
Muſt have ſunk in ruthleſs ſtrife.

"Cruelty from law eſcaping,
Anarchy the foe of peace,
War and blood, and vengeful rapine,
Would our cities then deface.—
Doom'd to die a public warning,
Heav'n ſupport my drooping ſoul!
Yet to die in life's firſt morning,
Who can nature's pangs control?

"You, who now in fetters languiſh,
Partners of my guilt and ſhame,
O'er my grave, if you with anguiſh,
E'er recall my hapleſs name;
And with boſoms inly bleeding,
Mourn the errors of my youth,
May you, my hard fortunes heeding,
Turn to loyalty and truth.

"In this mournful dreary ſeaſon,
No one can my crime defend,
Juſtice puniſhes my treaſon,
By a ſad untimely end.
Now farewell each hope of living,
And each hope that youth can prize,
All mankind I die forgiving,
As on Heaven my ſoul relies!

Yerac.

The Manſion of Peace.

SOFT zephyr on thy balmy wing,
Thy gentleſt breezes hither bring;
Her ſlumbers guard ſome hand divine,
Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

A roſe, a roſe from her boſom has ſtray'd,
I'll ſeek to replace it, to replace it with art;
But, no, no, no, 'twill her ſlumbers invade,
I'll wear it fond youth next my heart.

Alas! ſilly roſe, had'ſt thou known
'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
Thou ne'er from thy ſtation had'ſt flown,
Her boſom's the manſion of peace.

How gaily roll'd the Moments on.

HOW gaily roll'd the moments on,
When Sandy woo'd me ilka day,
But a' that fleeting joy is gone,
Since war hath preſs'd him far away;
In vain the ſhepherds pipe and ſing,
The blooming maidens dance in vain,
'Till peaceful time ſhall Sandy bring,
To mingle in the happy train:
Tho' blithſome are the rural ſwains,
Who grace the flowery banks of Tay;
Yet none of them, with a' their pains,
Seem half ſo bonny, blithe and gay.

When dreſs'd in plaid of tartan dra'
With garter's dic'd beneath his knee,
So ſmart a lad you never ſaw,
And O how neat he look'd to me!
Whene'er he drove his ſheep and kye,
To ſell them at the tryſte or fair,
Kind Sandy never fail'd to buy,
A roll of ribbons for my hair:
But now, his flocks of late ſo glad,
His lambs that wont to ſkip and play,
Methinks are unco' dull and ſad,
Since war hath preſs'd him far away.

Ye fair, decreed in ſtate to ſhine,
Your wealth and pomp I envy not;
Be lairds your choice, but Sandy's mine,
With him to ſhare a lowly cot;
My boſom no ambition knows,
That veſtal maids may not impart;
It from as pure a paſſion flows,
As ever warm'd a lover's heart:
Oft' muſing near yon verdant birk,
I long to ſee the happy day,
When he ſhall lead me to the kirk,
And ne'er again gang far away.

O give me that ſocial Delight.

O GIVE me that ſocial delight
Which none but true lovers receive,
When Luna bedecks the ſtill night,
And glances her ſmiles on the eve:
When to the fair meadows we go,
Where peace and contentment retire;
Or down the ſmooth current we row,
In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature theſe pictures are drawn;
How ſweet is each landſcape diſpos'd;
The proſpect extends to the lawn,
Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
Come, Strephon, attend to the ſcene;
The clouds are all vaniſh'd above;
The objects around are ſerene,
As model'd for muſic and love.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walkt forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Chrift thee fave, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy fhrine
My true love thou didft fee.

And how fhould I know your true love,
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat, and ftaff,
And by his fandal fhoone.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were fo fair to view;
His flaxen locks that fweetly curl'd,
And eye of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grafs turf,
And at his heels a ftone.

Within thefe holy cloyfters long
He languifh'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'playning of her pride.

There bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon church-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didft thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of ftone!

O weep not, lady, weep not fo;
Some ghoftly comfort feek:
Let not vain forrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My forrow now reprove;
For I have loft the fweeteft youth,
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy fad lofs,
I'll evermore weep and figh;
For thee I only wifh'd to live,
For thee I wifh to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy forrow is in vain:
For, vi'lets pluckt, the fweeteft fhowers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then fhould forrow laft?
Since grief but aggravates thy lofs,
Grieve not for what is paft.

O fay not fo, thou holy friar:
I pray thee, fay not fo:
For fince my true-love dyed for me,
'Tis meet my tears fhould flow.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he's dead and laid in's grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rofe,
The comlieft youth was he:—
But he is dead and laid in's grave:
Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, figh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on fea and one on land,
To one thing conftant never.

Hadft thou been fond, he had been falfe,
And left thee fad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found.
Since fummer trees were leafy.

Now fay not fo, thou holy friar,
I pray thee fay not fo:
My love he had the trueft heart:
Oh he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much lov'd youth,
And didft thou dye for me?
Then farewell home; for ever-more
A pilgrim I will be,

But firft upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kifs the green-grafs turf
That wraps his breathlefs clay.

Yet ftay fair lady; reft a while
Beneath this cloyfter wall:
See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall,

O ftay me not, thou holy friar;
O ftay me not I pray:
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wafh my fault away.

Yet ftay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry thofe pearly tears;
For fee beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopelefs love,
Thefe holy weeds I fought;
And here amid thefe lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace
Is not yet paft away,
Might I ftill hope to win thy love,
No longer would I ftay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart:
For fince I 've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

The Shepherd's Invitation.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleafures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we fit upon the rocks,
And fee the fhepherds feed their flocks,
By fhallow rivers, to whofe falls
Melodious birds fing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of rofes,
With a thoufand fragrant pofies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the fineft wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin d choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the pureft gold;

A belt of ftraw, and ivy buds,
With coral clafps, and amber ftuds:
And if thefe pleafures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The fhepherd fwains fhall dance and fing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If thefe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Price, [Numb. 10] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Muleteers.

YE high born Spaniſh noblemen,
Ye dons and cavaliers;
Ah! little do you think upon
The lowly muleteers;
To earn an honeſt livelihood,
What toils, what care we know;
Small our gain, great our pain,
O'er the hill, o'er the plain,
Parch'd with heat, drench'd with rain;
Still the muleteers muſt go.

When darkneſs overtakes us,
Our mules to droop begin;
Fatigu'd and ſpent, what joy we feel,
To reach the wiſh'd-for inn.
We drain the wine cag jollily,
We toſs it to and fro,
While to ſleep, as we creep,
Maritornes may weep,
That when day-light does peep,
Then the muleteers muſt go.

The Caledonian Laddy O.

BLITHE Sandy is a bonny boy,
And always is a wooing,
Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,
Altho' he is ſo looing.
Laſt night he preſs'd me to his breaſt,
And vow'd he'd aſk my daddy O,
O dear! to wed me he confeſs'd,
The Caledonian Laddy O.

The maidens try both far and near,
To gain young Sandy over;
But all their arts I dinna fear,
He winna prove a rover!
For ſure he told me frank and free,
Unknown to mam or daddy O;
He'd marry none, ah none but me,
The Caledonian Laddy O.

The other day from Dundee Fair,
He brought me home a bonnet,
A cap and ribbons for my hair,
But mark what ſoon came on it;
As late from kirk we ſome-how ſtood,
In ſpite of mam or daddy O,
He marry'd me, do all I cou'd,
The Caledonian Laddy O.

Ariſe ſweet Meſſenger.

ARISE ſweet meſſenger of morn,
With thy mild beams our ſkies adorn;
For long as ſhepherds pipe and play,
This, this ſhall be a holiday.

See! morn appears; a roſy hue
Steals ſoft o'er yonder orient blue:
Soon let us meet in trim array,
And frolic out this holiday.

A Sup of Good Whiſkey.

A SUP of good whiſkey will make you glad,
Too much of the creature will make you mad,
If you take it in reaſon 'twill make you wiſe,
If you drink to exceſs 'twill cloſe up your eyes.
Yet father and mother,
And ſiſter and brother,
They all take a ſup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
I think ſo too—if there's none to be had:
The ſwadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it a fig for them all;
Both laymen and brother,
In ſpite of this pother,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And juſtice will ſay 'twill reduce your wealth,
Phyſicians and lawyers will all agree,
When your money's all gone they can get no fee.
Yet ſurgeon and doctor,
And lawyer and proctor,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

If a ſoldier is drunk ſeen on duty found,
He ſoon to the three-legg'd horſe is bound;
In the face of the regiment obliged to ſtrip,
A naggin will ſoften the drummer's whip.
For ſerjeant and drummer,
And likewiſe his honor,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

The Turks who arrived from the Porte ſublime,
They told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet after their dinner away they ſlunk,
And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk,
The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a ſup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abſtain,
By yea and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vein,
Yet ſome of the broadbrims will get to the ſtuff,
And tipple away 'till they've tippled enough.
For ſtiff rump and ſteady,
And Solomon's lady,
Would all take a ſup in their turn.

The Germans will ſay, they can drink the moſt,
The French and Italians will alſo boaſt;
Hibernia's the country, for all their noiſe,
For generous drinking and hearty boys,
There each jovial fellow,
Will drink 'till he's mellow,
And take off his glaſs in his turn.

How happy could I be, &c.

HOW happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus teize me together,
To neither a word will I ſay;
But tol de rol, &c.

Reg. Os.

Go, Roſe.

GO, roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace;
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
There, phœnix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die;
Involv'd in, &c.

Know, hapleſs flow'r, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant roſes there,
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and deſpair;
One common fate we both muſt prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
You die, &c. *Gay.*

When I awake, &c.

WHEN I awake, with painful brow,
Ere the cock begins to crow;
Toſſing, tumbling in my bed,
Aching heart, and aching head;
Pond'ring over human ills,
Cruel bailiffs, tailors' bills;
Fluſh and Pam thrown up at Loo:
When theſe ſorrows ſtrike my view,
I cry———
And, to ſtop the guſhing tear,
Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when ſportive ev'ning comes,
Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums;
Caſinos here, Feſtinos there,
Mirth and paſtime ev'ry where;
Seated by a ſprightly laſs,
Smiling with the ſmiling glaſs;
When theſe pleaſures are my lot,
Tailors, bailiffs, all forgot,
I laugh———
Careleſs, then, what may befal,
Thus I ſhake my ſides at all.

Then, again, when I peruſe
O'er my tea, the morning news;
Diſmal tales of plunder'd houſes,
Wanton wives, and cuckold ſpouſes;
When I read of money lent,
At ſixteen and a half per cent.
I cry———

But if, ere the muffin's gone,
Simp'ring enters honeſt John;
"Sir, Miſs Lucy's at the door,
"Waiting in a chaiſe and four;"
Inſtant vaniſh all my cares,
Swift I ſcamper down the ſtairs,
And laugh———

So may this indulgent throng,
Who now, ſmiling, grace my ſong,
Never more cry, Oh! oh! oh!
But join with me in, Ha! ha! ha!

Let Gay Ones and Great.

LET gay ones, and great,
Make the moſt of their fate,
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run;
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exerciſe, air,
To the fields I repair,
With ſpirits unclouded and light;
The bliſſes I find,
No ſtings leave behind,
ut health and diverſion unite. *Love in a Vil.*

If you at an Office ſolicit.

IF you at an office ſolicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected,
You muſt quicken the clerk with the perquiſite too,
To do what his duty directed;

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She, too, has this palpable failing,
The perquiſite ſoftens her into conſent;
That reaſon with all is prevailing. *Beg. Op.*

To thee, O gentle Sleep.

TO thee, O gentle ſleep, alone,
Is owing all our peace;
By thee our joys are heighten'd ſhewn,
By thee our ſorrows ceaſe.

The nymph, whoſe hand by fraud or force
Some tyrant has poſſeſs'd,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is bleſs'd.

Oh! ſtay, Arpaſia bids thee ſtay;
The ſadly weeping fair
Conjures thee not to loſe, in day,
The object of her care.

To graſp whoſe pleaſing form ſhe ſought;
That motion chas'd her ſleep:
Thus by ourſelves are oftenеſt wrought
The griefs for which we weep.

The ſtate of a Lover.

HOW happy a lover's life paſſes,
When beauty returns ſigh for ſigh!
He looks upon all men as aſſes,
Who have not ſome girl in their eye.

With heart full as light as a feather,
He trips to the terras or parks,
Where ſwains croud impatient together,
And maidens look out for their ſparks.

What ſweet palpitation ariſes,
When Chloe appears full in view!
Her ſmiles at more value he prizes,
Than miſers the mines of Peru.

Tho' ſwift-winged time, as the're walking,
Soon parts them, alas! by his flight;
By reflection he ſtill hears her talking,
And abſent he keeps her in ſight.

Whenever abroad he regales him,
And Bacchus calls out for his laſs;
His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him,
Her name gives a zeſt to his glaſs.

No other amuſement he prizes,
Than thoſe that from Chloe ariſe;
She's firſt in his thoughts when he riſes,
And laſt when he cloſes his eyes.

Then let not ambition diſtreſs us,
Or fortune's fantaſtical chace;
Love only with Chloe can bleſs us,
And give all we want to embrace.

In Love ſhould there meet, &c.

IN love ſhould there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by faſhion or art,
Whoſe wiſhes are warm and ſincere,
Whoſe words are th' exceſs of the heart.

If aught of ſubſtantial delight,
On this ſide the ſtars can be found;
'Tis, ſure, when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd. *Love in a Vil.*

The Wine Vault.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will ſociably ſit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plenteouſly ſtor'd?

See! my vault door is open, deſcend ev'ry gueſt,
Tap that caſk, for the wine we will try;
'Tis as ſweet as the lips of your love to your taſte,
And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.

In a piece of ſlit-hoop I my candle have ſtuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glaſs I have purpoſely broke,
For I hate that a bumper ſhould ſtand.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and the binns are well fill'd,
View that heap of Champaigne in the rere;
Thoſe bottles are Burgundy, ſee how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my ſoldiers my flaſks,
All glorioufly rang'd in review;
When I caſt my eyes round, I conſider my caſks
As kingdoms I've got to ſubdue.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear ſhall be ſhed,
No *hic jacet* be grav'd on my ſtone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And ſay, that my drinking is done.

G. A. Stevens.

The Fan.

FOR various purpoſe ſerves the fan;
As thus—a decent blind,
Between the ſticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Reſentment's in the ſnap;
A flirt expreſſes ſtrong diſdain,
Conſent a gentle tap.

All paſſions will the fan diſcloſe,
All modes of female art;
And to advantage ſweetly ſhews
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's ſceptre, firſt deſign'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

Where ſhall Celia fly, &c.

WHERE ſhall Celia fly for ſhelter?
In what ſecret grove or cave?
Sighs and ſonnets ſent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave.
Tho' with prudiſh airs ſhe ſtarch her,
Still ſhe longs, and ſtill ſhe burns:
Cupid ſhoots like Hymen's archer,
Whereſoe'er the damſel turns.

Virtue, youth, good-ſenſe and beauty,
(If diſcretion guide us not)
Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
Sometimes are the booby's lot;
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
Now commanded by the peer;
Now ſome ſubtle, mean invader,
Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O diſcretion! thou'rt a jewel,
Or our grand-mamas miſtake,
Stinting flame by bating fewel,
Always careful and awake.
Would you keep your pearls from tramplers,
Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;
Mark my ſong upon your ſamplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans.

Blithe Jockey.

BLITHE Jockey, young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis ſummer all the year.

When I and Jockey met
Firſt on the flow'ry dale,
Right ſweetly me he tret,
And love was all his tale.
You are the laſs, ſays he,
That ſtaw my heart frae me;
O eaſe me of my pain,
And never ſhew diſdain.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when Jockey glooms,
But when he ſmiles 'tis day.

His ſuit I ill deny'd,
He kiſs'd and I comply'd;
Sae Jockey promis'd me,
That he would faithful be.

Well can my Jockey kyth
His love and courteſie;
He made my heart quite blithe,
When he firſt ſpoke to me.

When our eyes meet I pant,
I colour, ſigh, and faint;
What laſs that would be kind,
Can better ſpeak her mind?

Say, little fooliſh, fluttering thing.

SAY, little fooliſh, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here and ſing,
Your miſtreſs to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you ſhall not go!
Where, little wanton, could you be,
Half ſo happy as with me? *Padlock.*

The Waterman.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-Friars Bridge us'd for to ply?
He feather'd his oars with ſuch ſkill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He look'd ſo neat, and row'd ſo ſteadily,
The maidens all flock'd to his boat ſo readily;
And they ey'd the young rogue with ſo charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What ſights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out ſo nice and ſo painted withal!
He was always firſt oars, when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering;
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to ſee how ſtrangely things happen;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damſel ſo lovely and charming,
That ſhe ſmil'd, and ſo ſtraightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damſel but baniſh his ſorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow:
Then how ſhould this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare.

King Zayde and Zelindaxa.

FROM THE SPANISH.

From among other romances of the moſt famous feaſts and tournaments of the Moors, the following one has been ſelected, the original of which muſt have been very ancient, as it relates the cataſtrophe of a Mooriſh knight in the court of one of the kings of Toledo, which city was re-conquered by the Chriſtians in the year 1085.

IN troops of eight, and troops of ten,
The Alitarian race,
With many a Saracinian chief,
Toledo's circus grace:

To throw the cane, and prove their ſtrength,
With the Azarques bold,
With Adalife's comely men,
The tournament to hold.

Theſe royal ſports the king proclaims
For peace then lately made
Between Granada's prince Atarfe
And Belchite's king Zayde.

But fame reports, the Monarch's love
For a fair Mooriſh dame
Was the true cauſe of all theſe feaſts:—
Zelindaxa her name.

Firſt to the field, on fiery ſteeds,
The Saracini flew—
Their cloaks and jackets richly ſhone
Of green and orange hue.

Sharp ſcymeters, emboſt with gold,
Each ſhining target ſhows;
And letters which defiance bore
Againſt their country's foes.

Swiftly the Alitares next
Enter the liſted field;
A goodly ſight their ſcarlet coats
With ſnow-white ſlow'rets yield.

Their targets, for device the ſky,
By Atlas propt, did ſhow,
And a motto fair, which ſaid,
"Until fatigued I grow."

Next Dalife's gallant knights
O'er the field ſtately ride,
With coats of red and yellow clad,
A veil * to each arm tied.

A double knot was their device,
By a wild man undone,
On whoſe enormous club was writ,
"This through our valour won."

The laſt, but braveſt troop, the Moor
Azarque moſt portly leads:
Their veſts were purple mixt with blue,
And plumes adorn their heads.

On their green ſhields, ¶ with azure ground,
Two joined hands are ſeen,
And the letters there inſcribed,
"Surrounded by the green."

The furious king this emblem read,
And, jealous, could not bear
That Zelindaxa's heart with him
Another man ſhould ſhare.

To Selim, his Alcayde, he ſaid,
"This Sun, which ſhines ſo bright,
"And dares, in my deſpite, to blaze,
"Shall quenched be this night."

With matchleſs art, reſiſtleſs force,
Azarque now throws his cane,
§ And as his courſer meaſures back
With ſpeed the duſty plain,

The 'dmiring croud tumultuous ſhout,
"Alha thee ſave!" they cry:
The ladies, from the royal ſeats,
Applaud him paſſing by.

Tranſported Zelindaxa throws
† Perfumes upon her knight.
The king, with bitter grief and rage,
At this heart-breaking ſight,

Calls to the cavaliers to caſt
Their ſlender canes away,
And the preſumptuous Azarque
To ſeize without delay.

Two of the four quadrills, with haſte,
Take lances in their hands;
For who ſhall venture to reſiſt
An angry king's commands?

The other two would fain have fought,
Their utmoſt aid to lend;
But Azarque cries, "In vain you try
"To ſave your wretched friend.

"Put down your lances; let them come
"And ſtrike the deadly blow;
"That I, a lover true, expire,
"This fatal day ſhall ſhow."

Azarque, at length, o'ercome and ſeiz'd,
With grief the people ſee,
And take up arms to give him help,
So well belov'd was he,

From her balcony Zelindaxa
Exclaims, with all her might,
"Save him, ye moors, O ſave him now,
Preſerve my faithful knight."

Then headlong down ſhe ſtrives to throw
Herſelf in fell deſpair;
Her mother holds her in her arms,
And ſoothes her frantic care.

"Doſt thou not ſee, my daughter dear,
"That nothing can withſtand
"What a ſtern, royal lover's rage
"Shall cruelly command?"

A meſſage from the monarch came,
Enjoining her to chooſe
In ſome relation's ſecret houſe,
Her liberty to loſe.

Fair Zelindaxa to the king
Made ſtraightway this reply:
"The memory of Azarque ſhall be
"My priſon till I die.

"And thou ſhall ſee that I will dare
"Reſiſt with conſtancy,
"Whate'er a ſavage, bloody king,
"May impiouſly decree."

---

* Almayzal is the Arabic name of a ſtriped ſilken veil, or head-dreſs, worn by the Mooriſh women. It was the uſual favour, in the days of knight-errantry, for the ladies to give them to their knights, who tied them as a ſignal on their arms, as being the moſt conſpicuous place.

¶ Green was the peculiar colour affected by Mahomet, his deſcendants, and the princes of the Mahometan faith: this device ſhews, that Zelindaxa was of royal blood.

§ The chief art in the Juego de Canas is, to ride full-ſpeed, throw the cane at a certain mark, and then ſuddenly turn the horſe back with equal ſwiftneſs. It was ſurely invented to train their horſes to the Arabian manner of riding up to their enemy, and, after caſting javelins, retreating with expedition before the adverſary could return their ſtroke. This cuſtom, as old as the Parthian empire in the eaſt, is, to this day, practiſed in Arabia.

His preſent Catholic majeſty revived this ſport, on the marriage of the prince of Aſturias, at Madrid, where the quadrilles were compoſed of the nobleſt youth in the kingdom, headed each by a prince of the blood.

† The Spaniſh ladies have retained from the Moors their gallant way of throwing roſe-water, perfumes, flowers, &c. on their lovers and favourites, as they paſs under their balconies during the carnival; a liberty allowed at no other ſeaſon. Many a lady waits the return of the carnival, to make this tacit declaration of her ſentiments.

Price, [Numb. 11] One Penny.

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The Blush of Aurora.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew-drops bespangle the sweet-scented thorn;
Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the gay horn,
Till Phœbus awakens the day,
And see, now he rises in splendor how bright!
IO Pæan for Phœbus, the god of delight;
All glorious in beauty, now banish the night,
Then mount, boys to horse, and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace?
Health, bloom and contentment appear in each face,
And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace,
While we the fleet stag do pursue?
At the deep and harmonious cry of the hounds,
Struck by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide bounds,
And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds
Yet still boys we have him in view.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does resign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter so mighty of fame;
Our glasses then charge to our country and king;
Love and beauty we'll charge to, and jovially sing,
Wishing health and success till we make the house ring,
To all sportsmen and sons of the game!

O say simple Maid.

INCLE.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any notion,
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind you,
To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, while we're rock'd by each billow.

INCLE.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying
A rich gallant vessel with gay colours flying?

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows.

BOTH.

O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thunder;
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

You know I'm your Priest.

YOU know I'm your priest and your conscience is mine,
But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign,
So leave off your rakeing and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're settl'd for life.
Sing Ballynamono Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The bans being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow,
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
Sing Ballynomono, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
He blushes at love, and she whispers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and bride,
The pipers before us march on side by side;
A plentiful dinner gives joy to each face;
The piper plays up, myself I say grace.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown;
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone;
'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you at home,
And hie for a christ'ning in nine months to come,
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
A good merry christ'ning for me.

On Green Sedgy Banks.

ON the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May,
I pass'd the gay moments with joy and delight,
For peace cheer'd the morn, and content crown'd the night;
Till love taught young hope my youth to deceive,
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe.

Whenever I wander, thro' hill, dale or grove,
Young Sandy would follow with soft tales of love;
Enraptur'd he press'd me, then vow'd with a sigh,
If Jenny was cruel—alas! he must die;
A youth so engaging, with ease might deceive—
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe.

He stole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and content, that ne'er can return;
From the clown to the beau the sex are all art,
They complain of the wound, but we feel the smart:
We join in the fraud, and ourselves we deceive—
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe.

The origin of Engliſh Liberty.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at an ambroſial feaſt
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing:
Merry Momus among them was ſat as a gueſt,
(Homer ſays the celeſtials lov'd laughing:)
On each in the ſynod the humouriſt droll'd,
So none could his jokes diſapprove;
He ſung, repartee'd, and ſome ſmart ſtories told,
And at laſt thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long has the univerſe bore,
"Grows grievouſly tir'd of late;
"He ſays that mankind are much worſe than before,
"So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his ſhoulders commanded the ball;
Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the world,
And ſhe hung it up high in his hall.

Miſs, pleas'd with the preſent, review'd the globe round,
To ſee what each climate was worth;
Like a diamond, the whole with an atmoſphere bound,
And ſhe variouſly planted the earth:
With ſilver, gold, jewels, ſhe India endow'd;
France and Spain ſhe taught vineyards to rear;
What ſuited each clime, on each clime ſhe beſtow'd,
And freedom, ſhe found flouriſh'd here.

Four cardinal virtues ſhe left in this iſle,
As guardians to cheriſh the root;
The bloſſoms of liberty 'gan then to ſmile,
And Engliſhmen fed on the fruit.
Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty ſo rare,
O preſerve it as free as 'twas giv'n!
"We will, while we've breath; nay, we'll graſp it in death,
"Then return it untainted to Heav'n!"

G. A. Stevens.

The Compariſon

PARTING to death we will compare;
For, ſure, to thoſe who love ſincere,
So dreadful is the pain,
Such doubts, ſuch horrors, rend the mind!
But, oh! when adverſe fate grows kind,
How ſweet to meet again!

To thoſe tri'd hearts, and thoſe alone,
Who have the pangs of abſence known,
The bliſsful change is given;
And who—oh! who would not endure
The pangs of death, if they were ſure
To reap the joys of heaven?

Now or never.

TO make the moſt of fleeting time,
Shou'd be our great endeavour;
For love we both are in our prime,
The time is now or never.

A thouſand charms around you play;
No girl more bright or clever;
Then let us both agree to-day,
To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er ſhall be a better man,
I burn with love's high fever;
Pray now be kind, I know you can,
You muſt not anſwer, never.

Whilſt you, thus, Chloe, turn aſide,
You fruſtrate my endeavour;
That face will fade, come down that pride,
Your time is now or never.

Ere for yourſelf or me too late;
Say now, you're mine for ever;
I may be ſnatch'd by care or fate,
My time is now or never.

Puſh about the briſk Bowl.

PUSH about the briſk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we ſit round on the graſs:
The lover, who talks of his ſuff'rings and ſmart,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs,
Deſerves to be, *&c.*

The wretch, who ſits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wiſhes to add to the maſs,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himſelf,
Deſerves to be, *&c.*

The beau, who ſo ſmart, with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glaſs.
And thinks with grimace to ſubdue all the fair,
Deſerves to be reckon'd, *&c.*

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Crœſus the wealth to ſurpaſs;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the aſs, the aſs,
Claps the horns, *&c.*

The lawyer ſo grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forchead well cover'd with braſs,
Tho' he talks to no purpoſe, he pockets your fee,
There you, my good friend, are the aſs, the aſs,
There you, *&c.*

The formal phyſician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall laſt be produc'd in this claſs;
The ſick man awhile may confide in his ſkill,
But death proves the doctor an aſs, an aſs;
But death, *&c.*

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take our bottle and laſs;
For he who his pleaſure puts off for a day,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs,
Deſerves to be reckon'd, *&c.*

O what joy does Conqueſt yield.

O WHAT joy does conqueſt yield,
When returning from the field;
Shining in his glitt'ring arms,
How the god-like warrior charms!
Laurel-wreaths his head ſurrounding,
Banners waving in the wind;
Fame her golden trumpet ſounding,
Ev'ry voice in concert join'd. *Congreve.*

Were I a Shepherd's Maid.

WERE I ſhepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of ſheep;
Well pleas'd I'd watch, the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play:
Or, would ſome bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend it's wings;
My parents they might rave and ſcold,
My guardian ſtrive my will to hold;
Their words are harſh, his walls are high,
But, ſpite of all, away I'd fly. *Padlock.*

O greedy Midas.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,
That what you touch you turn to gold;
Oh! had I but a power like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling ſtream ſhould feel my force,
Each fiſh my fatal pow'r ſhould mourn,
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
Should in their native regions burn.

Nor ſhould there any dare approach
Unto my mantling, ſparkling vine,
But firſt ſhould pay their rights to me,
And ſtile me only god of wine.

Corydon and Phillis.

HER ſheep had in cluſters crept cloſe to a grove,
To hide from the heat of the day;
And Phillis herſelf in a woodbine alcove,
Among the freſh violets lay:
A lambkin, it ſeems, had been ſtole from it's dam,
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)
That Corydon might, as he ſearch'd for his lamb,
Arrive at the critical ſpot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He ſaw the fair nymph with ſurprize;
"Ye gods, if ſo killing, he cry'd, while ſhe ſleeps,
I'm loſt if ſhe opens her eyes;
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll homeward my lambkin to trace.
But in vain honeſt Corydon ſtrove to depart,
For love held him faſt to the place.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, pretty birds, what a chirping you keep,
I think you too loud on the ſpray;
Don't you ſee, fooliſh lark, that the charmer's aſleep,
You'll wake her as ſure as 'tis day.
How dare that fond butterfly touch the ſweet maid!
Her cheeks he miſtakes for the roſe;
I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
My boldneſs would break her repoſe."

Then Phillis look'd up with a languiſhing ſmile,
"Kind ſhepherd" ſaid ſhe, "you miſtake;
I laid myſelf down here to reſt me awhile,
But truſt me I was not aſleep."
The ſhepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himſelf down by her ſide;
And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yeſterday made her his bride. *Cunningham.*

The Nod, Wink and Smile.

LET fuſty old grey-beards of apathy boaſt,
And Venus and Bacchus revile;
In ſpite of their books, they are ſlaves to ſome toaſt,
The dupes of a nod, wink, or ſmile.

Some ſnug ſober citizens here may repair,
Without an idea of guile;
But what with the muſic, and what with the fair,
They follow the nod, wink, and ſmile.

Let men boaſt of titles, of honours, renown;
The females of this happy iſle
Can vanquiſh the victors, nay kill with a frown,
Or ſave, by a nod, wink, or ſmile.

Theſe gardens of pleaſure the beauties approve,
Who the dulleſt of moments beguile;
Here Cupid unfurls the white ſtandard of love,
And commands with a nod, wink, or ſmile.

In infancy our Hopes and Fears.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendſhip in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one;

Oh! clear him, then, from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty prove;
Reſtore him with that innocence
Which firſt inſpir'd my love.

To heal the Smart, a Bee had made.

TO heal the ſmart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek ſhe laid,
And bade me kiſs the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both ſweet and ſmart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The ſting within my heart.

Not on Beauty's tranſient Pleaſure.

NOT on beauty's tranſient pleaſures,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of ſordid treaſures,
Did I fix my youthful heart.
'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature
Did the fickle wand'rer bind;
Not her form, the boaſt of nature,
'Twas alone her ſpotleſs mind.
Not on beauty's, &c.

Take, ye ſwains, the real bleſſing,
That will joys for life inſure;
The virtuous mind alone poſſeſſing,
Will your laſting bliſs ſecure.
Not on beauty's, &c.

Poor Mungo.

DEAR heart! what a terrible life am I led?
A dog has a better, that's ſhelter'd and fed;
Night and day 'tis the ſame,
My pain is dere game;
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black muſt run;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where.
Above, or below,
Sirrah, come, ſirrah, go;
Do ſo, and do ſo.
Oh! Oh!
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead. *Padlock.*

Thy fatal Shafts, &c.

THY fatal ſhafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, love!
I feel thy ſoft, reſiſtleſs flame,
Glide ſwift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze my boſom glows,
My blood, in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of tranſports whelm my ſoul.

My fault'ring tougue attempts, in vain,
In ſoothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue ſome ſecret magic ties,
My murmurs ſink in broken ſighs.

Condemn'd to nurſe eternal care,
And ever drop the ſilent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I ſigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die! *Dr. Smollet.*

The Sons of Neptune.

WHAT cheer, brother tars! our toils are all o'er,
The high foaming billows diſturb us no more;
Rude Boreas now ruffles the ocean in vain,
We are clear of the danger attending the main,
Now each honeſt heart take his bottle and laſs,
For life is a moment that quickly will paſs.

Since life's but a moment, how ſenſeleſs are they
Who loiter and trifle that ſhort ſpace away?
We will, my brave boys, our time nobly employ,
For in women and wine are the charms that ne'er cloy
Our hours, then, in freedom and pleaſure we'll paſs,
And our cares will be loſt betwixt love and our glaſs

Can the politic ſtateſman, tho' ever ſo great,
Be free from the cares and the turmoils of ſtate?
Or can they, like ſeamen, enjoy while they live,
The pleaſures that honour and honeſty give?
'Tis out of their ſphere, conſcience will interlope,
But liquor and love are our anchor and hope.

Earl Walter.

The exquisite and simple Features of this Tale affords a perfect Model of the ancient English Ballad.—We will not attempt to lessen its Merit by our feeble Praise—its numerous affecting Beauties must prove its best Recommendation.

EARL Walter stroked his milk-white steed,
His heart with courage beat;
When lo! a damsel—matchless fair!
Fell prostrate at his feet.

"Behold" she cried, "a ruin'd maid,
The victim of thy love,
And let thy Ellen's once-prais'd form,
Thy tender pity move.

"The dreadful time draws on apace,
That must reveal my shame,
And can earl Walter then consent
To murder Ellen's fame?

"Ah! wretched infant, doom'd to woe,
Before thy natal hour,
Disgrace must be thy portion here,
Wrong'd Ellen's only dower."

The gallant youth was inly mov'd,
But coldly thus repli'd,
"The cure that love perhaps disclaims,
My justice shall provide.

"From north to south extended wide,
With fields and pastures fair,
Those plains to thee I freely give;
Bestow them on thy heir."

"By me," she cri'd, "more highly priz'd,
One kiss of that dear mouth,
Than all thy rich and fertile plains,
Extending north and south.

"One glance of those deluding eyes
More rapture can bestow,
Than should our monarch quit his throne,
And that to me forego."

"No more," fair Ellen, "cries the earl,
I can no longer stay;
For northward must I bend my course,
There lies my destin'd way,"

"With thee, earl Walter, let me go,
Thy handmaid will I be;
All perils I with joy can brave,
That much lov'd face to see."

"Rash Ellen! dost thou know the terms,
On which alone thou goest?
To drop each soft alluring grace,
Thy sex's pride and boast,

"Those auburn locks to cut away,
To cast thy woman's weed;
All day to follow as my page,
All night to 'tend my steed."

Her auburn locks she cut away,
She cast her woman's weed—
All day she follow'd as his page,
Each night she fed his steed.

At length a rapid stream they find;
Which when Earl Walter view'd,
"Thou canst not, Ellen, follow here"—
He spoke, and passed the flood.

But love, than danger stronger far,
Her timid heart upbore;
She rush'd at once amid the waves,
And reach'd the farther shore.

But still the earl his purpose kept,
No pity he confest,
Tho' strong fatigue and anxious care
The damsel sore oppress.

"Thy languid eyelids, Ellen, raise,
And view yon princely bow'r;
There pleasure holds his revel reign,
And marks each passing hour.

"There dwells a maid more fair than morn,
Than summer suns more bright;
That maiden is my plighted love,
My joy and sole delight."

Sad Ellen mildly answer'd thus—
"May every bliss betide,
And still encreasing rapture wait
Earl Walter and his bride!"

The princely bower they enter soon,
And hail the glittering train;
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph,
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

His sister with superior grace
Shone far above the rest,
Who, when she Ellen's form survey'd,
Her wonder thus expres't:

"Ah! whence, my brother, is thy page
How heavenly fair his face!
What pity that his size uncouth
Such beauty should disgrace.

"But let the boy on me attend,
In my apartment wait;
My care shall sooth his gentle mind,
And mend his present state."

"Too great for him that honor were,
A youth of low degree,
Enough distinguish'd as my page,
On foot to follow me."

Now midnight, closing every eye,
Left Ellen free to weep,
But with the morn the Earl arose,
And broke the bands of sleep.

"Awake! awake! thou slothful page,
'Tis dawn of breaking day—
Bring forth in haste my milk-white steed,
I must from hence away."

But ere her lord could be obey'd,
Uncall'd Lucina came,
And to sad Ellen's other woes,
She adds a mother's name.

Now burst their way the heart-felt groans,
Now falls the trickling tear,
'Till thro' the high resounding dome,
They reach earl Walter's ear.

With eager steps he sought the place,
Then made a fearful pause,
While broken accents breath'd in sighs,
Reveal the fatal cause.

"Lie still, thou pledge of hapless love,
Lie still, my infant dear;
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother on a bier!"

Enough had now the lover heard,
He clasps her in his arms,
"Look up my mistress, friend, and wife,
Revive thy drooping charms."

"Thy trial now is fairly past,
Thou first of woman kind:
Thy form, tho' cast in beauty's mould,
Enshrines a hero's mind."

"And dost thou know at length my heart?
Then have I well been tri'd;
I only liv'd to prove my faith:"—
She grasp'd his hand, and died

Price, [Numb. 12] One Penny.

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While up the Shrouds.

WHILE up the ſhrouds the ſailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard,
Bold Jack with ſmiles each danger meets,
Caſts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the ſails, belays the ſheets
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that ſwell,
The veſſel rudely bear,
Now ſinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air, *Bold Jack, &c.*

When waves 'gainſt rocks and quickſands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing near Greenland's icy ſhore,
Or burning near the line, *Bold Jack, &c.*

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair.
While ſplinter'd maſts go by the board,
And ſhot ſing thro' the air, *Bold Jack, &c.*
Dibdin.

The flowing Bowl.

WHEN once the Gods, like us below,
To keep it up deſign,
Their goblets with freſh nectar flow;
Which makes them more divine;
Since drinking deifies the ſoul,
Let's puſh about the flowing bowl, &c.

The glitt'ring ſtar and ribbon blue,
That decks the courtier's breaſt,
May hide a heart of blackeſt hue,
Tho' by his king careſs'd;
Let him in pride and ſplendor roll,
We'er happier o'er a flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty let patriots rave,
And damn the courtly crew,
Becauſe like them they want to have,
The loaves and fiſhes too;
I care not who divides the cole,
So I can ſhare a flowing bowl, &c.

Let Kenyon lord chief juſtice be,
Addington ſpeaker ſtill,
At home let Spencer rule the ſea,
And Pitt the treaſury fill;
No place I want, throughout the whole,
But one,—that's near a flowing bowl, &c.

The ſon wants ſquare-toes at old Nick,
And miſs is mad to wed,
The doctor wants us to be ſick,
The undertaker, dead;
All have their wants from pole to pole,
I want an ever flowing bowl, &c.

Bonny Bet.

NO more I'll court the town-bred fair,
Who ſhines in artificial beauty,
For native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, reſpect, and duty.

CHORUS.

O my bonny, bonny Bet, ſweet bloſſom,
Was I a king ſo proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's boſom,
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Yet, aſk me where thoſe beauties lie,
I cannot ſay in ſmile or dimple,
In blooming cheeks or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature wild and ſimple.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And ſigh in numbers trite and common,
Ye gods! one darling wiſh be mine,
And all I aſk is lovely woman.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come deareſt girl, the roſy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleaſure dancing,
My heaven art thou, ſo take my ſoul,
With raptures every ſenſe entrancing.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

How oft thro' this reſponſive Grove.

HOW oft thro' this reſponſive grove,
Has ſofteſt echo told my tale!
When e'er ſhe caught my notes of love,
She bore them gently down the vale.

The ſcene renew'd, my wakeful breaſt
Now joyful beats to love's alarms;
Ye powers who pity the diſtreſt,
Tranſport me to Narciſſa's arms.

Though Leixlip is proud.

THO' Leixlip is proud of its cloſe ſhady bowers,
Its clear falling waters and murmuring caſcades,
Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of ſweet flowers,
Its lads ſo well dreſs'd, and its neat pretty maids;
As each his own village muſt ſtill make the moſt of,
In praiſe of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong:
Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may boaſt of!
'Tis Norah! dear Norah! the theme of my ſong.

Be gentlemen fine, with their ſpurs and nice boots on,
Their horſes to ſtart on the Curragh of Kildare;
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday's new ſuits on,
Lac'd waiſtcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair:
Poor Pat, while ſo bleſt in his mean humble ſtation,
For gold and for acres he never ſhall long;
One ſweet ſmile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my ſong.

PUBLISHED at N°. 10, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where complete Sets, or ſingle Numbers, may be had.

Poll and my Partner Joe.

I WAS, d'ye see, a waterman,
As tight and spruce as any,
'Twixt Richmond town
And Horsly down,
I earn'd an honest penny;
None could of fortune's favours brag
More than could lucky I,
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the sty.
With wherry tight
And bosom light
I cheerfully did row,
And, to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
Folks far and near caress'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly
The press-gang came and press'd me:
How could I all these pleasures leave?
How with my wherry part?
I never so took on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word
To foreign parts to go,
I rued the moment I was born,
That ever I should thus be torn
From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling,
And night and day
Could find my way
Blindfold to the main-top bowling.
Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands, and gales of wind,
I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
The joys I left behind:
In climes afar,
The hottest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
In hopes these perils to relate,
As by my side attentive sat,
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his majesty
To give peace to the nation,
And honest hearts,
From foreign parts,
Came home for consolation:
Like light'ning—for I felt new life,
Now safe from all alarms—
I rush'd, and found my friend and wife—
Lock'd in each other's arms!
Yet fancy not
I bore my lot
Tame, like a lubber,—no,
For seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joe. *Dibdin.*

The Circling Glass.

BY the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass,—
By the hollow flask we're told
How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sports away:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care—'twas made for you.

Come then fill the cheerful glass,
Truth is only found in wine:
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendship is divine. *Milton.*

With tuneful Pipe.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blither swain you cou'd na see,
All beauty without art.
Willy is rare, and Willy is fair,
And Willy is wond'rous bonny;
And Willy says he'll marry me
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water-side,
Pull'd you the rose or lily,
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy.
Willy is rare, and Willy is fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,
And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield.
Willy is rare, and Willy is fair, &c.

The Cobler of Castlebury.

'TWAS in a village near Castlebury,
A cobler and his wife did dwell,
And for a time no two so merry,
Their happiness no tongue can tell;
But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much strife,
For going to a neigh bring ale-house,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But though he treated her so vilely,
What did this wife, good creature do?
Kept snug, and found a method slily,
To wring his heart quite through and through,
For Dick, the tapster, and his master,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes by this disaster,
To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was sold,
She seem'd to approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purse of gold.
So when the cobler's cares were over,
He swore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.

Artful Chloe.

AS once on Chloe's knee, in chat,
The little playful Cupid sat;
His arrows tipp'd with smiles he found,
And shot the random shafts around.

Young Strephon smil'd the God to see;
And cry'd, blind archer shoot at me;
Full oft the wanton, touch'd with pride,
Took aim, but Strephon step'd aside.

Designing Chloe cry'd, forbear;
And vow'd their contest now unfair,
As Cupid's blind, young swain, said she,
Unjust it is that you should see.

The daring shepherd straight reply'd,
And blindfold now the god defy'd;
While Chloe level'd right his dart,
And struck out-witted Strephon's heart.

Lotharia.

VAINLY now you strive to charm me,
All ye sweets of blooming May;
How should empty sunshine warm me,
While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go, leave me;
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sunshine fills her eye.

The Moment Aurora.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my clothes and I call'd to my groom;
And, my head heavy ſtill, from the fumes of laſt night,
Took a bumper of brandy to ſet all things right;
And now we're well ſaddled, fleet Dapple and Grey,
Who ſeem'd longing to hear the glad ſound—hark away.

Hark away, &c.

Will Whiſtle by this had uncoupl'd the hounds,
Whoſe exſtacy nothing could keep within bounds;
Firſt forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare,
Three better ſtaunch harriers ne'er ſtarted a hare,
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and then Tray,
All ready to open at—hark, hark away.

Hark away, &c.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the ſound of the horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one
Who, while we were jogging on blithſome and gay,
Sung a ſong, and the chorus was—hark, hark away.

Hark away, &c.

And now Jemmy Lurcher, had every buſh beat,
And no ſigns of madam, nor trace of her feet;
Nay, we juſt had begun our ſad fortunes to curſe,
When all of a ſudden out ſtarts Mrs. Puſs;
Men, horſes and dogs, all the glad-call obey,
And echo was heard to cry—hark, hark away.

Hark away, &c.

The chace was a fine one, ſhe took o'er the plain,
Which ſhe doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;
Till at at laſt ſhe to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whiſtle were in at the death;
Then in triumph for you I the hare did diſplay,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys—hark, hark away.

Hark away, &c.

How bleſt the Maid.

HOW bleſt the maid whoſe boſom
No headſtrong paſſion knows,
Her days in joy ſhe paſſes,
Her nights in calm repoſe;
Where e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her,
But pleaſure without meaſure,
From ev'ry object flows.

No pain, no fear, where e'er ſhe goes,
How bleſt the maid whoſe boſom
No headſtrong paſſion knows,
Her days in joy ſhe paſſes,
Her night in calm repoſe;
Where e'er her fancy leads,
No pains no fear invades,
No fear invades, no fear invades. *Bickerſtaff.*

Take, Oh! take thoſe Lips away.

TAKE, Oh! take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn.
But my kiſſes give again,
Seals of love, tho' ſeal'd in vain.

Hide, Oh! hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears;
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are like thoſe that April wears.
But from my tender bleeding heart,
Withdraw the arrow, eaſe the ſmart;
Offend no more great angry Jove,
But pity, ſince you cannot love! *Shakeſpear*

The Tobacco Box.

THOMAS.

THO' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,
Let's not loſe our prattle now my charming Kate,
Till the hour of glory love ſhould now take place,
Nor damp the joys before you with a future caſe.

KATE.

Oh my Thomas ſtill be conſtant, ſtil be true,
Be but to your Kate, as Kate is ſtill to you
Glory will attend you ſtill, will make us bleſt,
With my firmeſt love my dear you're ſtill poſſeſt.

THOMAS.

No new beauties taſted, I'm their arts above,
Three campaigns are waſted, but not ſo my love,
Anxious ſtill about thee, thou art all I prize,
Never Kate, without thee, will I bung theſe eyes.

KATE.

Conſtant to my Thomas I will ſtill remain,
Nor think I will leave thy ſide the whole campaign,
But I'll cheriſh thee and ſtrive to make thee bold,
May'ſt thou ſhare the vict'ry, may'ſt thou ſhare the gold.

THOMAS.

If by ſome bold action I the halbert bear,
Think what ſatisfaction when my rank you ſhare,
Dreſt like any lady fair from top to toe,
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE.

If a ſerjeant's lady I ſhould chance to prove,
Linen ſhall be ready always for my love;
Never more will Kate the captain's laundreſs be,
I'm too pretty, Thomas love, for all but thee.

THOMAS.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box, a ſoldier's all,
If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd to fall
When my life is ended, thou may'ſt boaſt and prove,
Thoud'ſt my firſt, my laſt, my only pledge of love.

KATE.

Here take back thy 'bacco box, thou'rt all to me,
Nor think but I will be near thee, Love! to ſee,
In the hour of danger let me always ſhare,
I'll be kept no ſtranger to my ſoldier's fare.

THOMAS.

Check that riſing ſigh, Kate, ſtop that falling tear,
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
But may heav'n befriend us; hark! the drums command,
Now I will attend you. Love, I kiſs your hand.

KATE.

I can't ſtop theſe tears, though crying I diſdain,
But muſt own 'tis trying hard the point to gain;
May good heav'ns defend thee, conqueſt on thee wait,
One kiſs more, and then I give thee up to fate.

Both repeat the laſt verſe, only Thomas ſays { Conqueſt on me wait, And yield myſelf to fate.

When Molly ſmiles.

WHEN Molly ſmiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart I can't tell how;
When Molly is on Sunday dreſt,
On Sunday I can take no reſt.

What can I do on working days?
I leave my work on her to gaze.
What ſhall I ſay? At ſermons I
Forget the text, when Molly's by.

Good maſter curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching and my plough;
And if for this you raiſe a ſpell,
A good fat gooſe ſhall thank you well.

William and Margaret.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown,
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

"Awake, ſhe cried, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refuſed to ſave.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injured ghoſts complain;
And ſilent graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain

"Bethink thee, William, of thy faith,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"How could you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

"How could you ſay my lips were ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe lips no longer red;
Dark are mine eyes now cloſed in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my ſiſter is,
This winding ſheet I wear,
And cold and weary laſts our night
'Till the next morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence,
A long and laſt adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies
Who died for love of you."

The birds ſung out, the morning ſmil'd
And rais'd its glift'ring head;
Pale William ſhook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him on the green graſs turf
That wrapp'd her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word ſpake never more.

Matilda.

OUTRAGEOUS did the loud wind blow,
Acroſs the ſounding main!
The veſſel toſſing to and fro,
Cou'd ſcarce the ſtorm ſuſtain.

Matilda to her fearful breaſt
Held cloſe her infant dear;
His preſence all her fears encreas'd,
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful ſhore,
The ſhatter'd veſſel drew:
The daring waves now ceaſe to roar,
Now ſhout th' exulting crew.

Matilda with a mother's joy,
Gave thanks to heaven's pow'r:
How fervent ſhe embrac'd her boy!
How bleſt the ſaving hour!

Oh much deceiv'd and hapleſs fair!
Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,
Thou from that fatal moment ne'er
Did'ſt taſte of pleaſure more.

For ſtepping forth from off the deck,
To reach the welcome ground;
The babe unclaſping from her neck,
Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd! her haggard eye
Gave not a tear to flow;
Her boſom heav'd no conſcious ſigh;
She ſtood a ſculptur'd woe.

To ſnatch the child from inſtant death,
Some brav'd the threat'ning main;
And to recal his fleeting breath,
Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corſe firſt met her view,
Stretch'd on the pebbly ſtrand:
Awak'ning from her trance ſhe flew,
And pierc'd th' oppoſing band,

With treſſes diſcompos'd and rude,
Fell proſtrate on the ground;
To th' infant's lips her lips ſhe glued,
And ſorrow burſt its bound.

Upriſing now with frantic air,
To the wide-circling crowd,
Who, pity ſtruck, partook her care,
She thus diſcours'd aloud:

"Heard ye the helpleſs infant weep!
"Saw ye the mother bold!
"How as ſhe flung him in the deep,
"The billows o'er him roll'd.

"May beak'd remorſe her boſom tear,
"Deſpair her mind up-plough!
"Its angry arm let juſtice rear,
"To daſh her impious brow.

"But ſoft, awhile—ſee there he lies,
"Embalm'd in infant ſleep:
"Why fall the dew drops from your eyes,
"What cauſe is here to weep?

"Yes, yes! his little life is fled,
"His heaveleſs breaſt is cold;
"What tears will not thy mother ſhed,
"When thy ſad tale is told!

"Ah me! that cheek of livid hue,
"If much I do not err!
"Thoſe lips where late the roſes blew,
"All, all, my ſon declare.

"Strange horrors chill my ev'ry vein,
"A voice confus'd and wild,
"Whiſpers to this diſtracted brain,
"Matilda ſlew her child!"

She added not—but ſunk oppreſs'd—
Death on her eye-lids ſtole:
While from her much afflicted breaſt
She ſigh'd her troubled ſoul.

Fermingham.

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OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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The Shout is gone forth.

THE shout is gone forth, hark the deep singing hound,
See the sport-loving high-mettled steed spurns the ground,
View him bend his proud neck as he hears the loud horn,
And snort the sharp air of the frost breathing morn.
In an instant all nature is rouz'd from her trance,
And the hills seem to fly and the trees seem to dance,
These woodlands approach, and those forests retire;
With frantic delight ev'ry bosom's on fire.

On a brow the wrapt peasant can trace the wild train,
Pour down the slop'd mountain and cover the plain;
Up the steep, in the stream, or amidst the scar'd flocks,
Who now regards perils, or rivers, or rocks?
We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,
With the game in full view and the pack in full cry;
What sportsman lacks courage, what courser lacks breath?
Or, who feels fatigue when we're in at the death?

Nor here ends the pleasure, nor here ends the chase,
Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace,
Recount in returning each peril we dar'd,
And point to each spot where the glory was shar'd.
We view the vast fragment, the whirlpool profound,
And glow with remembrance of acts so renown'd,
Then to Bacchus and Venus our prowess rehearse,
And deck ev'ry deed in the magic of verse.

A Soldier's Life.

THIS, this my lad's a soldier's life,
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town to some new wife
Swears he'll be ever true;
He's here, he's there, where is he not?
Variety's his envy'd lot;
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond, domestic woes
He kisses off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cause,
For these thro' danger, without pause,
He follows the loud tattoo.

And if at last in honour's wars,
He earns his share of danger's scars,—
Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars
He's no worse fate to rue.
At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the slain,
And, in fond fancy, once again
Follows the loud tattoo.

Tally Ho.

WITH hounds and horn, each rosy morn,
Let Bucks a hunting go;
While all my fancy dwells with Nancy,
And her sweet Tally Ho.

Were she my wife, how sweet the life,
In station high or low;
'Midst wars alarms, her music charms,
So sweet her Tally Ho.

Each heath or warren, tho' e'er so barren,
With her 'twould fruitful grow;
Make vi'lets spring, all verdure bring,
When she sings Tally Ho.

How happy the Soldier.

HOW happy's the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of six-pence a-day;
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, nor bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His king finds him quarters, and money and clothes;
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight;
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.
O'Keeffe.

The Mind of a Woman.

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
You never can guess it aright:
I'll tell you the reason, she knows not her own,
She changes so often e're night.
'Twould puzzle Apollo her whimsies to follow,
His oracle would be a jest;
She'll frown when she's kind,
She'll change with the wind;
And often abuses the man that she chooses,
And him she refuses likes best

To keep them in temper I'll tell you the way,
I'd have you give ear to my plan;
Be merry and cheerful, good-humour'd, and gay,
And kiss them as oft as you can:
For while you do these, the ladies you'll please,
Their affections you're certain to gain;
Then be of their mind,
And quickly you'll find,
'Tis better than wrangling, contending, and jangling,
For they'll love you, and kiss you again.

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Come, rouze Brother Sportſmen.

Come, rouze brother ſportſmen, the hunters all cry
We've got a ſtrong ſcent, and a favoring ſky.
The horn's ſprightly notes and the lark's early ſong,
Will chide the dull ſportſmen for ſleeping ſo long.

Bright Phœbus has ſhewn us the glimpſe of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace;
He ſoon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields bluſh with the beams of his ray

Sweet Molly may teize you, perhaps, to lie down;
And if you refuſe her, perhaps ſhe may frown:
But tell her, that love muſt to hunting give place;
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I ſpy,
At his bruſh nimbly follow briſk Chanter and Fly;
They ſeize on their prey, ſee his eye-balls they roll;
We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glaſſes, and toaſt to the king;
From a bumper freſh loyalty ever will ſpring;
To George, peace and glory may heaven diſpenſe,
And fox-hunters flouriſh a thouſand years hence.

I ſigh for her all the Day long.

WHILE autumn weighs down the late year,
And harveſt is thick on the ground;
The grapes in thick cluſters appear,
The village with plenty is crown'd.

I tell to the lone woods my grief,
For Laura ſo fair fled away;
Nor muſic can yield me relief,
I ſigh for her all the long day.

I rov'd e'er the once happy plain,
The woodlands and vales in deſpair;
The nightingale echo'd my ſtrain,
But Laura, alas! was not there.

I turn'd from the dew-weeping grove,
I ſaw her reſplendent in charms:
'Twas ſhe, or the goddeſs of love;
'Twas Laura return'd to my arms!

No longer my fair-one will ſtray,
Tho' winter approaches I ſee,
I baſk on the boſom of May,
'Twill always be ſummer with me.

Mary Scott.

HAPPY the love that meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate
Did ye there ſee me mark'd to marrow,
Mary Scott the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair—
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare,
While mortals with deſpair implore her
And at a diſtance due, adore her—
O, lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Return and bleſs me with a ſmile;
Alas! if not, you ſoon bebar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be huſh, ye fears—I'll not deſpair,
My Mary's tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all my anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh.
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe a Yarrow.

Allen Ramſey.

The Maid that tends the Goats.

UP among yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the riſing echo,
To the maid that tends the goats
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, ſhe ſings, "young Sandy's kind,
"An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me,
"Here's a brotch I ne'er ſhall tine,
"Till he's fairly marri'd to me;
"Drive away, ye droney time,
"An' bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' ſheep,
"Af 'ten does he blaw the whiſtle,
"In a ſtrain ſae ſaftly ſweet,
"Lam'mies liſt'ning dare nae bleat;
"He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
"Hardy as the Highland heather,
"Wading thro' the winter ſnow,
"Keeping ay his flock together:
"But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
"He braves the bleakeſt norlin blaſt.

"Brawly he can dance and ſing
"Canty glee, or Highland cronach;
"Nane can ever match his fling
"At a reel, or round a ring;
"Wightly can he wield a rung,
"In a brawl he's ay the bangſter,
"A' his praiſe can ne'er be ſung,
"By the langeſt winded ſangſter
"Sangs that ſings o' Sandy,
"Come ſhort, tho' they were e'er ſae lang.

The jolly Fiſherman.

I AM a jolly fiſherman,
I catch what I can get,
Still going on my better's plan
All's fiſh that comes to net:
Fiſh, juſt like men, I've often caught,
Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfiſh,
And many a time to market brought,
A dev'liſh ſight of odd fiſh.
Thus all are fiſhermen through life,
With weary pains and labour,
This baits with gold, that with a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour:
Then praiſe the jolly fiſherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his better's plan,
All's fiſh that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw,
For all the world, as you and I,
Have ſeen your man of law:
He who to lazineſs devotes
His time is ſure a numb fiſh;
And members who give ſilent votes
May fairly be called dumb fiſh,
Falſe friends to eels we may compare,
The roach reſembles true ones;
Like gold-fiſh we find old ones rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praiſe, &c.

Like fiſh then mortals are a trade,
And trap'd, and ſold, and bought,
The old wife and the tender maid,
Are both with tickling caught;
Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis ſaid,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or ſomething red,
Or any thing that's ſhining:
With ſmall fiſh you muſt lie in wait
For thoſe of high condition,
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd phyſician.

Then praiſe, &c.

The Hounds are all out.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does peep,
Why, how now, you fluggardly ſot!
How can you, how can you lie ſnoring aſleep,
While we all on horſeback are got,
My brave boys? &c.

I cannot get up, for my over-night's cup
So terribly lies in my head;
Beſides, my wife cries, my dear do not riſe,
But cuddle me longer in bed,
My dear boy, &c.

Come, on with your boots, and ſaddle your mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay;
The cry of the hounds, and the ſight of the hare,
Will chace all dull vapours away,
My brave boys, &c.

I'd rather be excus'd.

RETURNING from the fair one eve,
Acroſs yon verdant plain,
Young Harry ſaid he'd ſee me home;
A tight, a comely ſwain.

He begg'd I would a fairing take,
And would not be refus'd;
Then aſk'd a kiſs, I bluſh'd and cry'd,
I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, ſaid he, my pretty maid,
I mean no harm I ſwear;
Long time I have in ſecret ſigh'd
For you, my charming fair:

But if my tenderneſs offend,
And if my love's refus'd,
I'll leave you—what, alone? cry'd I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

He preſs'd my hand, and on we walk'd,
He warmly urg'd his ſuit;
But ſtill to all he ſaid I was
Moſt obſtinately mute;

At length, got home, he angry cry'd,
My fondneſs is abus'd;
Then die a maid—indeed, ſaid I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

Billy O'Rourke.

SOME run after the buck and doe,
Some a fox will ſet galloping,
Some will chaſe a poor puſſey ſo,
Chevy, their horſes ſides walloping.
Gentlemen guzzle up claret wine,
Ale in my throat will run ripple down,
Ladies tea-talk like a parrot fine,
O! my goat's milk is the tipple down,
Step out beſt leg and cry come body,
When I look ſmart give me joy for it;
Genteels ſhall find that I'm ſomebody,
Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.

My goat is fond of ſtepping high,
Dance he ſhall at the Hay-market,
My kid ſings ſo top tipping, why,
Not ma, ma, as they lark it.
Ditches a good nag brings us over,
Dogs thro' all troubles will follow man;
If long beards make a philoſopher,
Then is my goat a wiſe Solomon.
Step out beſt leg, &c.

Ruffles ſhall over my knuckles dab,
Blue ſilk waiſtcoat I'll dreſs in too,
Sullivan's white powder'd wig I'll nab,
And take a compliment leſſon too:
Step out beſt leg, and cry come body,
When I look ſmart, give me joy for it;
Genteels ſhall find that I'm ſomebody,
Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.
Step out beſt leg, &c.

The neglected Tar.

I SING the Britiſh ſeaman's praiſe,
A theme renown'd in ſtory,
It well deſerves more poliſh'd lays;
Oh! 'tis your boaſt and glory.
When mad-brain'd war ſpreads death around,
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the nation's found,
Theſe bulwarks are neglected.
Then, O! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit;
And when again your plung'd in war,
He'll ſhew his daring ſpirit.

When thickeſt darkneſs covers all,
Far on the trackleſs ocean;
When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion:
When o'er the bark the white-topp'd waves,
With boiſt'rous ſweep are rolling,
Yet coolly ſtill, the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidſt the howling.
Then O! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in ſulph'rous ſmoak,
He feels a glowing pleaſure;
He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
Elated beyond meaſure.
Though fore and aft the blood-ſtain'd deck
Should lifeleſs trunks appear;
Or ſhould the veſſel float a wreck,
The ſailor knows no fear.
Then, O! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd, on ſouthern brine,
Where ſcorching beams aſſail him;
When all the canvaſs hangs ſupine,
And food and water fail him;
Then oft he dreams of Britain's ſhore,
Where plenty ſtill is reigning;
They call the watch, his rapture's o'er,
He ſighs, but ſcorns complaining.
Then, O! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coaſt,
Where death ſo oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's froſt,
True courage ſtill attends him:
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance;
He fearleſs braves the ſtorms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then, O! protect, &c.

Why ſhould the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him diſregarded!
Then, view the anguiſh in his eye,
And ſay, are tars rewarded?
Then, O! protect, &c.

To them your deareſt rights you owe,
In peace then would you ſtarve them?
What ſay ye, Britain's ſons!—Oh! no,
Protect them, and preſerve them.
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or, when grim war ſhall come again,
Oh, Britons, ye may rue it!
Then, O! protect, &c.

The Charger.

AS burns the charger, when he hears
The trumpet's martial ſound,
Eager to ſcour the field he rears,
And ſpurns th' indented ground:
He ſnuff's the air, erects his flowing mane,
He ſcents the big war, and ſweeps along the plain.
Impatient thus my ardent ſoul,
Bounds forth on wings of wind,
And ſpurns the moments as they roll
With lagging pace behind.

The Maid of Aghavore.

BY THE REV. MR. BALL.

With the laſt unſucceſsful action, near Rathmines, periſhed the hopes of Charles in Ireland. This event was ſhortly followed by the arrival of Cromwell, during whoſe lieutenancy the tragical event, recorded in the following ballad, is ſuppoſed to have happened.

ONCE I was a lively lad,
As the ſpringing ſeaſon glad
Ere beheld in its domain,
Or fair Summer in her train,
Or rich Autumn in his year;
Sing I could, as Mavis clear;
Ere, alas, the grief to tell!
Into chains of love I fell!

But now ſilent I muſt be:
Pity me, ſwains, pity me!
Pity me, ſince ſhe's no more,
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Then I knew not this world's ſtate,
Nor regarded turns of fate,
How rebellious Erin roſe,
Treating Albion's ſons as foes;
Or how ſons of Albion led
O'er the plains diſmay and dread,
Bidding terror to prevail
All around the Engliſh pale;
But now ſilent &c.

Ere to power dark Cromwell grew,
Only peaceful days I knew;
Then it was my conſtant care
Ev'ry rural toil to ſhare;
To the powr's that guard the plough
Then alone I paid my vow;
Love as then I had not prov'd,
Or the rapture to be lov'd;
But now ſilent &c.

O what changes ſhepherds feel!
I was doom'd to carry ſteel.
O what troubles had I miſt,
Among rebels, royaliſt,
If I could my peace have priz'd,
And, as others, temporiz'd!
But as yet no pains I try'd;
Yet I had not ſeen a bride;
Now all ſi'ent &c.

To our valley ſoon there came,
As it chanc'd, a beauteous dame,
Looks ſhe had, that far outvy'd
All our fragrant valley's pride:
Then, ſo gentle was her ſoul,
As if hearts ſhe ne'er had ſtole!
Sprung from a Cromwellian chief—
But let Sorrow's ſong be brief!
Now all ſilent &c.

O how happy had I been,
Had I ſuch a bride ne'er ſeen!
All ſo beauteous, as I ne'er
Can find matter to compare!
Curls ſhe had, out-ſhining jet!
In her eyes the ſun was ſet!
For her ſhape, it was a pine,
Wreath'd with fragrant eglantine!
But now ſilent &c.

When I ſaw the fair, I burn'd,
She my paſſion ſoon return'd;
But when he, her father proud,
Heard her faith to aliens vow'd,
Riſing in his anger fierce,
Soon he did her boſom pierce
With that rude unrighteous ſword
Wherewith loyal breaſts he gor'd.
Now all mournful, &c.

Woods, that wave on mountain-tops,
O'er whoſe moſs the titmouſe hops,
Tell my tale to ruſtling gales!
Fountains, weep it through the vales!
And, with her own ſorrow faint,
Let ſad Echo join my plaint!
Since I've loſt the brighteſt fair
E'er that breath'd our valley's air.
Now all mournful, &c.

The Field of Battle.

BY MR. PENROSE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar
Diſtant down the hollow wind;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the ſunken day,
That chec'd his fierce purſuit too ſoon:
While, ſcarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, ſo late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage ſpread;
And floated with a crimſon tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the ſad ſcene of drearieſt view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic ſtep Maria flew,
Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's pureſt flame;
With Edgar o'er the wintry main
She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well ſhe thought, a friend ſo dear
In darkeſt hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might chear,
Or ſoothe her bleeding warrior's ſmart.

Tho' look'd for long---in chill affright,
(The torrent burſting from her eye)
She heard the ſignal for the fight---
While her ſoul trembled in a ſigh---

She heard, and claſp'd him to her breaſt,
Yet ſcarce could urge th' inglorious ſtay;
His manly heart the charm confeſt---
Then broke the charm,---and ruſh'd away,

Too ſoon in few---but deadly words,
Some flying ſtraggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremoſt ſtrife of ſwords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She preſt to hear---ſhe caught the tale—
At ev'ry ſound her blood congeal'd;—
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She ſprung to ſearch the fatal field.

O'er the ſad ſcene in dire amaze
She went---with courage not her own---
On many a corpſe ſhe caſt her gaze---
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguiſh urged her to preſs
Full many a hand, as wild ſhe mourn'd;—
Of comfort glad, the drear careſs
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghaſtly hope was well nigh fled—
When late pale Edgar's form ſhe found,
Half-bury'd with the hoſtile dead,
And bor'd with many a griſly wound.

She knew—ſhe ſunk—the night-bird ſcream'd,
The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair,—tho' fall'n ſhe ſeem'd—
To worſe than death—and deepeſt night.

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I can't for I'm in haſte.

ACROSS the fields the other morn,
I tripp'd ſo blithe and gay,
The ſquire himſelf, with dog and gun,
Perchance came by that way:
"Whither ſo faſt, ſweet maid!" he cry'd,
And caught me round the waiſt;
"Pray, ſtop a while"—"dear ſir, (ſaid I)
"I can't, for I'm in haſte."

"You muſt not go as yet, (cry'd he)
"For I have much to ſay;
"Come, ſit you down, and let us chat
"Upon this new mown hay:
"I've lov'd you long, and oft have wiſh'd
"Thoſe ruby lips to taſte;
"I'll have a kiſs!"—"well then (ſaid I)
"Be quick, for I'm in haſte."

Juſt as I ſpoke, I ſaw young Hodge
Come thro' a neighb'ring gate;
He caught my hand, and cry'd "dear girl,
"I fear I've made you wait;
"But here's the ring, come, let's to church,
"The joys of love to taſte."
I left the ſquire, and laughing, cry'd,
"You ſee, ſir, I'm in haſte."

Corporal Caſey.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and friſky,
My dad kept a pig, and my mother ſold whiſkey;
My uncle was rich, but would never be eaſy,
'Til I was enliſted by Corporal Caſey.
Och!—rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
My dear little Sheelah I thought would run crazy,
Oh! when I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Caſey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my boſom was ſinking;
But ſoon I was forc'd to look freſh as a daiſy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Caſey.
Rub a dub, &c.
The Devil go with him, I ne'er could be eaſy,
He ſtuck in my ſkirts ſo—Old Corporal Caſey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely,
And who ſhould the firſt be that dropt, why an't pleaſe you,
It was my good friend—honeſt Corporal Caſey,
Rub a dub, &c.
Thinks I, you are quiet, and I ſhall be eaſy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Caſey.

When Sleep has clos'd.

WHEN Sleep has clos'd the Trav'ller's eyes,
By long fatigue oppreſs'd,
While ſlumb'ring ſoft, ſerene he lies,
And ſinks in downy reſt;
By the glimpſes of the moon,
Springs the Arab on his prey;
Or beneath the ſcorching noon,
Bears the loaded wealth away.

But tho' in hours of ſweet repoſe
His ſpoils the rover ſeeks,
Yet oft, concern for human woes
Impearls his glowing cheeks:
When the captive fair one pleads,
Beauty, born to be ador'd,
While reſiſtance round him bleeds,
Beauty triumphs o'er his ſword.

Opera of Mahmoud.

The Treſſes of Morning.

THE treſſes of morning ſo fair,
Poor ſhepherds with rapture behold;
But brighter the treſſes we wear,
That ſparkle with diamonds and gold.

Tears ſtill are the gems of the morn,
Which bloſſoms unfolding diſplay,
But gold with more charms can adorn,
And with ſmiles ever graces the day.

They ſing of the bright beaming ſun,
Whoſe radiance gilds o'er the dawn;
His courſe with the evening is run,
His ſplendors in night are withdrawn:

To one half of earth if he ſhine,
The other in darkneſs is found,
While ſplendors, deriv'd from the mine,
At once light the world all round.

ibid.

Fond Echo.

FOND Echo, forbear thy light ſtrain,
And heedfully hear a loſt maid!
Go tell the falſe ear of the ſwain,
How deeply his vows have betray'd:
Go tell him what ſorrows I bear;
See yet if his heart feel my woe;
'Tis now he muſt heal my deſpair,
Or death will make pity too ſlow.

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Kate of Aberdeen.

THE ſilver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals ſoftly through the night,
To wanton with the winding ſtream,
And kiſs reflected light;
To courts be gone, heart-ſoothing ſleep,
Where you've ſo ſeldom been,
While I May's wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and ſwains expectant wait,
In primroſe chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May;
The nymphs and ſwains ſhall all declare
The promis'd May, when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouſe yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds diſtend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
At her approach the lark miſtakes,
And quits the new dreſs'd green:
Fond bird, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithſome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves diſportive play,
The feſtal dance young ſhepherds lead,
Or ſing their love-tun'd lay.
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen;
The nymhs and ſwains exulting cry,
"Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

Cunningham.

Sound Argument.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay
Alas! are the children of ſorrow,
And though briſk and merry to day,
We all may be wretched to morrow:
For ſunſhine's ſucceeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's ſtormy weather,
Leſt pleaſure ſhould only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

CHORUS.

Let us all be unhappy together
Let us all be unhappy together
For ſunſhine's ſucceeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's ſtormy weather,
Leſt pleaſure ſhould only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together

I grant the beſt bleſſing we know
Is a friend, for true friendſhip's a treaſure
And yet, leſt your friend prove a foe
Oh taſte not the dangerous pleaſure.
Thus friendſhip's a flimſy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleaſing but trouble,

Nor any thing, &c.

If a mortal would point out that life
That on earth could be neareſt to heaven.
Let him, thanking his ſtars, chuſe a wife
To whom truth and honour are given.
But honour and truth are ſo rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, ſo tingle
That, with all my reſpect to the fair,
I'd adviſe him to ſigh and live ſingle.

I'd adviſe him, &c.

It appears from theſe premiſes plain
That wiſdom is nothing but folly,
That pleaſure's a term that means pain
And that joy is your true melancholy:
That all thoſe who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine friſk and fun to be grieving
And that ſince we muſt all of us die,
We ſhould taſte no enjoyment while living.

Dibdin. *We ſhould taſte, &c.*

The Waggoner.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay,
Mean and lowly tho' I ſeem,
I knows pretty well how they figures away,
While I whiſtles and drives my team;
Your natty ſparks and flaſhy dames,
How I do love to queer,
I runs my rigs,
And patters and gigs, [near;
And plays a hundred comical games to all that I comes
Then in a pet,
To hear them fret,
A mobbing away they go:
The ſcoundrel deſerves to be horſewhipt!
Who me, ma'am?
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind them I ne'er ſeem,
But whiſtles and drives my team.

So I ſeems thinking of nothing at all,
And driving as faſt as I can;
I pins a queer codger againſt the wall,
Half a monkey and half a man:
The mob come round him to put up his blood,
While he's trembling from top to toe;
My whip it goes ſpank;
I tips Ball on the flank;
Ball plunges and paints him over with mud,
Queers his ſtockings and ſpoils the beau.
Then the ſweet pretty dear,
Ah! could you but hear;
"Odd curſe you, I'll make you know, you infernal villain!"
Lord bleſs your baby face, I would not hurt your ſpindle ſhanks for all the world."
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind them I ne'er ſeem,
Bnt whiſtles and drives my team.

And ſo I gets the fineſt fun
And friſk that ever you ſaw,
Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one,
But your gemmen of the law;
Tho' they can ſcarcely put me down!
Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
Where their tails of a pig
They hide with a wig;
How many ways in London town
They dreſſes a calf's head?
Then ev'ry dunce
To hear open at once,
Like mill-clacks their clappers go;
Oh! that's the fellow I ſaw grinning thro' the horſe collar in the country."
"I fancy you're the fellow I ſaw grinning thro' the pillory in London."
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind them I ne'er ſeem,
But whiſtles and drives my team.

The Viſion of Sorrow.

OTHOU, whoſe form, amid the deepeſt gloom,
That ſhrouds the fearful ſolitude of night,
Beams, in wan viſions, on my penſive ſight,
Awak'd, from the cold ſlumbers of the tomb,

Fair ſpirit, ſay, if with their wonted pow'r,
Thy pure affections glow beyond the grave,
Doſt thou a melancholy joy receive,
When mem'ry gives to thee my lonely hour?

Doſt thou look down, with pity, on thy love,
My guardian ſtill, as when my partner dear,
Thy charming counſels ſooth'd my willing ear,
And rais'd my ſoul, the buſy world above.

Ah!—no—faſt buri'd in eternal ſleep,
The dead *behold not when* the living weep.

Yrac-

Willy was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton Wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carry'd aw the geer awa';
His doublet was of Zetland ſhag,
And wow! but Willy he was braw;
And at his ſhoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law;
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale ſale a';
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a';
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been;
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith my ſhanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he now do nae mair.

Then reſt you Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But, ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling:
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, weell's me on your bonny face;
With bobbing Willy's ſhanks are fair,
And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag;
Unleſs like Willy ye advance,
(O! Willy has a wanton leg)
For we't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremaſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

I beg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

WHEN courted by Strephon, what pains then he took,
Each day on my charms to refine;
So much of an angel he ſaw in my look,
That he ſwore I was ſomething divine.

Like Venus in beauty, like Juno in gait,
Like Pallas moſt wonderful wiſe;
And thus of three deities fairly in prate,
He purloin'd, (to pleaſe me,) the ſkies.

But when I was marry'd, more trouble he found,
To make me a woman again;
My notions celeſtial ſo much did abound,
That a goddeſs I ſtill would remain.

But finding that his adoration would ceaſe,
My ſenſes at laſt were reſtor'd;
From ſublimity gently deſcending to peace,
I begg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautious, ye youths, with the nymph that you prize,
Nor too much her beauty commend:
When once you have rais'd the fair-maid to the ſkies,
To the earth ſhe'll not eaſy deſcend.

The High Mettled Racer.

SEE the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun,
The confuſion but hear! "I'll bet you, ſir—done;
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, aſſail the tir'd ear,
While, with neck like a rain-bow, erecting his creſt;
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breaſt,
Scarcely ſnuffling the air, he's ſo proud and elate,
The high mettled racer firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch ruſh,
Hounds, horſes and huntſmen, all hard at his bruſh;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by ſcent and by view cheat a long tedious way:
While, alike born for ſports of the field or the courſe,
Always ſure to come through, a ſtaunch and fleet horſe;
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high mettled racer is in at his death.

Grown aged, uſ'd up, and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with ſome blood;
While knowing poſtillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweepſtake, his ſire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won to the oſtler count o'er
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge ale-houſe door,
While the harneſs Sore galls, and the ſpur his ſides goad,
The high mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at laſt, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand, till the ſand of his hour-glaſs ſtands ſtill:
And now cold and lifeleſs expos'd to the view,
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his ſad relicks ſurrounds,
The high mettled racer is food for the hounds.

Dibdin.

Love in low Life.

YOUNG Jockey he courted ſweet Moggy ſo fair,
The laſs ſhe was lovely, the ſwain debonair:
They hugg'd, and they cuddl'd, and talk'd with their eyes,
And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wiſe.

A fortnight was ſpent, ere dear Moggy came too;
(For maidens a decency keep when they woo)
At length ſhe conſented, and made him a vow:
And Jockey he gave for her jointure his cow.

They pannel'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair;
Still kiſſing and fondling until they came there,
They call'd on the parſon, and by him were wed,
And Moggy ſhe took her dear Jockey to bed.

They ſtaid there a week, as the neighbours all ſay
And none were ſo happy and gameſome as they:
Then home they return'd, but return'd moſt unkind,
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpris'd at this treatment, ſhe cry'd Gaffer Jock,
Pray what is the reaſon that Moggy you mock?
Quoth he, gooſe, come on, why you now are my bride;
And when volk are wed, they ſet fooling aſide.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
Who bruſh'd up the houſe, while he thatch'd the old barn;
They laid in a ſtock for the cares that enſue,
And now live as man and wife uſually do.

Jemmy Dawson.

BY WM. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight officers, belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers in the service of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-Common in the year 1746. And this Ballad, written about the time, was founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant, though the Publisher, after much enquiry, never had the happiness to meet with it;—and would think himself much obliged by being furnished with a copy of it.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear,
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd:
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear?
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With falt'ring voice she weeping said,
"Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part."

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close."

"The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name."

"But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law:
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
"Now, now" she cried, "I follow thee,"

"My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

Damon and Sylvia.

FROM forth the church, all-blithsome, gay,
The youthful Damon came,
Handing his bride in trim array,
A fair and wealthy dame;
Whilst poor forsaken Sylvia stood,
Her lily'd cheek devoid of blood.

"Oh, Damon, Damon, perjur'd youth,
But for a moment stay,
Are all your vows and boasted truth
Like gossmore blown away?
Give, give me back my heart again;
You cannot—for 'tis broke in twain."

"Did not you swear for me alone,
Each vow to heav'n did rise?
Did you not swear a monarch's throne
Without me, you'd despise?
I, witless, thought you true as dove,
And by my own weigh'd Damon's love."

"But wealth, that bane of constancy,
Lur'd Damon's heart away,
On swallow-wings false riches fly—
True love can ne'er decay:
Had I the world to give—you know,
That world on Damon I'd bestow."

"Was there a pain touch'd Damon's breast,
But Sylvia doubly knew?
Was there a joy to make me blest,
But took its rise from you?
Was there a wish—(Why heaves this sigh?)—
Of Damon's that I cou'd deny?"

"Behold the face you once so prais'd,
With grief how pale, how wan!
Those eyes, on which you oft have gaz'd,
How dim, how woe-begone!
Cou'd you my inmost bosom bare,
You'd Damon see—and black despair."

"But hold—I came not to upbraid,
I hither came to die;
Beneath the turf when Sylvia's laid,
Give but one tender sigh;
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I want,
Happy if this small boon you grant,"

She said; and straight a dagger aim'd,
It quaff'd her bosom's gore;
That bosom which, with love inflam'd,
Despair had pierc'd before;
Inconstant Damon felt the blow,
And all his future days were woe.

Price, [Numb. 15] One Penny.

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Patrick's Day.

YE lads and ye laſſes ſo buxom and clever,
Who come from Hibernia of famous renown,
Put on your beſt bibs and be coming together,
So neatly yourſelves all adorning.
The muſic ſhall be ſweetly playing,
Each ſhall be dancing and ſkipping around:
Green ſhamrocks ſhall ſhine, ſir,
To make us all fine, ſir;
Salt fiſh and potatoes
Shall ſmoak, my dear creatures,
And nothing be wanting that there can be found;
Full bumpers of whiſkey,
Will make us all friſky
On Patrick's day in the morning.

St. Patrick he was of vaſt eſtimation,
And liv'd a great while, ſir, before he was dead;
He frighted the bug-a-boos out of the nation,
So none of your ſneering and ſcoffing;
For many things he did moſt truly,
All as clever as clever could be;
He baniſh'd the bugs, ſir,
From blankets and rugs, ſir,
Ah! hub a boo, boo, ſir,
What more could he do, ſir?
Whatever he ſaid, ſir, the blind could not ſee:
With heart like ſhillilah,
Then let us be gaily
On Patrick's day in the morning.

There's Phelim O'Fagan and ruddy-fac'd Paddy,
With many tall fellows to keep up the wake;
Miſs Blarney will dance with her mammy and daddy
And play till the evening's returning:
With mirth and muſic, dance and caper,
We ſlap the wet brogue to each frolickſome ſhe,
While each pretty miſs, ſir,
We'll ſmuggle and kiſs, ſir,
And pull 'em and haul 'em,
And tenderly maul 'em,
Arrah, who in the world are ſo merry as we?
All this to begin, ſir,
We think it no ſin, ſir,
On Patrick's day in the morning.

In this Shady Bleſt Retreat.

IN this ſhady bleſt retreat
I've been wiſhing for my dear;
Hark! I hear his welcome feet
Tell the lovely charmer's near.

'Tis the ſweet bewitching ſwain,
True to love's appointed hour;
Joy and peace now ſmiles again:
Love! I own thy mighty power.

Could you to Battle march away.

Madelon. COULD you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining?
I'm ſure 'twould break my heart to ſtay,
When you were gone campaigning.
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Will never quit her rover,
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over.

Soldier. Cheer, cheer my love, you ſhall not grieve,
A ſoldier true you'll find me;
I could not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me.
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over.

Madelon.—And can you to the battle go,
To womens' fears a ſtranger?
No fears my breaſt ſhall ever know,
But when my love's in danger.
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Will never quit her rover:
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

Duet. Then let the world jog as it will,
Let hollow friends forſake us;
We both ſhall be as happy ſtill
As love and war can make us.
Ah! non, &c.

Ton, ton ſounds the Horn.

WHEN over the mountain's brow peeps the young morn,
The pack the dew daſhing, ton, ton ſounds the horn.
The fox ſcar'd from kennel where cunning he lay,
Bruſhes off to the tally ho, we burſt away.

Up hill and down valley we rattle along,
No dog is at fault, for the ſcent it lies ſtrong,
No hedge or ditch ſtop us, we circle the woods,
High over the ſwinging bar, daſh thro' the floods.

The view hollow given the wild welkin rings,
Hark, hark they re-echo, 'tis muſic for kings:
Men, horſes and hounds, in loud harmony ſhare;
The chorus of nature can nature forbear.

When down he went dodging a double he tries,
O'er banks and hedge bruſhing to cover he flies,
What man can be tame or be tempted to ſtay,
Or think upon ſafety, who hears hark away.

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Little Ben.

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,
Reflected on the glitt'ring Lee,
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And ſcarce a ripple ſhook the ſea.
'Midſt ſailors, left to nature's care,
Of education oft deny'd
Yet ſtill with ſenſe, a bounteous ſhare,
By obſervation well ſupply'd,
While they in bold, unſtudy'd guiſe
Unloos'd each honeſt tongue,
Drawing from wiſdom comfort's drop,
In truth and fair reflections wiſe,
Right chearfully ſung,
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top.

Why ſhould the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers more
From danger on the roaring main,
Than lazy lubbers do aſhore.
Ne'er let the noble mind deſpair,
Tho' roaring ſeas run mountains high.
All things are built with equal care,
Firſt-rate or wherry, man or fly,
If there's a pow'r that never errs,
And certainly 'tis ſo,
For honeſt hearts what comforts drop;
As well as kings and emperors,
Why not take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top?

What tho' to diſtant climes to roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The ſweeter is my welcome home,
To bliſsful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps ſhe on that ſober moon
A lover's obſervation takes,
And longs that little Ben may ſoon
Relieve that heart, which ſorely aches.
Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,
That guards all things below,
For honeſt hearts what comforts drop;
As well as kings and emperors,
Will ſurely take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top.

Let's ſeek the Bower.

LET's ſeek the bower of Robinhood,
This is his bridal day,
And chearfully in blythe Sherwood
Bridemaids and brideſmen play.
Then follow, follow, me, my bonny bonny lads,
And we'll the paſtime ſee;
For the minſtrels ſing,
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt right merrily, merrily;
And they feaſt right merrily, merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's ſtout and old,
And am'rous virgins tell love-tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold.
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the paſtimes ſee;
For the minſtrels ſing,
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt, &c.

There dancing ſprightly on the green,
Each lightfoot lad and laſs;
Sly ſtealing kiſſes when unſeen,
And jingling glaſs with glaſs.
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the paſtimes ſee;
For the minſtrels ſing,
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt, &c.

The roſy dimpled God.

THE roſy dimpled god we'll crown;
This ſparkling, cheerful, flowing glaſs
Each anxious thought of care ſhall drown,
No rapture can my joy ſurpaſs.
We'll drive our ſorrow far away,
Since life is but a holiday.

No faction ſhall diſturb my peace,
Nor Fortune, tho' ſhe ſmiles too late;
Let thoſe whoſe labours ne'er ſhall ceaſe,
Still combat with the hand of fate.
In ſpite of fate we will be gay,
Since life is but a holiday.

How well that ſmile becomes thy face,
(The ſource from which thy muſe doth ſpring)
Whilſt friendſhip brightens ev'ry grace
And makes my cheerful heart to ſing.
Let mirth and friendſhip ne'er decay,
Since life is but a holiday.

Then let thy toaſt my bumper crown,
Or ſentiment my muſe inſpire;
Tho' fate and fortune ſtill may frown,
Thy ſmile ſhall wake my ſleeping lyre.
No rancour ſhall our minds diſplay,
To vex the jovial holiday.

The African.

WHILE over the tremulous ſea,
The moon ſpread her mantle of light.
And the gale gentle dying away,
Breath'd ſoft on the boſom of night.

On the forecaſtle Maratan ſtood,
And pour'd forth his ſorrowful tale:
His tears fell unſeen in the flood,
His ſighs paſs'd unheard on the gale.

"Ah, wretch! in wild anguiſh," he cry'd,
"From country and liberty torn!
Ah, Maratan, would thou hadſt died,
E'er over the waves thou wert borne."

"Through the groves of Angola I ſtray'd,
Love and hope made my boſom their home,
There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dreamt of the ſorrow to come."

"From the thicket the man-hunter ſprung,
My cries echo'd loud through the air
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the voice of deſpair."

"Accurs'd be the mercileſs band,
That his love could from Maratan tear;
And blaſted this impotent hand,
That was ſever'd from all I held dear."

"Flow ye tears—down my cheeks ever flow—
Still let ſleep from my eyelids depart,
And ſtill may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the ſtream of my heart."

"But hark! o'er the ſilence of night
My Adila's accents I hear,
And mournful, beneath the wan light,
I ſee her lov'd image appear."

"Slow o'er the ſmooth ocean ſhe glides,
As the miſt that hangs light on the wave
And fondly her lover ſhe chides,
Who lingers ſo long from his grave."

"Oh, Maratan! haſte thee, ſhe cries,
Here the reign of oppreſſion is o'er;
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adila ſorrows no more."

"Now ſinking amidſt the dim ray,
Her form ſeems to fade on my view;
O! ſtay thee—my Adila, ſtay!—
She beckons, and I muſt purſue."

"To-morrow the white man in vain,
Shall proudly account me his ſlave;
My ſhackles I plunge in the main,
And ruſh to the realms of the brave."

Tulloghgorum.

COME gie's a ſang, the lady cried,
An' lay your diſputes a' aſide,
What ſignifies for folk t' chide,
For what's been done before them.
Blythe an' merry we's be a'
Blythe an' merry,
Blythe an' merry,
Blythe an' merry we's be a'
To form a chearfu' chorum;
Blythe an' merry we's be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
An' dance till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tulloghgorum.

Tulloghgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
An' ony ſumph that keeps up ſpite,
In conſcience I abhor him.
Let whig and tory a' agree,
Whig an' tory,
Whig an' tory,
Let whig an' tory a' agree,
To quit their whipmagorum;
Let whig an' tory a' agree,
To ſpend this night in mirth an' glee,
An' chearfu' ſing alang wi' me,
The reel o' Tulloghgorum.

There need na be ſae great a phraſe
'Bout dringling dull Italian lays,
I wad na gie our ain ſtrathſpeys
For half a hundred ſcore o' them.
They're douff and doway at the beſt,
Douff an' doway,
Douff an' doway,
They're douff an' doway at the beſt,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're douff an' doway at the beſt,
Their allegro's an' a' the reſt,
They canna' pleaſe an Highland taſte,
Compar'd wi' Tulloghgorum.

Let wardly minds themſels diſtreſs,
Wi' fear o' want an' double ceſs,
An' ſilly ſauls themſels oppreſs
Wi' keeping up decorum;
Shall we ſae ſour an' ſulky ſit,
Sour an' ſulky,
Sour an' ſulky,
Shall we ſae ſour an' ſulky ſit,
Like auld philoſophorum?
Shall we ſae ſour an' ſulky ſit,
Wi' neither ſenſe, nor mirth, nor wit,
An' dare na riſe t' ſhake a fit,
T'the reel o' Tulloghgorum?

May choiceſt bleſſings ſtill attend
Each honeſt hearted open friend,
An' calm an' quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him.
May peace an' plenty be his lot,
Peace an' plenty,
Peace an' plenty,
May peace an' plenty be his lot,
An' dainties a great ſtore o' them,
May peace an' plenty be his lot,
Unſtained by ony vicious plot,
An' may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tulloghgorum.

But for the diſcontented fool,
That fain wa'd be oppreſſion's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten ſoul,
An' blackeſt fiends devour him;
May dole an' ſorrow be his chance,
Dole an 'ſorrow,
Dole an' ſorrow,
May dole an' ſorrow be his chance,
An' honeſt ſauls abhor him,
May dole an' ſorrow be his chance,
An' a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be, that winna dance
The reel o' Tulloghgorum.

When I was a Younker.

WHEN I was a younker, and liv'd with my dad,
The neighbours all thought me a ſmart little lad;
My mammy ſhe call'd me her white-headed boy;
Becauſe with the girls I liked to toy.
There was Ciſs, Priſs, Letty and Betty and Doll,
With Meg, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll;
I flatter their chatter ſo ſprightly and gay,
I rumple 'em, tumble 'em;—that's my way.

One fine froſty morning a-going to ſchool,
Young Moggy I met, and ſhe call'd me a fool.
Her mouth was my primmer, a leſſon I took.
I ſwore it was pretty, and kiſs'd the book.
But ſchool, fool, primmer, and trimmer and birch,
And boys for the girls I've left in the lurch.
I flatter &c.

'Tis very well known I can dance a good jig;
And at cudgel, from Robin I won a fat pig.
I wreſtle a fall, and a bar I can fling,
And, when o'er the flaggon, can ſweetly ſing.
But pig, lig, wicket, and cricket, and ball,
I'd give up to wreſtle with Moggy of all.
I flatter, &c.

Cuckow, Cuckow.

WHEN dazies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And ladies ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he—
Cuckow, cuckow; O! word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmens' clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he—
Cuckow, cuckow, O! word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear. *Shakſpeare.*

The Watery Grave.

WOULD you hear a ſad ſtory of woe,
That tears from a ſtone might provoke;
'Tis concerning a Tar you muſt know,
As honeſt as e'er biſcuit broke;

His name was Ben Block, of all men
The moſt gentle, moſt kind, the moſt brave,
But harſh-treated by fortune, for Ben,
In his prime found a watery grave.

His truth, no one ever knew more,
His heart was all kindneſs and love,
Though on duty an eagle he'd ſoar,
His nature had moſt of the dove.

He loved a fair maiden named Kate.
His father, to inter'ſt a ſlave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave,

A curſe on all ſlanderous tongues,
A falſe friend his mild nature abuſed,
And ſweet Kate of the vileſt of wrongs,
To poiſon Ben's pleaſure accus'd,

That ſhe never had truly been kind,
That falſe were the tokens ſhe gave,
That ſhe ſcorned him and wiſhed he might find
In the Ocean, a watery grave.

Too ſure from this cankerous elf
The venom accompliſhed its end,
Ben, all truth and honor himſelf,
Suſpected no fraud in his friend,

Aloft, while ſuſpended in air,
A looſe to his ſorrows he gave,
"Take thy wiſh," he cried, "falſe, cruel fair,
And plung'd in a watery grave.

The Wandering Prince of Troy.

WHEN Troy town, for ten years wars,
Withſtood the Greeks in manful wiſe,
Then did their foes encreaſe ſo faſt,
That to reſiſt none could ſuffice:
Waſte lie thoſe walls that were ſo good,
And corn now grows where Troy town ſtood.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had fought,
At length, his navy, with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido queen, with ſumptuous feaſt,
Did entertain this wandering gueſt.

And, as in hall at meat they ſat,
The queen, deſirous news to hear,
"Of thy unhappy ten years wars,
Declare to me, thou Trojan dear;
The heavy hap, and chance ſo bad,
Which thou, poor wand'ring prince, haſt had."

And then, anon, this comely knight,
With words demure, as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten years wars
So true a tale began to tell,
With words ſo ſweet, and ſighs ſo deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thouſand ſighs he fetch'd,
And every ſigh brought tears amain;
That where he ſate the place was wet,
As he had ſeen thoſe wars again;
So that the queen, with ruth therefore,
Said, "worthy prince, enough, no more."

The darkſome night apace grew on,
And twinkling ſtars in ſkies were ſpread;
And he his doleful tale had told,
And every one was laid in bed;
Where they full ſweetly took their reſt,
Save only Dido's boiling breaſt.

This ſilly woman never ſlept,
But in her chamber, all alone,
As one unhappy, always wept,
And to the walls ſhe made her moan;
That ſhe ſhould ſtill deſire in vain
The thing that ſhe could not obtain.

And thus in grief ſhe ſpent the night,
Till twinkling ſtars from ſky were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glittering beams,
Through miſty clouds appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ſhips were gone.

And then the queen, with bloody knife,
Did arm her heart as hard as ſtone,
Yet, ſomewhat loath to loſe her life,
In woeful wiſe ſhe made her moan;
And, rolling on her careful bed,
With ſighs and ſobs, theſe words ſhe ſaid:

"O wretched Dido queen!" quoth ſhe,
I ſee thy end approaching near;
For he is gone away from thee,
Whom thou did'ſt love, and held ſo dear
Is he then gone, and paſſed by?
O heart, prepare thyſelf to die."

Though reaſon would thou ſhould'ſt forbear,
And ſtay thy hand from bloody ſtroke;
Yet fancy ſays thou ſhould'ſt not fear,
Who fetter'd thee in Cupid's yoke.
Come Death, quoth ſhe, reſolve my ſmart:"—
And, with theſe words, ſhe pierc'd her heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender heart,
Of Dido, Carthaginian queen;
And bloody knife did end the ſmart,
Which ſhe ſuſtain'd in woeful teen:
Æneas being ſhipp'd and gone,
Whoſe flattery cauſed all her moan;

Her funeral moſt coſtly made,
And all things furniſh'd mournfully;
Her body fine in mold was laid,
Where it conſumed ſpeedily:
Her ſiſter's tears her tomb beſtrew'd;
Her ſubjects grief their kindneſs ſhew'd.

Then was Æneas in an iſle,
In Grecia, where he liv'd long ſpace,
Whereas her ſiſter, in ſhort while,
Writ to him, to his vile diſgrace;
In phraſe of letters to her mind,
She told him plain he was unkind.

"Falſe-hearted wretch," quoth ſhe "thou art;
And cruelly thou haſt betray'd
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
Which unto thee ſuch welcome made;
My ſiſter dear, and Carthage joy,
Whoſe folly wrought her dire annoy."

"Yet, on her death-bed when ſhe lay,
She pray'd for thy proſperity,
Beſeeching Heaven, that ev'ry day
Might breed thy great felicity;
Thus, by thy means I loſt a friend;
Heav'n ſend thee ſuch untimely end."

When he theſe lines, full fraught with gall,
Peruſed had, and weigh'd them right,
His lofty courage then did fall;—
And ſtraight appeared in his ſight
Queen Dido's ghoſt, both grim and pale;
Which made this gallant ſoldier quail.

"Æneas," quoth this griſly ghoſt,
"My whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all men I loved moſt;
My fancy and my will did give:
For entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou dig'ſt my grave.

"Therefore prepare thy fleeting ſoul
To wander with me in the air;
Where deadly grief ſhall make it howl,
Becauſe of me thou took'ſt no care:
Delay no time, thy glaſs is run,
Thy day is paſs'd, thy death is come."

"O ſtay, a while, thou lovely ſprite;
Be not ſo haſty to convey
My ſoul into eternal night,
Where it ſhall ne'er behold bright day.
O do not frown,—thy angry look
Already hath my reaſon ſhook."

"But, woe to me! it is in vain,
And bootleſs is my diſmal cry;
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor thou relent before I die:
O let me live, to make amends
Unto ſome of thy deareſt friends."

"But, ſeeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pity to me ſhow,
Becauſe from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe,
I muſt content myſelf to take
What lot thou wilt with me partake."

And like one being in a trance,
A multitude of ugly fiends
About this woeful prince did dance
No help he had of any friends.
His body then they took away,
And no man knew his dying day.

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Thus, thus my Boys.

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd;
See Briton's glorious flag display'd!
Unfurl the swelling sail!
Sound, sound your shells, ye Tritons sound!
Let ev'ry heart with joy rebound!
We scud before the gale.

See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
Who hails a free-born British tar,
The sov'reign of the sea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,
Our loving wives, and sweethearts kind,
Perhaps to meet no more!
Great George commands; it must be so;
And glory calls; then let us go!
Nor sigh a wish for shore.

For Neptune, &c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear;
Our canvas crowd; the chace we're near;
In vain the Frenchman flies.
A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
Our captain roars "My hearts of oak,
Now draw and board your prize!"

For Neptune, &c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore;
The white flag struck; Monsieur no more
Disputes the British sway.
A prize! we tow her into port,
And hark! salutes from ev'ry fort!
Huzza! my souls, huzza!

For Neptune, &c.

How oft, my Clara.

HOW oft, my Clara, hast thou said,
(The fondness of thy heart to prove)
That Damon was thy dearest friend,
Nor wouldst thou seek another love.
And by those lips that sweetly swore,
And by those eyes that shine so bright,
I ne'er lov'd woman so before,
For Clara is my soul's delight.

Then let me press those ruby lips,
And on that lovely breast repose;
Exhaling fragrance from thy breath,
Fragrance that far excels the rose.
Then let us spend the live-long day,
And thus the tedious night beguile;
The cares of state I shall not feel,
So Clara sing, and Clara smile.

The disconsolate Sailor.

WHEN my money was gone which I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown on my fate;
What matter'd my zeal, or my time honour'd scars,
When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,
Show'd a different aspect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hi'd once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if but once I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could show
More kindness than they did to me.

*Then after those toils both of body and mind,
I contriv'd a new plan for my life,
I curs'd the blind goddess, determin'd to find
Some comfort and joy in a wife.

I married my Jane, with a heart full of love,
I shar'd with her all that I had;
I confide in that pow'r that commands from above,
That she'll ne'er see me sorry nor sad.

Like the ivy she twines all around my fond heart,
Like the oak I receive her embrace;
And when it is order'd that we are to part,
We will meet in a happier place;

And when we are gone and consign'd to the grave,
May our children remember our love;
May their souls all the tempests of life nobly brave,
And meet a reward from above.

* The last four Verses are the Composition of a Northern Clergyman

PUBLISHED at N°. 10, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
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The Land of Potatoes.

OH! had I in the clear,
But five hundred a year,
'Tis myſelf wouldn't fear,
Tho' not added one farthing to't;
Faith, if ſuch was my lot,
Little Ireland's the ſpot,
Where I'd build a ſnug cot,
With a bit of a garden to't;
As for Italy's dales,
With its Alps and its vales,
And the fine ſqualling gales
Of Signoras to treat us O;
I'd ne'er into them come,
Nor abroad ever roam,
But enjoy my ſweet home,
In the Land of Potatoes O.
Hoſpitality,
All reality,
No formality
There you ever ſee;
The free and eaſy,
'Would ſo amaze ye,
You'd think us all crazy,
For dull we can never be.

If my friend, honeſt Jack,
Would but take a ſmall hack,
So juſt get on his back,
And, joy, ride over full to us;
He throughout the whole year,
Then ſhould have the beſt cheer,
For faith no one's ſo dear
As our brother John Bull to us:
And we'd teach him, when there,
Both to blunder and ſwear,
And our brogue with him ſhare,
Which both genteel and neat is O;
And we'd make him ſo drink,
By St. Patrick, I think,
That he'd ne'er wiſh to ſhrink
From the Land of Potatoes O.

Hoſpitality, &c.

Tho' I frankly agree,
That I'd more happy be,
If ſome heav'nly ſhe
From old Ireland would favour me;
For no ſpot upon earth,
Can more merit bring forth,
If with beauty and worth
You embelliſh'd would have her be:
Good breeding, good nature,
You ſee in each feature,
That nought you've to teach her,
So neat and compleat ſhe's O!
Then if fate would but ſend
Unto me ſuch a friend,
What a life ſhould I ſpend
In the Land of Potatoes O!

Hoſpitality, &c.

Coolun.

OH! the hours I have paſs'd in the arms of my dear,
Can never be thought of without a ſad tear;
Oh! forbear, oh! forbear then to mention her name
It recalls to my mem'ry the cauſe of my pain.

How often to love me ſhe fondly has ſworn,
And when parted from me would ne'er ceaſe to mourn;
All hardſhips for me ſhe would cheerfully bear,
And at night on my boſom forget all her care.

To ſome diſtant climate together we'll roam,
And forget all the hardſhips we meet with at home,
Fate now be propitious, and grant me thine aid.
Give me my Paſtora and I'm more than repaid.

The Laſs of Humber-Side.

IN lonely cot, by Humber-ſide,
I ſit and mourn my hours away;
For conſtant Will was Peggy's pride,
And now he ſleeps in Iceland bay.
Still as the ſhips paſs to and fro,
I fondly lift to yo, ya, yo,
Still as the ſhips paſs to and fro.
I fondly lift to yo, ya, yo.
Yo, ya, yo, Yo, ya, yo, Yo, ya, yo.

Six months on Greenland's icy coaſt,
Where half the year is dreary night,
He toil'd for me, and oft would boaſt
That Peggy was his ſole delight.

Still as the ſhips, &c.

Ah! woe is me! I often cry,
As thro' the broken panes I peep;
And as the diſtant ſails I ſpy,
I think of deareſt Will and weep,

Still as the ſhips. &c.

If loud and ſwelling ſtorms I heard,
As on my loneſome bed I lay,
All night alone for Will I fear'd
All night for Will was wont to pray,

Still as the ſhips, &c.

The bride-knot which my love did wear,
Looſe hung a pendant o'er my door,
And when it told the wind was fair,
I fancy'd ſoon he'd be on ſhore.

Still as the ſhips, &c.

At length the very ſhip I ſpy'd
In which my conſtant Will had ſail'd,
I wrung my hands and deeply ſigh'd,
Nor ever once the Sailors hail'd;
The deck they travers'd to and fro,
I hear'd not William's yo, ya, yo.

The deck they, &c.

How bright are the Joys of the Table.

HOW bright are the joys of the table,
I mean when the cloth is remov'd!
Our hearts are held faſt by a cable,
While round the decanter is ſhov'd:
The ladies all riſe to retire,
We ſtand up and look very grave;
A bumper, then draw round the fire;
Determin'd like ſouls to behave.

My ſervant, he knows I'm a toper,
Clean glaſſes of wine a recruit;
He brings in a ſix bottle cooper,
And places it cloſe at my foot:
I gingerly take up the bottle,
The ſaw-duſt I puff from his coat;
The cork out, he ſings in the throttle,
But ſweeter than Mara his note.

What gentleman coffee now choſes?
The compliment comes from the fair;
No gentleman coffee refuſes,
But not a man ſtirs from his chair:
Tho' Frenchmen may do ſo, I bar it,
'Tis brutiſh politeneſs, I think;
While Monſieur we pay for his claret,
He never ſhall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now ſhows in Apollo,
A ſtruggle 'twixt Claret and Wit;
For Bacchus inſiſts he ſhall ſwallow
Six bumpers before he may ſit:
Ye fair, why ſo ill ſhould we treat you?
To part ere the bottle is won;
At ſupper Apollo ſhall meet you,
And ſhew you what Bacchus has done.

The general Toaſt.

HERE's to the maiden of baſhful fifteen,
Likewiſe to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the houſewife that's thrifty.
Let the toaſt paſs,
Drink to the laſs,
I'll warrant ſhe'll prove an excuſe for the glaſs,

Here's to the maiden whoſe dimples we prize,
And likewiſe to her that has none, Sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that has but one, Sir.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the maid with a boſom of ſnow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Let her be clumſy, or let her be ſlim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather,
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toaſt them together.
Let the the toaſt paſs, &c.

School for Scandal.

Social Powers.

COME, now, all ye ſocial powers,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy the preſent hours,
Enliven thoſe before us:
Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Sport, and dance, and laugh and ſing
And caſt dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous paſſion:
Nor will we ever bow before
Thoſe idols, Wealth or Faſhion.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
Whilſt on earth we moulder;
Rich, or poor, or grave, or mad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Friendſhip! O thy ſmiles divine,
Brighten ev'ry feature;
What but friendſhip, love, and wine,
Can make a happy creature.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Since the time will ſteal away,
Spite of all our ſorrow,
Let's be blithe and gay to-day,
And never mind to-morrow.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Lionel and Clariſſa.

Oh, I'll have a Huſband.

OH, I'll have a huſband! ay, marry;
For why ſhould I longer tarry
Than other briſk girls have done?
For if I ſtay, till I grow grey,
They'll call me old maid, and fuſty old jade;
So I will no longer tarry;
But I'll have a huſband, ay, marry,
If money can buy me one.

My mother ſhe ſays I'm too coming;
And ſtill in my ears ſhe is drumming,
That I ſuch vain thoughts ſhould ſhun.
My ſiſters they cry, O fye! O fye!
But yet I ſee, they're as coming as me;
So let me have huſbands in plenty:
I'd rather have twenty times twenty
Than die an old maid undone.
Provok'd Huſband.

O Pray let me go.

YE nymphs and ye ſhepherds that join in the throng
Pray tarry awhile and attend to my ſong;
The ſtory is ſimple, tho' true, that I tell,
And I hope it will pleaſe you all wonderful well.

I went t'other day to a wake on the green,
And met with a laſs fair as beauty's gay queen,
I aſk'd for a kiſs, but the damſel cry'd, no,
And ſtruggled and frown'd, and ſaid, pray let me go.

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis, don't be a prude;
But ſtill ſhe return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude;
The more that I preſs'd her the more ſhe cry'd no—
And ſtruggled and frown'd, and ſaid, pray let me go.

I found no entreaties would make her comply,
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas, fye, Colin, fye;
So I ſent for a parſon, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kiſs her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kiſs;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the beſt way to make ſure of a man.

Gaby and Dolly.

THE devil take the bell ſo ſhrill,
'Tis ſurely always ringing,
Let me be doing what I will,
It in my ears is dinging;
I'm ſure to come at ev'ry call,
If I at work or play be,
In pantry, kitchen, or the hall,
'Tis always calling Gaby.
With its fal lal lal der ral lal lal,
Fal lal der ral lal li do.

If I am cleaning boots or ſhoes,
Or wiping out my glaſſes,
Or ſhould I liſten to the news
Of what in London paſſes;
If in the garden ſtealing pears,
Or I in am'rous play be
With Dolly on the garret ſtairs,
'Tis always calling Gaby, *With my fal, &c.*

If Dolly will but be my wife,
There's nothing ſhall diſmay her,
I ſoon will quit this ſlaviſh life,
And turn a ſtrolling player;
Whatever part I then ſhall do,
Of this aſſur'd you may be,
I am, when call'd upon by you,
Your humble ſervant, Gaby. *With my fal, &c.*

T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

AS I was walking one evening in May,
I heard a young damſel to ſigh and to ſay,
My true-love was with me but yeſterday,
He took his leave of me and went away.

The very next time that I did him ſee,
He ſwore he'd be conſtant and true unto me;
I aſked his name, and he made this reply,
'Tis T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

Fair maid will you wed? pray tell me your mind,
A huſband I'll make you both loving and kind;
Then come to the church, thither let us repair,
And ne'er mind your F, A, T, H, E, R.

My father's poſſeſs'd of nine hundred a year,
And I am his daughter and only dear;
Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me I, fear,
If I marry Y, O, U, my dear.

They went to the church and were marry'd, they ſay
And went to her father the very next day;
Saying, "honoured Sir, we will tell unto thee,
"That we are M, A, R, R, I, E, D."

At this the old codger began for to ſtare,
"You've married my daughter and only dear,
"But ſince it is done, I will comply
"To T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

Colin and Lucy.

BY MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

"HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries," come away;
" The grave of thy Colin has room
" To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
" I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come,
" Ye friends and companions adieu;
" I haſte to my Colin's dark home,
" To die on his boſom ſo true."

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, ſad Lucy aroſe;
And forth to the green turf ſhe ſprung,
Where Colin's pale aſhes repoſe.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her boſom embrac'd the cold ground,
While ſtormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

" How long, my lov'd Colin," ſhe cry'd,
" How long muſt thy Lucy complain?
" How long ſhall the grave my love hide?
" How long ere it join us again?
" For thee thy fond ſhepherdeſs liv'd,
" With thee o'er the world would ſhe fly;
" For thee has ſhe ſorrow'd, and griev'd
" For thee wou'd ſhe lie down and die.

" Alas! what avails it how dear
" Thy Lucy was once to her ſwain!
" Her face like the lily ſo fair,
" And eyes that gave light to the plain.
" The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone;
" That face and thoſe eyes charm no more;
" And Lucy, forgot, and alone,
" To death ſhall her Colin deplore."

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground.
" I hear the kind call, and obey,
" Oh, Colin, receive me!" ſhe cried;
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-ſtone, and died.

Henry and Sophy.

HENRY and fortune now are friends,
His many ſorrows all are paſt;
Fortune, to make him full amends,
Gives to his wiſhing arms at laſt

The long-lov'd Sophy; faireſt mind
That ever caus'd or felt love's ſmart;
In her moſt richly were diſplay'd
The loveliеſt form and trueſt heart.

Long had their friends, with ſouls ſevere,
Oppos'd the lovers happy fate;
But chang'd, they ſmiling now appear,
And with them at the altar wait.

Deep in the maiden's roſeate bloom
Grief's canker-worm had waſteful fed;
To ſnatch his Sophy from her tomb,
Invited, love-lorn Henry ſped.

The holy prieſt pronounc'd aloud
The Gordian wonder-working ſpell;
While Love and Hymen both avow'd,
" Shrin'd in their breaſts, they'd ever dwell."

" And art thou mine," the bridegroom cry'd,
" With all thy wond'rous truth and charms?"
She ſmil'd—ſhe would have ſpoke—ſhe ſigh'd—
And ſtraight expir'd within his arms.—

Too weak to bear joy's ruſhing flow,
Her tender frame reſigns her breath;
This moment in love's arms—and now
Enfolded in the arms of death.

In vain, in vain you fly for aid,
Life ſhall no more that form relume;
The marriage-bed, ill-fated maid,
For thee ordain'd, is a cold tomb.

While floods of tears, and piteous moan,
A genuine ſorrow teſtify,
Silent, poor Henry's ſeen alone,
No tear bedews poor Henry's eye.

Homeward his Sophy's corpſe he tends,
Frantic his Sophy he enfolds:
That friendly night his ſorrow ends,
One grave the new-wed lovers holds.—

We graſp at joys within our reach;
We graſp, and catch a wat'ry bow;
Leſſons like theſe ſhould mankind teach,
True joy exiſts not here below.

The Lover's lamentable Tragedy.

TENDER hearts of Dublin city,
Now be mov'd with grief and pity,
Since by love I am undone:
Now I languiſh in my anguiſh,
Too, too ſoon my heart was won.

By him I am ſtrangly ſlighted,
In whom I ſo long delighted,
He unkindly ſhews diſdain;
And my grief is paſt relief:
Alas! my heart will break with pain.

Damon, you my paſſion knew well,
How then could you be ſo cruel,
Firſt my heart to ſet on fire,
Then to leave me, and deceive me,
When I've granted your deſire.

Come and ſee me as I'm lying,
Bleeding for your ſake and dying;
Yet my ghoſt ſhall trouble you;
When I depart with broken heart,
Then all your comfort bid adieu.

Thou ſhall never be contented,
But by night and day tormented,
Since thou wert ſo falſe to me:
Celia, dying, thus lay crying,
I will be a plague to thee.

Down her cheeks the tears did trickle,
Blaming Damon, too, too fickle,
'Till her tender heart was broke;
Diſcontented, thus ſhe fainted,
Yielding to death's fatal ſtroke.

When this news was to him carried,
All his joys were ſpoil'd and marred,
And his heart was fill'd with pain;
Still expreſſing, what a bleſſing
He had loſt by his diſdain.

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Good Morrow to your Night Cap.

DEAR Kathleen you, no doubt,
Find ſleep how very ſweet 'tis,
Dogs bark and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay, I poſt away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid, along to bid—
Good morrow to your night cap.

Laſt night a little bowſy
With whiſkey, ale, and cider,
I aſk'd young Betty Blouſy,
To let me ſit beſide her.
Her anger roſe, and four as ſloes,
The little gipſy cock'd her noſe;
Yet here I've rid, along to bid—
Good morrow to your night cap.

O'Keeffe.

The Waxen Doll.

WHEN firſt I ſlip'd my leading-ſtrings,
To pleaſe her little Poll,
My mother bought me at the fair
A pretty waxen doll;
Such ſloe-black eyes and cherry cheeks
The ſmiling dear poſſeſs'd,
How could I kiſs it oft enough,
Or hug it to my breaſt?

No ſooner I could prattle it,
As forward miſſes do,
Then how I long'd and ſigh'd to hear
My Dolly prattle do;
I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat,
And dreſs'd her very gay,
And yet the ſulky huſſy not
A ſyllable would ſay.

Provok'd that to my queſtions kind
I could no anſwer get,
I ſhook the little huſſy well,
And whip'd her in a pet;
My mother cry'd, "Oh! fie upon't,
"Pray let your doll alone,
"If e'er you wiſh to have a pretty
"Baby of your own."

My head on this I bridled up,
And threw the play-thing by,
Altho' my ſiſter ſnub'd me for't,
I knew the reaſon why:
I fancy ſhe would wiſh to keep
The ſweet-hearts all her own,
But that ſhe ſhan't, depend upon't,
When I'm a woman grown.

Jack Ratlin.

JACK Ratlin was the ableſt ſeaman,
None like him could hand, reef, or ſteer;
No dang'rous toil, but he'd encounter
With ſkill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet did he ſigh—and all for love.

The ſong, the jeſt, the flowing liquor,
Not none of theſe had Jack's regard;
He, while his meſſmates were carouſing,
High ſitting on the pending yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from ſuch charms to rove:
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, ſigh—to end his love.

The ſame expreſs the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongſt the reſt brought Jack ſome tidings
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh! Fate! her death defac'd the letter—
Inſtant his pulſe forgot to move!
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a ſigh!—and dy'd for love.

When the Roſe is in Bud.

WHEN the roſe is in bud, and blue violets blow,
And the birds ſing us love ſongs from every bough;
When cowſlips and daiſies, and daffodils ſpread,
Adorning, perfuming, the flowery mead;
Our cleanly milk-pail
Is fill'd with brown ale;
Our table, our table's the graſs;
There we ſit and we ſing,
And we dance in a ring,
And every lad has his laſs.

When without the plough the fat oxen do low,
The lads and the laſſes a ſheep-ſheering go;
Our ſhepherd ſhears his jolly, jolly fleece,
How much richer than that which they ſay was in Greece!
'Tis our cloth, and our food,
And our politic blood;
'Tis the ſeat which our nobles all ſit on;
'Tis a mine above ground,
Where our treaſure's all found;
'Tis the gold and the ſilver of Britain.

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A Country to Marry in.

OH! what a country for people to marry in,
Love and its comforts they never miſcarry in,
Miſs wants a huſband and maſter a wife,
Parents conſent, and they're happy for life;
If one bed won't do, they put up with two,
The good wife loves to roam, the good man ſtays at home;
At night they retire from their merry-go-rounds,
He's got a few bottles, ſhe's loſt a few pounds.
If Hymen's fond bands ſuch ſoft raptures beſpeak,
Say who would live ſingle a week?
Happy pair! *Say who, &c.*

Fortune perhaps the dear couple may ſmile upon,
Field for the fair, to ſhew off their grand ſtile upon,
A coach and ſix horſes, a ſervice of plate,
A beau for ſoft ſervice, a dozen for ſtate,
Should pocket be low, to traffic they go,
A great rout is declar'd, a rich Pharo prepar'd,
The gueſts return lighter perhaps than they went,
The ſupper's diſcharg'd, and the hoſt is content.
If wedlock ſuch permanent joys can diſplay,
Pray who would live ſingle a day?
Charming ſcene! *Pray who, &c.*

Lucky in theſe, they have other reſources too,
Sweet ſeparations, and tender divorces too,
If your wife in a friend too much confidence puts,
We thruſt a ſtiletto ſtraight into his guts;
They only look big, by a counſellor's wig;
And the weapons they draw, to a limb of the law,
Both parties for damage good natur'dly ſue,
And their wrongs are ſet right, by a nabob or jew,
If huſbands ſuch recompence have in their pow'r,
Then who would live ſingle an hour?
Pleaſant rogues! *Then who, &c.*

The Union of Bacchus and Venus.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godſhip adore,
And love at his ſhrine gay libations to pour,
And Venus, bleſt Venus, my boſom inſpires;
For ſhe lights in our ſouls the moſt ſacred of fires:
Yet to neither, I ſwear ſole allegiance to hold,
My bottle and laſs, I by turns muſt enfold;
For the ſweeteſt of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay God, and the Goddeſs of love:

When fill'd to the fair, the briſk bumper I hold,
Can the miſer ſurvey with ſuch pleaſure his gold?
The ambroſia of gods no ſuch reliſh can boaſt,
If good port, fill your glaſs, and fair Kitty's the toaſt,
And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
If her ſopha's encircled with wreaths from his tree,
For the ſweeteſt of unions, &c

All partial diſtinctions I hate from my ſoul,
O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;
Bliſs, reflected from either, will ſend to my heart
Ten thouſand ſweet joys which they can't have apart;
Go try it, ye ſmiling and gay looking throng,
And your heart ſhall in uniſon beat to my ſong,
That the ſweeteſt of unions, &c.

My true love is gone to Sea.

MY former time, how briſk and gay,
So blithe was I, as blithe could be;
But now I'm ſad, ah! well-a-day,
For my true love is gone to ſea.

The lads purſue—I ſtrive to ſhun,
Their wheedling arts are loſt on me;
For I to death ſhall love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to ſea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
As mourns the dove its abſent ſhe;
So will I droop, ſo will I mourn,
Till my true love returns from ſea.

Roſlin Caſtle.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roſlin Caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the cheerful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet muſe, the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a ſong;
To Nanny raiſe the cheerful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong;
Then let my raviſh'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine:
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd heart of mine.

The Topſails ſhiver in the Wind.

THE top-ſails ſhiver in the wind,
The ſhip ſhe caſts to ſea,
But yet my ſoul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For tho' thy ſailor's bound afar,
Still love ſhall be his leading ſtar.

Should landmen flatter when we're ſail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant ſailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd conſtant gales;
Thou art the compaſs of my ſoul,
Which ſteers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But ſuch as grace the Britiſh fleet,
Are lovers and not ſlaves;
No foes our courage ſhall ſubdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

Theſe are our cares—but if you're kind,
We'll ſcorn the daſhing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain:
Now England's glory reſts with you,
Our ſails are full—ſweet girls, adieu!

The Roſe.

NO flower that blows is like this roſe,
Or ſcatters ſuch perfume;
Upon my breaſt, ah! gently reſt,
And ever, ever bloom!

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
A pleaſing gift thou art;
Come, ſweeteſt flower, and from this hour
Live henceforth in my heart!

The Tartan Plaid.

BY moonlight on the green,
Where lads and laſſes ſtray,
How ſweet the bloſſom'd bean,
How ſweet the new-made hay?
But not to me ſae ſweet
The bloſſom of the thorn,
As when my lad I meet
More freſh than May-day morn.
Give me the lad ſo blithe and gay,
Give me the tartan plaiddie;
For ſpite of all the world can ſay,
I'll wed my Highland laddie.

His ſkin is white as ſnow,
His een are bonny blue;
Like roſe-bud ſweet his mou'
When wet with morning dew.
Young Will is rich and great,
And fain wou'd ca' me his;
But what is pride or ſtate
Without love's ſmiling bliſs.
Give me the lad, &c.

When firſt he talk'd of love,
He look'd ſo blithe and gay,
His flame I did approve,
And could nae ſay him nay.
Then to the kirk I'll haſte,
There prove my love and truth;
Reward a love ſo chaſte,
And wed the conſtant youth.
Give me the lad, &c.

Roſina.

ERE bright Roſina met my eyes,
How peaceful paſt the joyous day!
In rural ſports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin liſten'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the ruſtic ſports can pleaſe;
I live the ſlave of fond deſire,
Loſt to myſelf, to mirth, and eaſe.

The tree that, in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blaſted by the lighting's pow'r,
Nor charms the eye, nor ſhades the ſwain.

The honeſt Sailor.

THAT girl who fain would chuſe a mate,
In fondneſs ne'er to fail her;
May thank her lucky ſtars, if Fate
Should ſplice her to a ſailor.

He braves the ſtorm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her;
Diamonds, if diamonds ſhe could eat,
Would ſeek her honeſt ſailor.

If ſhe be true, ſure of his heart,
She never need bewail her;
For tho' a thouſand leagues apart,
Still conſtant is her ſailor.

Tho' ſhe be falſe, ſtill he is kind,
And comes with ſmiles to hail her;
He truſting, as he truſts the wind,
Still faithleſs to her ſailor.

A butcher can procure her prog;
Three threads to drink, a tailor:
What's that to biſcuit and to grog,
Procur'd her by her ſailor?

She who would ſuch a mate refuſe,
The devil ſure muſt ail her:
Search round, and if you're wiſe, you'll chuſe
To wed an honeſt ſailor.

Molly Aſtore.

BY THE RT. HON. GEORGE OGLE.

AS down on Banna's banks I ſtray'd
One ev'ning in May,
The little birds with blitheſt notes
Made vocal ev'ry ſpray;
They ſung their little tales of love,
They ſung them o'er and o'er,
Ah! gra ma chree, ma colleen oge,
My Molly aſtore.

The daiſies py'd, and all the ſweets
The dawn of Nature yields,
The primroſe pale and vi'let blue
Lay ſcatter'd o'er the fields:
Such fragrance in the boſom lies
Of her whom I adore,
Ah! gra ma chree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank
Bewailing my ſad fate,
That doom'd me thus a ſlave to love
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can ſhe break the honeſt heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah! gra ma chree, &c.

You ſaid you lov'd me, Molly dear,
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think ſuch tender vows
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I aſk'd on earth,
Nay, Heav'n could give no more,
Ah! gra ma chree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that feed
On yonder yellow hill,
Or loo'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green paſture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly ſhare
My kine and fleecy ſtore,
Ah! gra ma chree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough,
I envy'd them their happineſs
To ſee them bill and coo;
Such fondneſs once for me was ſhewn,
But now, alas! 'tis o'er,
Ah! gra ma chree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loſs I e'er ſhall mourn,
Whilſt life remains in Strephon's heart,
For thee 'twill fondly burn;
Tho' thou art falſe, may Heav'n on thee
Its choiceſt bleſſings pour,
Ah! gra ma chree, &c.

Lovely Woman.

WHEN lovely woman ſtoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charm can ſooth her melancholy?
What art can waſh her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her ſhame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his boſom is, to die!

Goldſmith.

Stanzas on Man.

BY JOHN BRENAN, ESQ.

WHEN fooliſh man conſents to marry,
And finds, too late, his wife's a ſhrew;
When ſhe her point in all muſt carry,
'Tis hard to ſay what's beſt to do.

Alas! the Breeches to recover,
To 'ſcape her tongue and light'ning eye,
And be as free as when her lover,
His only method is—to fly.

Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine.

The following beautiful tale has never been publiſhed, before, in any collection of ſongs or ballads—It is extracted from the celebrated romance of "the Monk" *by* G. M. Lewis, eſq. M. B. P. *The eaſe of the verſification, the wild and forcible colouring with which it is wrought up, its numerous fine paſſages, and the high degree of intereſt which it excites in the breaſt of the reader, juſtly entitle it to a foremoſt rank among the beſt productions of this kind in the Engliſh language.*

A WARRIOR ſo bold and a virgin ſo bright,
Convers'd as they ſat on the green;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And, oh!" ſaid the youth "ſince to-morrow I go
"To fight in a far diſtant land,
"Your tears for my abſence ſoon leaving to flow,
"Some other will court you, and you will beſtow
"On a wealthier ſuitor your hand."

"Oh! huſh theſe ſuſpicions" fair Imogine ſaid,
"Offenſive to love and to me!
"For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
"I ſwear by the Virgin that none in your ſtead
"Shall huſband of Imogine be.

"If ere I, by paſſion or wealth led aſide,
"Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
"God grant, that to puniſh my falſehood and pride,
"Your ghoſt at the marriage may ſit by my ſide,
"May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
"And bear me away to the grave!"

To Paleſtine haſten'd the hero ſo bold;
His love, ſhe lamented him ſore:
But ſcarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when behold,
A baron all cover'd with jewels and gold
Arriv'd at Fair Imogine's door.

His treaſure, his preſents, his ſpacious domain
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzl'd her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain;
He caught her affections ſo light and ſo vain,
And carry'd her home as his ſpouſe.

And now had the marriage been bleſt by the prieſt;
The revelry now was begun:
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feaſt;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
When the bell at the caſtle toll'd—"one!"

Then firſt with amazement Fair Imogine found
That a ſtranger was plac'd by her ſide:
His air was terrific; he utter'd no ſound
He ſpoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But earneſtly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height;
His armour was ſable to view:
And pleaſure and laughter were huſh'd at his ſight;
The dogs, as they ey'd him, drew back in a fright;
The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His preſence all boſoms appear'd to diſmay;
The gueſts ſat in ſilence and fear,
At length ſpeak the bride, while ſhe trembled "I pray
Sir Knight, that your helmet aſide you may lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is ſilent: the ſtranger complies,
His vizor he ſlowly unclos'd:
Oh! God! what a ſight met fair Imogine'e eyes!
How faded her colour—aghaſt with ſurpriſe,
When a ſkeleton's head was expos'd!

All preſent then utter'd a terrify'd ſhout;
With horror all turn'd from the ſcene.
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
Where his eyes once were, and his temples about,
While the ſpectre addreſs'd Imogine.

"Behold me, thou falſe one! behold me!" he cry'd;
"Remember Alonzo the brave!
"God grants, that to puniſh thy falſehood and pride,
"My ghoſt at thy marriage ſhould ſit by thy ſide,
"Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
"And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus ſaying, his arms round the lady he wound,
Nor heeded the ſhrieks of his prey;
Then ſank with her ſwift through the wide-yawning ground:
Nor ever again was fair Imogine found,
Nor the ſpectre who bore her away.

Not long liv'd the Baron; and none ſince that time
To inhabit the caſtle preſume;
For chronicles tell that, by order ſublime,
There Imogine ſuffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her ſpright,
When mortals in ſlumbers are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the Skeleton-Knight,
And ſhriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of ſkulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the ſpectres are ſeen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible ſtave
They howl—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave
And his conſort the Fair Imogine!"

Fancy and Deſire.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compoſitions are preſerved for the inſpection of impartial poſterity. To gratify curioſity, we have inſerted a ſonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellency and wit."

COME hither ſhepherd ſwain;
"Sir, what do you deſire?
I pray thee, ſhew to me thy name.
"My name is fond Deſire."

When wert thou born, Deſire?
"In pomp and prime of May."
By whom, ſweet boy, wert thou begot?
"By fond Conceit men ſay."

Tell me, who was thy nurſe?
"Freſh Youth in ſugred joy."
What was thy meat and daily food?
"Sad ſighs with great annoy."

What haſt thou then to drink?
"Unſavoury lovers tears."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
"In hope devoid of fears."

What lull'd thee then aſleep?
"Sweet ſpeech, which likes me beſt."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
"In gentle hearts I reſt."

What thing doth pleaſe thee moſt?
"To gaze on beauty ſtill."
Whom doſt thou think to be thy foe?
"Diſdain of my good will."

Doth company diſpleaſe?
"Yea, ſurely, many one."
Where doth Deſire delight to live?
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either time or age
Bring him unto decay?
"No, no, Deſire both lives and dies
Ten thouſand times a day."

Then, fond Deſire farewell,
Thou art no mate for me;
I ſhould be loth, methinks, to dwell
With ſuch a one as thee.

Price, [Numb. 18] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language; worth preſerving—forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humourous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Begone dull Care.

BEGONE, dull Care! I prithee begone from me,
Begone, dull Care! you and I can never agree,
Long time haſt thou been tarrying here,
And fain thou wou'dſt me kill:
But i'faith, dull Care!
Thou never ſhalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay;
My wife ſhall dance and I will ſing,
So merrily paſs the day,
For I hold it ſtill the wiſeſt thing,
To drive dull Care away.

When the ſtormy Winds do blow.

YOU gentlemen of England
That live at home at eaſe,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the ſeas,
Give ear unto the mariners
And they will plainly ſhow
All the cares, and the fears,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppoſe us,
When England is at wars
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds or ſcars,
Our roaring guns ſhall teach 'em
Our valour well to know,
Whilſt they reel in the keel,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

Then, courage all brave mariners,
And never be diſmay'd,
While we have bold adventurers
We never ſhall want trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, we know,
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.

Hope thou Nurſe.

HOPE! thou nurſe of young deſire,
Fairy promiſer of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate ſweet, that ne'er can cloy!

Hope! thou earneſt of delight,
Softeſt ſoother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, proſpect bright,
Sureſt friends the wretched find!

Kind deceiver, flatter ſtill;
Deal out pleaſures unpoſſeſs'd:
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wiſhes make me bleſt. *Love in a Vil.*

The Iriſhman's Bluſh.

OF various ſorts of bluſhing
I think you'll all agree
A bluſh is but a bluſh at beſt,
For what elſe can it be?
But as in worth they vary,
I think, 'tween me and you,
Our Iriſh bluſh is beſt of all—
Now don't you think ſo too?
With a fol, lol, &c.

A foreign friend when viſiting
In poverty appear,
He'll bluſh, which means "friend, prithee,
"What the devil brought you here?
An Iriſhman will bluſh to meet
An old friend poor in pelf,
But then his bluſh means "how dy'e do?
"Your welcome as myſelf!"
With a fol, lol, &c.

The bluſhes of a Dutchman
Are ſeldom found in ſight,
Italians full of jealouſy
Both yellow bluſh and white;
The Iriſhman he bluſhes red,
For that is valour's hue,
And then makes all his enemies
Bluſh pretty black and blue.
With a fol, lol, &c.

The Spaniard's bluſh is arrogance;
The Frenchman's bluſh is bounce,
The actor's bluſh, the colour-ſhops
Will ſell you by the ounce:
But keep this honeſt truth in mind,
And tell it where you go,
The bluſh that tints an Iriſh cheek
Is friendſhip's gen'rous glow!
Dibdin jun. *With a fol, lol, &c.*

Night and Day.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover
Is attentive to the fair,
Till the doubtful courtſhip's over,
Is ſhe then ſo much his care?

Warm as ſummer his addreſſes,
Hope and ardour in his eyes;
Cool as winter his careſſes,
When ſhe yields his captive prize.

Now the owner of her beauty,
See no more an angel's face,
Half is love, the reſt is duty;
Pleaſure ſure is in the chaſe.

PUBLISHED at N°. 10, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin;*
Where complete Sets, or ſingle Numbers, may be had.

O Nancy wilt thou go with me.

BY DR. PERCY.

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
Nor ſigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and ruſſet gown?
No longer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say can'ſt thou quit each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not caſt a look behind?
Say can'ſt thou face the parching ray,
Nor ſhrink before the wintry wind?
O can that ſoft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardſhip learn to bear,
Nor e'er regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O Nancy! can'ſt thou love ſo true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pangs of woe?
Say, ſhould diſeaſe or pain befall,
Will thou aſſume the nurſe's care,
Nor wiſtful thoſe gay ſcenes recall,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

And when at laſt thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And chear with ſmiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathleſs clay
Strew flow'rs and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

Nancy's Anſwer to Henry.

O HENRY! didſt thou know the heart
That heaves for thee the conſtant ſigh?
Thou would'ſt not aſk, if ought could part
So tender, yet ſo firm a tie;
With thee the cot would prove a court,
The ruſſet gown a garment rare,
And pleas'd I'd quit the gay reſort
That hail'd me faireſt of the fair.

O Henry! lead the toilſome way,
And love will bear me through the wild,
I ſtill would face the parching ray,
Nor heed the blaſt, if Henry ſmil'd;
But haply ſhould the chilling ſtorm,
Or blaze of noon, my face impair,
I'd weep, ſhould'ſt thou regret the form
That once was faireſt of the fair.

Can perils keen my purpoſe move,
Or fright me from my Henry's breaſt?
'Tis fear itſelf gives force to love,
And robs the abſent maid of reſt;
Should Henry ſuffer whilſt his bride
Nor eas'd his pain, nor ſooth'd his care,
I'd curſe thoſe ſcenes of courtly pride
That hail'd me faireſt of the fair.

But ſhould not all my trembling toil
Thy precious life avail to ſave,
I could not o'er thy ſorrows ſmile,
I could not deck with flow'rs thy grave;
I'd lay me by thy clay-cold ſide,
Where grief would ſoon my heart ſtrings tear;
Yet happier that with thee I died,
Than bloom'd the faireſt of the fair.

U.

The Incantation.

FIVE chiefs of renown, by his arrows, lay dead,
E'er the blood of my father, in battle was ſhed;
He fell by the ſide of the dark winding ſtream,
And the vallies reſound with the ſong of his fame.

Like a tyger, undaunted, he ruſh'd to the war:
Like thunder he ſtruck, and ſpread terror afar:
As the pleaſures of love, or the ſpring of the year,
His name to the race of *Maronoc* is dear.

How ſweet is his ſleep in the night of the grave!
For dear is revenge to the ſoul of thebrave;
O'er his aſhes, his foe *Potomamac* I tore,
And ſprinkled the mantle of earth with his gore.

Three ſcalps of the conquer'd to *Podor* I burn,
At whoſe voice, from *Ronama*, the ſpirits return:
A ſnake black with venom, I caſt in the flame,
And call on the ſhade of my father by name.

In his glory, he comes, like a ſtar in the ſkies!
He ſmiles, and the omens of triumph ariſe!
He ſpeaks—and the time of my wiſhes is near,
When the race of my foes ſhall in blood diſappear.

In the gloom of the foreſt, ſecurely they ſleep;
But long e're the ſun ſhall illumine the deep,
This hand, which the demons of ruin ſhall guide,
In a tempeſt of ſlaughter ſhall ſcatter their pride!

Yerac.

The Orphan.

POOR boy! though, in thy tender years,
Thine eyes are dimm'd with flowing tears,
Thy little heart diſſolv'd in grief,
From man thou can'ſt not hope relief!

O child of ſorrow ceaſe to weep,
Though in the duſt thy parents ſleep,
The bonds of Death thou can'ſt not break,
Nor from the tomb the ſlumb'rer 'wake.

An early orphan left alone,
Upon the world deſerted thrown,
A mother's love who can ſupply,
Or watch thee with a father's eye?

Though all unmindful of thy good,
Forgetful of a brother's blood,
And heedleſs of thy woeful ſtate,
Thy kindred caſt thee off to fate;

The God who gave to them the pow'r
To aid thee in this trying hour,
To thee his mercies may extend,
And ever prove thy ſtedfaſt friend;

His love, thy tender youth may ſhield;
His hand exhauſtleſs treaſures yield;
His wiſdom pour the precepts kind
Of life eternal on thy mind.

Ceaſe, child of ſorrow, ceaſe to weep,
Though in the duſt thy parents ſleep,
The Saviour of the world ſhall be
A father ever unto thee.

Yerac.

Duet.

AH! what avails thy lover's prayer,
His incenſe clouds the ſky in vain;
Nor wealth, nor greatneſs was his care,
Thee, thee alone, he begg'd to gain.

With thee to waſte the pleaſing day,
When ev'ry hour in joy was paſt;
With love inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom breathe my laſt.

Edward.

SEQUEL TO SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.*

WHEN Edward firſt heard Poll of Plymouth was dead,
The functions of life made a pauſe,
His piteous eyes ſtood aghaſt in his head,
His ſhipmates enquired the cauſe.
Reviving awhile, he addreſs'd them all 'round,
With his hands cloſely preſs'd to his heart,
Saying "within this ſad letter at once have I found,
"The ſceptre of Death and his dart.

"It tells me my dear Poll of Plymouth is dead,
"My comfort, my joy, and my wife;
"When I was forc'd from her, ſhe took to her bed,
"And ſighing, reſign'd her dear life."
He fancy'd he ſaw his dear Poll in the clouds,
"Ah! wait for your Edward," he cries;
Then ſwift as the light'ning he ran up the ſhrouds,
Whilſt eagerneſs flaſh'd from his eyes.

He call'd for all hands, and he gave a loud ſhriek,
And now quite diſtracted he raves,
Saying "do you not ſee that my heart ſprings a leak'
And he plung'd himſelf into the waves.
All hands were employ'd to prevent his ſad fate,
The long-boat was hawl'd out in vain;
They drag'd him on board, but, alas! 'twas too late,
For he never once breathed again.

* Publiſhed in the 3d Numb. Page 12.

Wicklow Ale.

Air—"*Puſh about the Jorum.*"

O WICKLOW ale!
So briſk and pale,
Thou art, thou art my darling,
From thee, my heart,
I ne'er will part,
Tho' parſons ſtill be ſnarling.
The Devil's ſnare
Diſtillers are,
Let whiſkey burſt the *Quorum*;
While ale delights,
And ſtill invites
To puſh about the jorum.
O Wick'ow ale, &c.

Whiſkey.

COME all you real lovers of whiſkey, attend,
Whilſt its praiſes you hear from a true honeſt friend,
In politeneſs my audience ſurpaſſes the Greek,
For you find none diſpos'd, or to ſtand, or to ſpeak.
Derry down, down, &c.

Of whiſkey let no one the power diſpute,
Which, like Comus's cup, turns a man to a brute;
But ſure in this City, its virtues are known,
Since 'tis meat, drink and cloathing to one half the town. *Derry down, down, &c.*

Of that people's happineſs, what muſt you think,
Where three-halfpence procures them meat, cloathing and drink?
And when ſtretch'd in the kennell, they're wet to the ſkin,
Both waſhing and lodging are given them in.
Derry down, down, &c.

Of old, it was thought that the higher you were,
The longer your journey to Hell would appear;
O whiſkey! thy lovers, of mankind are bleſt,
For they die twelve feet higher, at leaſt, than the reſt.
Derry down, down, &c.

Tho' our nobles ſo oft about place diſagree,
And each thinks the other beneath him ſhould be;
From whiſkey ſuperior the honors that ſpring,
For he that's dead drunk, is as great as a king.
Derry down, down, &c.

Your Worſhip your Wings may clap.

YOUR worſhip your wings may clap,
And think yourſelf a great city cock,
You'll never my Maud entrap,
For ſhe is the hen of a pretty cock.
Your worſhip, &c.
Have done with your winks and leers,
For Tom is a taylor that's knowing, ſir;
He'll trim you, himſelf, with his ſheers,
And then you'll have done with your crowing, ſir
Your worſhip, &c.
My wife is a white-legged fowl,
Can bill like a thruſh or dove in a tree,
But never will pair with an owl,
My worſhipful mayor of Coventry.
O'Keeffe. *Your worſhip, &c.*

Beſs the Gawkie.

BLITHE young Beſs to Jean did ſay,
Will ye gang to yon ſunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do ſtray,
And ſport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah, na, laſs, I'll na gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak' nae care.
Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you laſs,
Did I not ſee young Jamie paſs,
Wi' mickle blithneſs in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggie.
I wat he gae her mony a kiſs,
And Maggie took them nane amiſs;
'Tween ilka ſmack pleas'd her wi' this,
"That Beſs was but a gawkie."

"For whene'er a civil kiſs I ſeek,
"She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
"And for an hour ſhe'll hardly ſpeak;
Who'd not ca' her a gawkie?
"But ſure my Maggie has mair ſenſe,
"She'll gi' a kiſs without offence;
"Now gie me ane unto the menſe,
"And ye ſhall be my dawtie."

"O Jamie ye hae mony tane,
"But I will ne'er ſtand up for ane,
"Or twa, when we do meet again,
"So ne'er think me a gawkie."

"Ah na laſs, that cannot be,
"Sic thoughts as theſe are far frae me,
"Or ony thy ſweet face that ſee,
"E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But, whiſht, nae mair of this we'll ſpeak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Inſtead of Meg he kiſs'd ſae ſweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.

JAMIE.

"O dear Beſs, I hardly knew,
"When I came by, your gown ſae new;
"I think you've got it wat wi' dew"—
Quoth ſhe, "That's like a gawkie."

"It's wat wi' dew, and t'will get rain,
"And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
"Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
"And tell it to your dawtie"

The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cry'd "O cruel maid, but ſweet,
"If I ſhould gang anather gate,
"I ne'er cou'd meet my dawtie."

The laſſes faſt frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Beſs a gawkie.

As they gaed o'er the muir they ſang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
"Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

Edwin and Emma.

BY MR. MALLET.

On the publication of this ballad, in the year 1760, Mr. *Mallet* ſubjoined an atteſtation of the truth of the facts related in it, which we ſhall give the reader literally:

Extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes, of Yorkſhire, on the ſubject of the following poem, to Mr. *Copperthwaite*, at Marrick.

"Worthy ſir,

"As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to conſult my clerk, and another "perſon in the neighbourhood for the truth of this melancholy event. The hiſtory of it is as follows:—

"The family name of the young man was *Wrightſon*; of the young maiden, *Railton*. They were both much of the ſame age; that is "grown up to twenty. In their birth there was no diſparity; but in fortune, alas! ſhe was his inferior. His father, an hard old man, who "had by his toil acquired a handſome competency, expected and required that his ſon ſhould marry ſuitably. But, as *omnia vincit amor*, his "heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtſhip, which was all by ſtealth, unknown to the fa-"mily, continued about a year. When it was found out, old *Wrightſon*, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter, *Hannah*, flouted "at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt: for they held it as a maxim, and a ruſtic one it is, that blood is nothing without "groats.——The young lover ſickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tueſday, and died the Sunday ſevennight after.—On the laſt day "of his illneſs, he deſired to ſee his miſtreſs: ſhe was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But her "daughter, *Hannah*, lay at his back to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.—At her return home, on hearing the "bell toll out for his departure, ſhe ſcreamed aloud that her heart was burſt, and expired ſome moments after.

"The then curate of *Bowes inſerted in his regiſter, that they both died of love, and were buried in the ſame grave, March 15th, 1714.

"I am, dear ſir, &c.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſhelt'ring wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heav'n
When May's ſweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun who bids their di'mond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

'Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul that knew no art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then, with a father's frown, at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of different paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's† wintry waſte,
Beneath the moon-light ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight mourner ſtray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

His parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heav'n with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed.

"'Tis paſt!" he cry'd, "but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet, can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
What they muſt ever love!"

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
"My Edwin live for me."

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's fun'ral ſong.

Amid' the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In ev'ry buſh his hov'ring ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſt
The viſionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale!

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door—
"He's gone!" ſhe cry'd; "and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more!"

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide"—
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and died.

* Bowes is a ſmall village in Yorkſhire, where, in former ages, the earls of Richmond had a caſtle. It ſtands on the edge of that vaſt and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore; † which is always expoſed to wind and weather, deſolate and ſolitary throughout.

Price, [Numb. 19] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humourous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Sandy o'er the Lee.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

I WINNA marry ony mon
But Sandy o'er the Lee,
I winna marry ony mon
But Sandy o'er the Lee,
I winna ha' the dominee,
For geud he canna be,
But I will ha' my Sandy lad,
My Sandy o'er the Lee;
For he's aye a kiſſing, kiſſing,
Aye a' kiſſing me,
He's aye a' kiſſing, kiſſing,
Aye a' kiſſing me.

I winna ha' the miniſter,
For a' his godly looks;
Nor yet will I the lawyer ha'
For a' his wily crooks;
I winna ha' the ploughman lad,
Nor yet will I the miller,
But I will ha' my Sandy lad,
Without one penny ſil'ler:
For he's aye a' kiſſing, &c.

I winna ha' the ſoldier lad,
For he gangs to the war;
I winna ha' the ſailor lad,
Becauſe he ſmells o' tar;
I winna ha' the lord nor laird,
For a' their mickle gear;
But I will ha' my Sandy lad,
My Sandy o'er the meir;
For he's aye a' kiſſing, &c.

O bonny Laſs.

O BONNY laſs will you lye in a barrack?
And O bonny laſs will you lye in a barrack?
And O bonny laſs will you lye in a barrack,
And marry a ſoldier and carry his wallet?

Yes, I will go and think no more on it,
I'll marry my Harry and carry his wallet;
I'll neither aſk leave of my minnie or daddie
But off and away with my ſoldier laddie.

O bonny laſs will you go a campaigning?
Will you ſuffer the hardſhips of battle and famine?
When bleeding and fainting, O would you draw near me,
And kindly ſupport me, and tenderly chear me?

O yes I will go tho' theſe evils you mention,
And twenty times times more, if you had the intention
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor danger alarm me
While I have my ſoldier, my deareſt, to charm me.

Come, rouze from your Trances.

COME, rouze from your trances,
Sly morning advances,
To catch ſluggiſh mortals in bed;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind ſweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head.
Each away to his ſteed,
Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come, follow, my worſhippers, follow;
For the chace all prepare,
See, the hounds ſnuff the air,
Hark! hark, to the huntſmen's ſweet hollow!

Hark, Jowler, hark Rover,
See, Reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground;
Now they dart down the lane,
Now they ſkim o'er the plain,
And the hills, woods, and vallies reſound;
With daſhing
And ſplaſhing,
The hills, woods, and vallies reſound.
Then away with full ſpeed,
Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come, follow, my worſhippers, follow;
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you ſtop you're too late;
Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hollow.

The Je ne Scai Quoi.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And yet, I'll ſwear, I can't tell how
The pleaſing pain ſtole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her ſenſe is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give the 'larm,
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither;
In ſhort, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Celia all together.

W. Whitehead.

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Where complete Sets, or ſingle Numbers, may be had.

Come, liſten, ye Fair.

COME, liſten, ye fair,
And the reaſon declare,
('Tis a point much your anſwer behoving)
Why the words of a ſcold,
As we often are told,
Are ſo very pathetic and moving?

Why the reaſon's ſoon ſhewn;
Was there ever man known,
In his ſenſes, would tarry to hear her?
Then there needs little proving
Her words muſt be moving,
Since none who can move will ſtay near her.

Heywood.

The Negro's Complaint.

FORC'D from home, and all its pleaſures,
Afric's coaſt I left forlorn,
To increaſe a ſtranger's treaſures,
O'er the raging billows borne,

Men from England bought and ſold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But tho' theirs they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be ſold,

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights I aſk,
Me from my delights to ſever,
Me to torture, me to taſk.

Fleecy locks, and black complexion,
Cannot forfeit nature's claim:
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the ſame.

Why did all creating nature,
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs muſt fan it, tears muſt water,
Sweat of our's muſt dreſs the ſoil.

Think ye maſters iron hearted;
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have ſmarted
For the ſweets your cane affords.

Is there, as you ſometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and ſell us,
Speaking from his throne, the ſky?

Aſk him, if your knotted ſcourges,
Fetters, blood extorting ſcrews,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of his will to uſe?

Hark! he anſwers—wild tornadoes
Strewing yonder ſea with wrecks;
Waſting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he ſpeaks:

He, foreſeeing what vexations
Afric's ſons ſhould undergo,
Fix'd their tyrant's habitations
Where his whirlwinds anſwer——No.

By our blood in Afric waſted.
Ere our necks received the chain,
By the mis'ries which we taſted
Croſſing in your barks, the main;

By our ſuffering ſince you brought us
To the man degrading mart,
All ſuſtain'd with patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
'Till ſome reaſon ye ſhall find
Worthier of regard, and ſtronger
Than the colour of our kind.

Slaves of gold! whoſe ſordid dealings
Tarniſh all your boaſted pow'rs,
Prove that you have human feelings,
E're you proudly queſtion our's!

Indian Death Song.

THE ſun ſets in night and the ſtars ſhun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why ſo ſlow? do you wait 'till I ſhrink from my pain?
No—the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away;
Now the flame riſes faſt! you exult in my pain;
But the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon:
Death comes like a friend—he relievs me from pain
And the ſun of Alknomook has ſcorn'd to complain

Mrs. Hunter.

From the Man whom I love.

FROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the poor wretch I deſpiſe;
And if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without ſenſe, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and ſtruts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gaſcoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falſehood a fox,
Inconſtant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger ferocious, perverſe as a hog,
In miſchief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to ſum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brains are of feather:
Yet if he has but ſenſe to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take a hint from the picture I draw.

The bonny bold Soldier.

I'VE plenty of lovers that ſue me in vain,
My heart is with Willy far over the plain,
For handſome and witty, and brave is the ſwain,
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me;
For handſome and witty and brave is the ſwain,
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me.
In the trumpet's ſhrill ſound my ſoldier delights,
For honor, his king, and his country he fights,
He figh————ts, figh——ts,
For honor, his king, and his country he fights,
For honor, his king, and his country he fights.

I ſhare with his dreſs in the heart of a beau,
The doctor my pulſe feels and ne'er takes a fee,
The one is pedantic, the other all ſhow;
The one is pedantic, &c.
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me,
The bonny bold ſoldier, &c.

The trumpet's ſhrill ſound, &c.

The lawyer ſo crafty I fly from in fear,
The dangling poor poet I ſhun when I ſee,
Once more, O ye powers, reſtore me my dear,
Once more, O ye powers, &c.
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me,
The bonny bold ſoldier, &c.

The trumpet's ſhrill ſound, &c.

Heigho! that I for Hunger ſhould die!

A VOYAGE over ſeas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known on which ſide to have butter'd my bread.
Heigho! ſure I—for hunger muſt die!
I'v ſail'd like a booby, come here in a ſquall,
Where alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!
Oho! I'm a terrible booby;
Oh, what a loſt mutton am I!

In London, what gay chop-houſe ſigns in the ſtreet!
But only the ſign here is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I—for hunger ſhould die!
My mutton's all loſt, I'm a poor ſtarving elf,
And for all the world like a loſt mutton myſelf.
Oho! I ſhall die a loſt mutton!
Oh, what a loſt mutton am I!

For a neat ſlice of beef, I could roar like a bull,
And my ſtomach's ſo empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I—for hunger ſhould die!
But grave without meat, I muſt here meet my grave,
For my bacon, I fancy, I never ſhall ſave
Oho! I ſhall ne'er ſave my bacon!
I can't ſave my bacon, not I!

The Village Steeple.

THE village ſteeple tells
Each deed of England's fame:
In roundelay its ruſtic bells
The hearty joy proclaim.——
Ding—dong—bell
The merry peal reſounding
Ding—dong—bell.

How oft the ancient tower
Has rock'd with merry glee,
And echo'd many a ſprightly hour
To ſhouts of victory.—
Ding—dong—bell, &c.

The golden days of old
Their frequent triumph knew;
And as the tale was proudly told,
The chimes exulted too.
Ding—dong—bell, &c.

For many a conqueſt more
The chearful notes ſhall ring,
And oft' the table's honeſt roar
It's heartfelt concert bring.——
Ding—dong—bell, &c.

Britain's Wine.

Why ſwells my wavy burniſh'd grain,
When autumn pours her ray benign?
When in my laughing goblet flows
The foaming juice of Britain's wine?

From that, beneath my humble ſhed
The ſtranger may a welcome know;
And as the humble board I ſpread
The ſinking heart with joy may glow.

Young Virgins love Pleaſure.

YOUNG virgins love pleaſure,
As miſers do treaſure,
And both alike ſtudy to heighten the meaſure;
Their hearts they will rifle,
For ev'ry new trifle,
And when in their teens fall in love for a ſong.

But ſoon as they marry,
And find things miſcarry,
Oh! how they ſigh, that they were not more wary:
Inſtead of ſoft wooing,
They run to their ruin,
And all their lives after drag ſorrow along.

Well met, jolly Fellows.

WELL met, jolly fellows, well met;
By this bowl you're all welcome, I ſwear:
See where on the table 'tis ſet,
And deſign'd for the grave of our care.
From this ſocial convention,
'Twill drive all contention,
Save only who longeſt can drink;
Then fill up your glaſſes,
And drink to your laſſes,
The head-ach take him that ſhall ſhrink.

Do but look at this glaſs! here, boys, hand it around;
Why, it ſparkles like Phillis's eye;
But 'tis better, by far, boys; for when her eyes wound
This, balm to the wound will ſupply:
Then a fig for all thinking;
Fill, fill, and be drinking;
Let us drown all our cares and our ſorrow:
Come, the toaſt, boys, the toaſt!
There's no time to be loſt,
For our cares will return with to-morrow.

Joy ſparkles in the roving Eye.

JOY ſparkles in the roving eye,
That ſeeks for treaſure o'er the deep,
No billow then can beat too high,
No reſtleſs gale too boldly ſweep!

But what lorn maid, alas! will boaſt,
The ſpreading ſail, or willing wind,
That wafts her from her native coaſt
To leave her fondeſt hopes behind!

Wit, Women, and Wine.

WHEN Jove was reſolv'd to create the round earth,
He ſubpœnad the virtues divine—
Young Bacchus he ſat Preſidentum of mirth,
And the toaſt was, "wit, women, and wine."

The ſentiment tickl'd the ear of each god—
Apollo he wink'd at the Nine;
And Venus gave Mars, too, a ſly wanton nod,
When ſhe drank to, "wit, women, and wine."

Old Jove ſhook his ſides, and the cup put around,
While Juno, for once, look'd divine;
Theſe bleſſings, ſays he, ſhall on earth now abound,
And the toaſt is, "wit, women, and wine."

Theſe are joys, worthy gods, which to mortals are given,
Says Momus, who will not repine?
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,
If men have, "wit, women, and wine?"

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to ſeven,
Such attraction no pow'r can decline;
Old Jove, by yourſelf you will keep houſe in heav'n,
For we'll follow "wit, women and wine."

Thou'rt right, ſays old Jove, let us hence to the earth,
Men and gods think variety fine;
Who'd ſtay in the clouds, when good nature and mirth
Are below with, "wit, women, and wine."

G. A. Stevens.

Duet.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why ſo ſoon the bloſſom tear,
E're autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
'Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And ſing of love e're I grow old.

The Water King.

A DANISH BALLAD,
From the celebrated Romance of "The Monk."

WITH gentle murmur flow'd the tide,
While by the fragrant flow'ry ſide
The lovely maid, with carols gay,
To Mary's church purſu'd her way.

The water-fiend's malignant eye
Along the banks beheld her hie;
Straight to his mother-witch he ſped,
And in ſuppliant accents ſaid:

"Oh! mother! mother! now adviſe,
"How I may yonder maid ſurpriſe:
"Oh! mother! mother! now explain,
"How I may yonder maid obtain."

The witch ſhe gave him armour white;
She form'd him like a gallant knight;
Of water clear next made her hand
A ſteed, whoſe houſings were of ſand.

The water-king then ſwift he went;
To Mary's church his ſteps he bent:
He bound his courſer to the door,
And pac'd the church-yard three times four.

His courſer to the door bound he,
And pac'd the church-yard four times three;
Then haſten'd up the iſle, where all
The people flock'd, both great and ſmall.

The prieſt ſaid, as the knight drew near,
"And wherefore comes the white chief here?"
The lovely maid, ſhe ſmil'd aſide;
"Oh! would I were the white chief's bride!"

He ſtepp'd o'er benches one and two;
"Oh! lovely maid, I die for you!"
He ſtepp'd o'er benches two and three;
"Oh! lovely maiden, go with me!"

Then ſweet ſhe ſmil'd, the lovely maid;
And while ſhe gave her hand, ſhe ſaid,
"Betide my joy, betide my woe,
"O'er hill, o'er dale, with thee I go."

The prieſt their hands together joins:
They dance while clear the moon-beam ſhines;
And little thinks the maiden bright,
Her partner is the water-ſpright.

Oh! had ſome ſpirit deign'd to ſing,
"Your partner is the water-king!"
The maid had fear and hate confeſs'd,
And curs'd the hand which then ſhe preſs'd.

But nothing giving cauſe to think
How near ſhe ſtray'd to danger's brink,
Still on ſhe went, and hand in hand
The lovers reach'd the yellow ſand.

"Aſcend this ſteed with me, my dear!
"We needs muſt croſs the ſtreamlet here:
"Ride boldly in; it is not deep;
"The winds are huſh'd, the billows ſleep."

Thus ſpoke the water-king. The maid
Her traitor-bride-groom's wiſh obey'd:
And ſoon ſhe ſaw the courſer lave
Delighted with his parent wave.

"Stop! ſtop! my love! the water's blue
"E'en now my ſhrinking foot bedew."
"Oh! lay aſide your fears, ſweet heart!
"We now have reach'd the deepeſt part."

"Stop! ſtop! my love! for now I ſee
"The waters riſe above my knee."
"Oh! lay aſide your fears, ſweet heart!
"We now have reach'd the deepeſt part."

"Stop! ſtop! for God's ſake, ſtop! for, oh!"
"The waters o'er my boſom flow!"
Scarce was the word pronounc'd, when knight
And courſer vaniſh'd from her ſight.

She ſhrieks, but ſhrieks in vain; for high
The wild winds riſing, dull the cry;
The fiend exults; the billows daſh,
And o'er the hapleſs victim waſh.

Three times, while ſtruggling with the ſtream,
The lovely maid was heard to ſcream;
But when the tempeſt's rage was o'er,
The lovely maid was ſeen no more.

Warn'd by this tale, ye damſels fair,
To whom you give your love beware!
Believe not ev'ry handſome knight,
And dance not with the water ſpright!

The Princeſs Elizabeth.

A ballad alluding to a ſtory recorded of her when ſhe was priſoner at Woodſtock, 1554.

WRITTEN BY SHENSTONE.

WILL you hear how once repining,
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp and ſway?

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others ſlighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
"Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
"Stranger to the arts of malice,
"Who would ever courts purſue?

"Malice never taught to treaſure,
"Cenſure never taught to bear:
"Love is all the ſhepherd's pleaſure;
"Love is all the damſel's care.

"How can they of humble ſtation
"Vainly blame the pow'rs above?
"Or accuſe the diſpenſation
"Which allows them all to love?

"Love like air is widely given;
"Pow'r nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
"Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of heaven!
"Only pureſt on the plain!

"Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
"All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
"As, on Sundays, does the lover
"With his noſegay on his breaſt.

"Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
"Seem to fade when Chloe's near;
"Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion;
"But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

"Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
"Chearly o'er the brimming pail;
"Cowſlips all around her ſpringing,
"Sweetly paint the golden vale;

"Never yet did courtly maiden
"Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
"Never breaſt with jewels laden
"Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

"Would indulgent heav'n had granted
"Me ſome rural damſel's part!
"All the empire I had wanted
"Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

"Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
"Free from fetters, might I rove;
"Fearleſs taſte the chryſtal fountains;
"Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

"Ruſtics had been more forgiving;
"Partial to my virgin bloom:
"None had envy'd me when living;
"None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

Price, [Numb. 20] One Penny,

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OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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How oft' when cooling Zephyrs play.

HOW oft' when cooling zephyrs play,
On Lodden's fertile ſide,
I with my love have paſs'd the day,
He aſk'd me for his bride:
O, the tongue, the babbling tongue,
That did my heart betray—
He preſs, I bluſh'd, he wept, I ſigh'd,
And look'd my heart away.

But men our eaſy love diſdain,
And real bleſſings miſs,
No longer pleas'd but while we feign,
To check the offer'd kiſs:
O, the pang, the killing pang,
When ſlighted maids complain:
Should Edmund ſpurn his Jane and bliſs,
'Twould rend my heart in twain.

On by the Spur of Valour.

ON by the ſpur of valour goaded,
Piſtols prim'd and carbines loaded,
Courage, ſtrike, my hearts of ſteel;
While each ſpark thro' the dark gloom of night,
Lends a clear and cheering light,
Who a fear, or doubt can feel?

Like ſerpents now thro' thickets creeping,
Then on our prey like lions leaping;
Calvette to the onſet lead us,
Let the weary trav'ller dread us;
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our ſwords with lightning blaze.

Thunder to our carbines roaring,
Burſting clouds in torrents pouring;
With the ſanguine dagger's blade,
Ours a free and roving trade;
To the onſet let's away,
Valour calls and we obey.

Our Wives at Home.

OUR wives at home, your huſband gone,
To them leave care and thinking;
While gaily we the hours paſs on
In laughing and in drinking.

The real joys of love are ſhar'd
By thoſe who are diſcreeteſt;
And here's his health who firſt declar'd,
Stol'n pleaſures are the ſweeteſt.

Smiling Nan.

WHAT ſhould ſailor's do on ſhore,
Kiſs the girls and toſs the cann,
When the cannons ceaſe to roar
Sweet's the voice of ſmiling Nan.
Bring me firſt a ſpacious bowl,
Deeper than the plummet's ſound;
Bring me next a gen'rous ſoul,
That in loving knows no bound.
Ever flowing let it be,
While the waves good liquor prove;
Then, my hearts, we'll keep to ſea,
Sailing with the girls we love.

Nancy be my true love's name,
And to compliment my dear;
Bonny ſhip ſecure thy fame,
Thou the darling title bear.
To guard and bleſs my native realm,
Smiling thus old Neptune ſpoke;
I place my William at the helm,
Royal Will is heart of oak.
Whether moor'd, or on a cruiſe,
Sailors be at peace or war;
Prize the linſtock, brim the booſe,
Sing, long live a Royal Tar.

Little Sally.

COME buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barters,
My pins, my toys, my ſhoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters:
Full cheap my various goods I ſell,
Thro' village, ſtreet, and alley,
In London where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally.

Now thus from town to town I ſtray,
Light-hearted free from ſorrow,
And when I eat my meal to-day,
I care not for to-morrow:
So ne'er again I'll London ſee,
But range each hill and valley,
Come buy a trifle, ſir, from me,
And think of little Sally.

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Ah! well-a-day, poor Anna.

FAIR Anna lov'd a ruſtic boy,
And William was the ſhepherd's name:
In him was center'd all her joy,
For her he glow'd with equal flame:
His cruel father knew he lov'd,
And forc'd him o'er the ſeas away;
Alone and ſad poor Anna rov'd,
And thus ſung out — ah! well-a-day:
Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,
Sigh, fond heart, ſigh, fond heart, ſigh, fond heart, but do not break,
Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare not ſpeak.

A wealthy neighbour woo'd the maid,
His gold the ſordid mother won:
The gentle Anna thus betray'd,
Was forc'd to church and was undone;
Returning back ſhe met her love,
"Ah! William, dear!" ſhe fondly cry'd,
"May you a happier fortune prove!"
She preſs'd his hand—ſhe ſigh'd, and dy'd.
Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,
Gentle hearts, gentle hearts, gentle hearts too ſoon will break,
Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare not ſpeak.

The Arethuſa.

COME all ye jolly ſailors bold,
Whoſe hearts are caſt in honour's mold,
While Engliſh glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethuſa.
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever ſtem'd the daſhing wave;
Her men are ſtaunch,
To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foes ſhall meet our fire,
Sooner than ſtrike we'll all expire,
On board the Arethuſa.

'Twas with the ſpring fleet we ſail'd out,
The Engliſh channell to cruiſe about,
When four French ſail, in ſhew ſo ſtout,
Bore down on the Arethuſa.
The fam'd Belle Poule ſtraight a head did lie,
The Arethuſa ſeem'd to fly,
Not a ſheet, or a tack
Or a brace did ſhe ſlack,
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it ſtuff,
But they knew not the handful of men how tough,
On board of the Arethuſa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The ſtouteſt they could find in France,
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethuſa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, "ho!"
The Frenchmen then cry'd out, "hallo!"
"Bear down, d'ye ſee,
"To our admiral's lee,"
"No, no," ſays the Frenchman "that can't be:"
"Then I muſt lug you along with me,"
Says the ſaucy Arethuſa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forc'd them back upon the ſtrand,
For we fought till not a ſtick would ſtand,
Of the gallant Arethuſa.
And now we've driven the foe aſhore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glaſs,
To his favorite laſs,
A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethuſa.

Mary Fair.

Set to the beautiful Iriſh Tune of Onagh.

IN early youth I firſt beheld
The fair one I'm ſo bold to name,
And ſince that time, I vow, 'tis true,
My heart I never could regain;
She charms me,
Alarms me,
The Loves and graces on her wait,
Her bright eyes
With ſurprize
And pleaſure every heart elate;
For who with feelings ſoft poſſeſs'd,
Can view her ſweet enchanting air,
But muſt with tender ſighs confeſs,
The dazzling charms of Mary Fair.

As once from angling home I came,
And laid my fiſhing-tackle down;
An envious hook that near her hung,
By chance had faſten'd in her gown:
Like one entranc'd
I then advanc'd,
The charming maid to diſengage;
When in my heart
She fix'd a dart,
Whoſe torture nothing can aſſuage:
Then at Cupid's ſhrine I bow,
For what on earth can I compare?
Not all the gems the Eaſt can boaſt,
With the ſplendid charms of Mary Fair.

So like old Ocean's king, when ſtruck,
The harpoon's in his vitals home
Straight to the bottom of the deep
In agonies he ſhuns his doom;
The means he'll try,
His pains to fly,
The greater ſtill his torments are;
'Till loſt in breath,
He finds in death
That eaſe which is deny'd him here:
His caſe with mine ſeems to combine,
Of this I ſee I've much to fear;
But while I live all praiſe I'll give
To the matchleſs charms of Mary Fair.

Still let France and England boaſt,
Their beauteous daughters fine and gay;
Thoſe fam'd belles are not my toaſt,
Tho' blooming as the flow'rs in May:
Their limbs neat
They think a treat,
Ierne's ſons but ſeldom view;
They ſhew them high
When we are nigh,
In vain they think ſuch ſights are new;
What jealouſy extreme muſt ſeize
Them, when they have ſurvey'd with care,
The looks, the ſhape, the mein and gait
Of the young Hibernian Mary Fair!

What raptures then muſt he expreſs,
On whom ſhe places her regard?
Who from her ſweet enliv'ning ſmiles
And heav'nly voice is not debarr'd:
Tranſports great
Muſt him await,
If like me, her worth he owns;
Of her poſſeſs'd,
He will be bleſs'd,
Nor value then dame Fortune's frowns;
If deſtin'd to ſuch joys I am,
It e'er ſhall be my chiefeſt care,
To bleſs the day when firſt I ſaw
The charming, lovely, Mary Fair.

Anna's Urn.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtue lay,
Too ſoon did heav'n aſſert its claim,
And call its own away.
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Muſt never more return,
What now ſhall fill theſe widow'd arms?
Ah, me! my Anna's Urn.

Each rural ſcene my Anna lov'd,
Around our peaceful cot,
Contentment's beams for ever ſhone,
So happy was her lot!
But Anna's gone, and ſweet content,
Will never more return,
You ne'er ſhall find it, flutt'ring heart,
But in my Anna's Urn.

Pleaſures which led each rural ſcene,
Are now for ever flown,
The ſweets of each returning year,
Are fled now Anna's gone!
Thither her village friends ſhall haſte,
Around the ſpot to mourn!
The fleecy charge ſhall ceaſe to graze,
And bleat round Anna's Urn.

Around its baſe to deck the ſpot,
I'll riſle from my bower,
The woodbine, jeſs'mine, myrtle, roſe,
And ev'ry fragrant flower.
At eve, when Phœbus quits the plain,
And at its firſt return,
You'll find me watering with my tears,
The ſhrubs round Anna's Urn.

The valiant Tar.

SCARCELY had the bluſhing morning,
Woo'd the waves with tender light,
When, the azure plain adorning,
A diſtant veſſel roſe in ſight.

Aloft, the crowding ſailors viewing,
Her miſty ſails with ſtraining eye:
In fancy now the foe ſubduing,
A prize! a prize! exulting cry.

The boatſwain's whiſtle loud and ſhrilling,
Shames the tardy ſleeping wind,
We fire our guns, but all unwilling,
She crowds her ſails—we're left behind.

At length the breeze affords aſſiſtance,
Right afore the wind's our courſe;
We clear our decks—ſhe threats reſiſtance,
And proudly boaſts ſuperior force.

Amid her thunder boldly ſteering,
Our batter'd ſhip almoſt a wreck:
With ſteady courage perſevering,
They board—they ſtorm her gory deck.

Her wounded captain—life diſdaining,
Yet mourning o'er his gallant crew,
Caſts a laſt look on thoſe remaining,
Then ſtrikes to ſave the valiant crew.

Ye Gods! ye gave to me a Wife.

YE gods! ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her:
But if your providence divine
For greater bliſs deſign her;
To obey your will, at any time,
I'm ready to reſign her. *The Devil to pay.*

Money is your Friend.

OF friendſhip I have heard much talk,
But you'll find in the end,
That if diſtreſs'd at any rate,
Then money is your friend.
Yes money, &c.

If you are ſick, and like to die,
And for the doctor ſend,
To him you muſt advance a fee;
Then money is your friend.
Yes, money, &c.

If you ſhould have a ſuit at law,
On which you much depend,
You muſt pay the lawyer for his brief;
Then money is your friend
Yes, money, &c.

Then let me have but ſtore of gold
From ills it will defend,
In ev'ry exigence of life;
Dear money is your friend.
Yes, money, &c.

The Token.

THE breeze was freſh, the ſhip in ſtays,
Each breaker huſh'd, the ſhore ahaze,
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true love's tokens overhaul'd,
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto writ ſo fair,
Upon his 'bacco box he views,
Upon his 'bacco box he views,
Nancy the poet, love the muſe,
If you loves I, as I love you,
No pair ſo happy as us two.

The ſtorm that like a ſhapeleſs wreck,
Had ſtrew'd with rigging all the deck,
The tars for ſharks had given a feaſt,
And left the ſhip a hulk, had ceas'd:
When Jack, as with his meſſmates dear,
He ſhar'd the grog their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco box a quid,
And ſpell'd for comfort, o'er the lid.
If you loves I, &c.

The battle that with horror grim,
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had ſcupper's drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er:
When Jack to his companions dear,
Firſt paid the tribute of a tear,
Then as his 'bacco box he held,
Reſtor'd his comfort as he ſpell'd,
If you loves I, &c.

The voyage had been long and hard,
But, that had yielded full reward,
That brought each ſailor to his friend,
Happy and rich——was at an end:
When Jack his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the ſhore,
He then the 'bacco box diſplay'd
And cry'd, and ſeiz'd the yielding maid,
If you loves I, &c.

When I think on your Truth.

WHEN I think on your truth I can doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before;
I Say to my heart, be at reſt, and believe,
Whom once ſhe has choſen ſhe never will leave.

But ah! when I think on each raviſhing grace,
The beams, and the ſmiles of that heavenly face;
I tremble again, and again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

Alcanzor and Zaida.

A MOORISH TALE.
IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon pallace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure;
Loveliest she of Mooriſh ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and ſometimes ſlow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he ſighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly ſteps the timorous fair.

Lovely ſeems the moon's fair luſtre
To the loſt benighted ſwain,
When all ſilvery bright ſhe riſes,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely ſeems the ſun's full glory
To the fainting ſeaman's eyes,
When ſome horrid ſtorm ſuppreſſing,
O'er the waves his radiance flies.

But a thouſand times more lovely
To her longing lover's ſight
Steals half-ſeen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe ſtands the anxious lover,
Whiſpering forth a gentle ſigh:
"Alla § keep thee, lovely lady!
"Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

"Is it true, the dreadful ſtory,
"Which thy damſel tells my page,
"That ſeduc'd by ſordid riches,
"Thou wilt ſell thy youth to age?

"An old lord from Antiquera
"Thy ſtern father brings along:
"But canſt thou, inconſtant Zaida,
"Thus conſent my love to wrong?

"If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
"Nor thus trifle with my woes:
"Hide not then from me the ſecret,
"Which the world ſo clearly knows."

Deeply ſigh'd the conſcious maiden,
While the pearly tears deſcend:
"Ah! my my lord, too true the ſtory!
"Here our tender loves muſt end.

"Our fond friendſhip is diſcover'd,
"Well are known our mutual vows;
"All my friends are full of fury,
"Storms of paſſion ſhake the houſe.

"Threats, reproaches, fears ſurround me;
"My ſtern father breaks my heart;
"Alla knows how dear it coſts me,
"Generous youth, from thee to part.

"Ancient wounds of hoſtile fury
"Long have rent our houſe and thine;
"Why then did thy ſhining merit
"Win this tender heart of mine?

"Well thou know'ſt how dear I love thee,
"Spite of all their hateful pride,
"Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
"Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

"Well thou know'ſt what cruel chidings,
"Oft I've from my mother borne,
"What I've ſuffer'd here to meet thee
"Still at eve and early morn.

"I no longer may reſiſt them;
"All, to force my hand combine;
"And to-morrow to thy rival
"This weak frame I muſt reſign.

"Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
"Can ſurvive ſo great a wrong;
"Well my breaking heart aſſures me
"That my woes will not be long.

"Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
"Farewel too my life with thee!
"Take this ſcarfe, a parting token;
"When thou wear'ſt it, think on me.

"Soon, lov'd youth, ſome worthier maiden
"Shall reward thy generous truth;
"Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
"Dy'd for thee in prime of youth."

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus ſhe did her woes impart:
Deep he ſigh'd, then cry'd "O Zaida!
"Do not, do not break my heart.

"Canſt thou think I thus will loſe thee?
"Canſt thou hold my love ſo ſmall?
"No! a thouſand times I'll periſh!—
"My curſt rival too ſhall fall.

"Canſt thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
"O break forth, and fly to me!
"This fond heart ſhall bleed to ſave thee,
"Theſe fond arms ſhall ſhelter thee."—

"'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
"Spies ſurround me, bars ſecure:
"Scarce I ſteal this laſt dear moment,
"While my damſel keeps the door.

"Hark! I hear my father ſtorming!
"Hark, I hear my mother chide!
"I muſt go: farewel for ever!
"Gracious Alla be thy guide!"

§ Alla is the Mahometan Name of God.

The mad Maid's Song.

GOOD-morrow to the day ſo fair,
Good-morrow, ſir, to you;
Good-morrow to my own torn hair,
Bedabbl'd with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primroſe too;
Good-morrow to each maid,
That will with flow'rs the tomb beſtrew
Where my love is laid.

I'll ſeek him there! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth ſhake him;
But I will go, or ſend a kiſs
By you, ſir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's ſoft and tender—pray, take heed—
With bands of cowſlips bind him;
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I ſhall never find him.

[Numb. 21]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

Ballinamona Ora.

WHEREVER I'm going and all the day long,
At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,
I find that my paſſion's ſo lively and ſtrong,
That your name when I'm ſilent runs ſtill in my ſong,
Sing Balinamona Ora,
Balinamona Ora,
A kiſs of your ſweet lips for me.

Since the firſt time I ſaw you I take no repoſe,
I ſleep all the day to forget half my woes,
So hot is the flame in my boſom which glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my cloaths.
Sing Balinamona ora, *&c.*
Your pretty black eyes for me.

In my conſcience I fear I ſhall die in the grave,
Unleſs you comply and poor Phelim will ſhave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your ſlave.
Sing Balinamona ora, *&c.*
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a ſwinging long ſword how I'll ſtrutt and I'll ſtride.
In a coach and ſix horſes my honey I'll ride
On a pillion before you, cloſe by your left ſide.
Sing Balinamona ora, *&c.*
Your lily white fiſt for me.

In the dead of the Night.

IN the dead of the night, when with labour oppreſt,
All mortals enjoy'd the calm bleſſings of eaſe,
Cupid knock'd at my window diſturbing my reſt,
"Who's there?" I demanded, "begone if you pleaſe"

He anſwer'd ſo meekly, ſo modeſt and mild,
"Dear ma'am it is I, an unfortunate child;
"'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the ſkin,
"And I have loſt my way, ma'am, ſo pray let me in"

No ſooner from cold and from wet he got eaſe,
Than taking his bow, he ſaid "ma'am, if you pleaſe,
"If you pleaſe, ma'am" ſaid he, "from experience I know,
"The rain has not damaged the ſtrings of my bow."

Away tripp'd the urchin, as briſk as a bee,
And laughing, "I wiſh you much joy, ma'am" ſaid he,
"My bow is not damaged, nor yet is my dart,
"But you will have trouble in bearing the ſmart."

The Sailor Boy.

POLL! dang it how d'ye do?
Nan, won't you g'us a buſs?
Why, what's to do with you?
Why here's a pretty fuſs!
Why, what's to do with you?
Why here's a pretty fuſs!
Say, ſhan't we kiſs and toy?
I goes to ſea no more;
Oh! I'm the ſailor boy
For capering aſhore,
Oh! I'm the ſailor boy,
For capering aſhore.

Father he 'prentic'd me
All to a coaſting ſhip,
I b'ing reſolv'd d'ye ſee
To give 'em all the ſlip,
I got to Yarmouth fair,
Where I had been before,
So father found me there,
A capering aſhore. *Oh! I'm the ſailor boy, &c.*

Next out to India,
I went a Guinea pig,
We got to Table Bay,
But mind a pretty rig,
The ſhip driving out to ſea,
Left me and many more,
Among the Hottenpots,
A capering aſhore. *Oh! I'm the ſailor boy, &c.*

I love a bit of hop,
Life's ne'er the worſer for't,
If in my wake ſhould drop,
A fiddle, "that's your ſort,"
Thrice tumble up a hoy
Once get the labour o'er,
Then ſee the ſailor boy,
A capering aſhore. *Oh! I'm the ſailor boy, &c.*

Water, parted from the Sea.

WATER, parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile vallies glide:

Though, in ſearch of loſt repoſe,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for it's native home. *Artaxerxes.*

Date Obolum Belisario!

OH! Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded,
How much to thy shame, thy caprice is recorded!
As the wise, great and good of thy frowns seldom 'scape any,
Witness brave Belisarius, who begg'd for an halfpenny!
Date obolum, date obolum,
Date obolum, Belisario.

He whose fame from his valour and vict'ries arose, sir,
Of his country the shield, and the scourge of her foes, sir,
By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged was led, sir,
With one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his bread, sir. *Date obolum, &c.*

When a young Roman knight in the street passing by, sir,
The vet'ran survey'd, with a heart rending sigh, sir,
And a purse in his helmet he drop'd with a tear, sir,
While the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear, sir. *Date obolum, &c.*

"I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome, sir,
"I have crown'd her with laurels which for ages will bloom, sir,
"I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride and her power, sir,
"I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dow'r, sir. *Date obolum, &c.*

"Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random;
"Losing thousands their lives with a nill desperandum;
"By each conquest I gain'd I made friend and foe know,
"That my soul's only aim was *pro publico bono*. *Date obolum, &c.*

"I no colonies lost by attempt to enslave them,
"I of Romans free rights never strove to bereave them;
"Nor bow down their necks to the yoke for my pleasure,
"Nor the empire dismember'd, nor squander'd its treasure. *Date obolum, &c.*

"Nor yet for my friends, for my kindred, or self, sir,
"Has my glory been stain'd by the base view of pelf, sir,
"For such sordid designs I've so far from been serving,
"Old and blind I've no choice but of begging or starving. *Date obolum, &c.*

"Now if soldier, or statesman, of what age or nation,
"He hereafter may be, should hear this relation;
"And of eye-sight bereft, should like me grope his way, sir,
"The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night to day, sir. *Date obolum, &c.*

"So I to distress and to darkness inur'd, sir,
"In this vile crust of clay when no longer immur'd, sir,
"At death's welcome stroke my bright course shall begin, sir,
"And enjoy endless days from the sun shine within, sir. *Date obolum, &c.*

Time.

CAPRICIOUS foe to human joy,
Still varying with the fleeting day;
With thee the purest raptures cloy,
The fairest prospects fade away;
Nor worth, nor pow'r, thy wings can bind,
All earthly pleasures fly with thee:
Inconstant as the waving wind,
That plays upon the summer sea.

I court thee not, ungentle guest,
For I have e'er been doom'd to find,
Life's gayest hour but idly drest,
With sweets that pall the sick'ning mind.
When smiling Hope with placid mien,
Around my couch did fondly play,
Full oft thy airy form I've seen,
On downy pinions glide away.

If such thy gifts, O, Time! for thee
My fated heart shall ne'er repine,
I bow content to Fate's decree,
And with thy thorns thy roses twine.
Yet, e'er thy fickle reign shall end,
The balmy sweets of friendship's hour,
I'll with my cup of sorrow blend,
And smile regardless of thy pow'r.

One Summer Eve.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair,
Sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air
In warbling o'er her head;
In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd,
(Love's impulse all must feel)
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
And turn'd her spinning wheel.

While thus I work with rock and reel,
So life by time is spun;
And as runs round my spinning wheel,
The world turns up and down.
Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
While I no changes feel,
But get my bread by sweat of brow,
And turn my spinning wheel.

From me let man and woman too
This home-spun lesson learn,
Not mind what other people do,
But eat the bread they earn:
If none were fed, were that to be,
But what deserv'd a meal,
Some ladies, then, as well as me,
Must turn their spinning wheel.

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
Thus sung her witless strain,
When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
And brought home Nancy's swain:
"Come" cries the dame "Nance, here's thy spouse,
Away throw rock and reel,"
Blythe Nancy, with the bonny news,
O'erset her spinning wheel.

With early Horn.

WITH early horn salute the morn
That gilds this charming place;
With chearful cries bid echo rise,
And join the jovial chase.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,

My Temples with Cluſters.

MY temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine,
In ſearch of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But ſtop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why thus reſolve to relinquiſh the fair?
'Tis a folly with ſpirits like mine to deſpair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glaſs,
If not fill'd to the health of ſome favourite laſs?

'Tis woman whoſe charms can each rapture impart,
And lend a new ſpring to the pulſe of the heart;
The miſer himſelf (ſo ſupreme is her ſway)
Grows a convert to love and reſigns her his key.

At the ſound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up his head,
And Poverty liſtens well pleas'd from his ſhed;
While Age, in an ecſtacy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her ſong.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largeſt and deepeſt that ſtands on the board;
I'll fill up a brimmer and drink to the fair;
'Tis the toaſt of a lover, and pledge it who dare.

Mr. W. Woty.

When I drain the roſy Bowl.

WHEN I drain the roſy bowl,
Joy exhilirates my ſoul;
To the Nine I raiſe my ſong,
Ever fair, and ever young.
When full cups my cares diſpel,
Sober counſel then farewel;
Let the winds, that murmur, ſweep
All my ſorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs,
While I quaff the ſparkling wine,
And my locks with roſes twine,
Then I praiſe life's rural ſcene,
Sweet, ſequeſter'd and ſerene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
Richeſt fragrance flowing round,
And ſome lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inſpires the ſtrain;
When from goblets deep and wide,
I exhauſt the gen'rous tide,
All my ſoul unbends—I play,
Gameſome with the young and gay.

Believe my Sighs.

BELIEVE my ſighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you ſincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone:
You ſay I'm fickle, apt to change
At every face that's new;
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was once a flake of ice,
'Till thaw'd by your bright eyes;
Then warm'd it kindled, in a trice,
A flame that never dies:
Then take and try me, and you'll find
A heart that's kind and true;
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Hey Down Derry.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,
I've rang'd rare objects to diſcover;
Seen pretty women in ſuch legions,
I thought myſelf return'd to Dover:
Briſk muſic made me gay,
And lively all the way,
For no tune's dull that once was merry,
With him that loves the hey down derry.

The Spaniſh Belle I've ſerenaded,
And many a night with the ſweet guitar,
Beneath the lettice grate paraded,
Now tinkle, tinkle, then gara lara:
'Twas muſic made me gay,
And lively all the way:
For no tune's dull that once was merry,
To him that love's the hey down derry.

The Fair of Italy to capture,
A different ſtyle the men invent-o:
To her the canzonet gives rapture,
Nel cor piu non mi ſento;
Such muſic has its day,
But is not in my way;
Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
With him that loves the hey down derry.

Round would the girls of Ruſſia chatter,
And view me o'er with looks of pleaſure;
Their cymbals ſounded clitter clatter,
And they tript in the ſprightly meaſure;
Such muſic has its day,
But is not in my way;
Yet no tunes dull that once was merry,
To him that loves the hey down derry.

Round would the girls of Ruſſia chatter,
Hey! only eye him, what a wonder!
The cimbals ſounded clitter clatter,
And the big drum rumbled thunder;
Such muſic has its day,
But is not in my way;
Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
To him that loves the hey down derry.

Love is the cauſe of Mourning.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay,
"Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs," I oft-times heard her ſay,
"Tell Strephon I die, if he paſſes this way,
"And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.
"Falſe ſhepherds that tell me of beauty and charms;
"You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
"Yet bring me this Strephon, let me dye in his arms,
"Oh! Strephon the cauſe of my mourning.
"But firſt," ſaid ſhe "let me go
"Down to the ſhades below,
"E'er ye let Strephon know
"That I have lov'd him ſo;
"Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow
"That love was the cauſe of my mourning."

Her eyes were ſcarce clos'd when Strephon came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, "oh heavens!" did he cry,
"Ah Chloris! the cauſe of my mourning.
"Reſtore me my Chloris, ye nymphs uſe your art"
They ſighing, reply'd "'twas yourſelf ſhot the dart
"That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart
"And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning."
"Ah then is Chloris dead,
"Wounded by me?" he ſaid,
"I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
"Down to the ſilent ſhade."
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,

Bryan and Pereene.

BY GRAINGER.

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD.

Founded on a real fact that happened in the Iſland of St. Chriſtopher's.

THE north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew ſlow,
And ſo leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, a month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land,
Nor once in thought or deed would ſtray,
Tho' ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blythſome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice when'er he ſung,
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true?
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair play'd round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheek red dewy roſe-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well-known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hi'd,
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient ſtood;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand;
For now her lover ſwam in call,
And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then through the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
To claſp her lovely ſwain;
When, ah! a ſhark bit through his waiſt:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He ſhriek'd! his half ſprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And ſoon it found a living grave,
And ah! was ſeen no more.

"Now haſte, now haſte ye maids, I pray,
"Fetch water from the ſpring:"
She falls, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe dies away,
And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now each may-morn around her tomb,
Ye fair, freſh flowrets ſtrew;
So may your lovers 'ſcape his doom,
Her hapleſs fate 'ſcape you!

Colin and Nancy.

FOR daring feats of ruſtic ſport,
And carolling his am'rous ſtrains,
In Aram's vale was Colin fam'd
The blytheſt ſhepherd of the plains.

Full oft' has Lune reſtrain'd his rage,
And ſlowly roll'd his flood along,
As liſt'ning to the tuneful ſwain,
To catch the cadence of his ſong.

Ah, ruthleſs ſtream of ſemblance falſe!
Thy waters murmur'd to betray.
Hyenas thus, by nature fell,
Seem plaintive to allure their prey.

What time the flocks were ſafely penn'd,
And mild the day's laſt luſtre grew,
To join the playful village youth,
Acroſs the plain young Colin flew.

Thrice from a wych-elm's wither'd bough
A raven gave a boding croak;
And thrice in anſwer, ſcreech'd an owl,
From the deep hollow of an oak.

Yet all in vain! the ill-omen'd youth
On the cliff's ſummit naked ſtood,
The ſwains attention proudly claim'd,
Then headlong plung'd into the flood.

Weep every Naiad of the ſtream!
Daſh'd on a rock, he groaning dy'd,
And with a luckleſs lover's blood
Polluted is your ſilver tide!

The villagers ſoon heard the tale,
Faſt to the river's ſide they fled—
"Alas! alas, the day" they cry'd,
And many a piteous tear they ſhed.

Young Nancy, Doran's daughter fair,
Whoſe bloom the bluſh of morn outvies;
Whoſe ſong excels the linnet's lay,
She ſwifteſt flew with weeping eyes

When her pale lover ſhe beheld!—
Herſelf as pale!—in deep deſpair,
And ſilent woe, her hands ſhe wrung,
And wildly rent her lovely hair.

"And muſt we thus" ſhe, frantic ſaid,
"Thus muſt we ſolemnize our vows!
"Yet ſhall not death my hopes bereave,
"For, ev'n in death, I thee eſpouſe!

Then on his clay-cold corſe ſhe fell,
And claſp'd it to her breaking heart,
And dying, ſigh'd, "I now am thine"
"My Colin! never more to part!

Like two young roſes on a ſtem,
Lopt by the pruner's hook away,
Ere half their luſtre was diſclos'd,
In with'ring bloom the lovers lay.

One grave receiv'd them; where is found
The primroſe and the vi'let pale:
And long their hapleſs fate was wept
By ev'ry eye in Aram's vale.

[Numb. 22]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

Saturday Night will come again.

'TIS ſaid of vent'rous ſailors, when we leave the ſhore,
Our friends ſhould mourn,
Leſt we return,
To bleſt their ſight no more;
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't underſtand.
Some die upon the ocean,
And ſome upon the land.
Then ſince 'tis clear,
Howe'er we ſteer,
No man's life's under his command.
Let tempeſts howl,
And billows roll,
And danger preſs;
Of thoſe, in ſpight, there are ſome joys
Us jolly tars to bleſs,
For Saturday night will come, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Beſs.

One ſeaman hands the ſail, another heaves the log,
The purſer ſwops
Our pay for ſlops,
The landlord ſells us grog.
Then each man to his ſtation,
To keep life's ſhip in trim,
What argufies noration?
The reſt is all a whim.
Cheerly my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly reſolve to ſink or ſwim?
The mighty ſurge
May ruin urge,
And danger preſs;
Of thoſe, in ſpight, &c.

For all the world's juſt like the ropes about the ſhip,
Each man's rigg'd out,
A veſſel ſtout,
To take for life a trip.
The ſhrouds, and ſtays, and braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears,
The hawlyards, ſheets, and traces,
Still, as each paſſion veers,
And whim prevails,
D[illegible]rect the ſails,
As on th[illegible] ſea of life he ſteers.
Th[illegible]n let the ſtorm,
Hea[illegible]'ns face deform,
And danger preſs:

There's Something in Kiſſing.

THERE's a ſomething in kiſſing—
I cannot tell why,
Makes my heart in a tumult
Jump more than breaſt high;
For nine times in ten,
So teazing
And pleaſing,
We find thoſe rude creatures,
The dear kiſſing men,
That we wiſh it repeated again, and again.

Though a kiſs ſtops my breath,
Oh! how little care I,
Since a woman at ſome time
Or other muſt die!
For nine times in ten,
So teazing,
And pleaſing,
We find thoſe dear creatures,
The dear kiſſing men,
That we wiſh it repeated again, and again.

At Dawn I roſe.

AT dawn I roſe with jocund glee,
For joyful was the day,
That could this bleſſing give to me,
Now joy is fled away. Jenny.

Nor flocks, nor herds nor ſtores of gold,
Nor houſe, nor home have I;
If beauty muſt be bought and ſold,
Alas! I cannot buy. Jenny.

Yet I am rich if thou art kind,
So priz'd a ſmile from thee;
True love alone our hearts can bind,
Thour't all the world to me. Jenny.

Sweet gentle maid, tho' patient, meek,
My lilly drops a tear;
Ah! raiſe thy drooping head, and ſeek,
Soft peace and comfort here. Jenny.

The jealous Lover.

THE jealous lover's pangs are poignant,
When ſuſpicion haunts his breaſt;
Not one gleam of hope benignant,
Lulls his ſoul, when robb'd of reſt.
To ev'ry joy his heart's a ſtranger,
When his rival he deſcries;
Fill'd with rage he meets the danger

The Stage of Human Life.

OUR immortal Shakeſpear's page,
Tells us all the world's a ſtage,
And that men with all their airs,
Are nothing more than play'rs,
Each uſing ſkill and art,
In his turn to play his part,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O:
Enter here,
Exit there,
Stand in view,
Mind your cue,
Heigh down, ho down,
Derry, derry, down,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.

Firſt the Infant in the lap,
Muling, puling with his pap,
Like the chicken that we truſs,
Is ſwaddl'd by his nurſe,
Who to pleaſe the puppet tries,
As he giggles and he cries,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O:
Huſhaby,
Wipe an eye,
Kiſſee pretty,
Suckee titty,
Heigh down, ho down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace,
With his ſhining morning face,
And his ſatchel on his back,
To ſchool, alas! muſt pack;
But like a ſnail he creeps,
And for bloody Monday weeps,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O!
Book miſlaid,
Truant play'd,
Rod in pickle,
Bum to tickle,
Heigh down, ho down, &c.

Then the Lover next appears,
Sous'd over head and ears,
Like the lobſter on the fire,
Sighing, ready to expire;
And a deep hole in his heart,
You may thro' it drive a cart,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O!
Beauty ſpurns him,
Paſſion burns him;
Like a wizard,
Guts and gizzard,
Heigh down, ho down, &c.

Then the Soldier ripe for plunder,
Breathing ſlaughter, blood and thunder;
Lord! at what a rate he runs,
About drums, and ſwords, and guns;
And talks of ſtreaming veins,
Shatter'd limbs and ſcatter'd brains,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O!
What foes he thraſh'd,
And cut and ſlaſh'd,
And here he pop'd 'em,
There he drop'd 'em;
Heigh down, ho down, &c.

Then the Juſtice in his chair,
With his broad and vacant ſtare;
His wig of formal cut,
And belly like a butt,
Well lin'd with turtle haſh,
Callipee and callipaſh,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O!
Bawd and trull,
Pimp and cull,
At his nod
Go to quod;
Heigh down, ho down, &c.

Then the ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
In life's dull afternoon,
Shrunk ſhank in youthful hoſe,
And ſpectacles on noſe;
His voice, once big and round,
Now whiſtling in the ſound,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O!
Vigour ſpent,
Body bent;
Shaking noddle,
Widdle, waddle;
Heigh down, ho down, &c.

Then, at laſt, to end the play,
Second childhood leads the way;
When, like ſheep that take the rot,
All our ſenſes go to pot;
And then death among'ſt us ſwoops,
And ſo down the curtain drops,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O!
Then the coffin
We move off in;
While the bell
Rings the knell,
Of high and low down,
Into the cold ground,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O!

Down the Burn.

DOWN the burn, and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou."

Dear ſhe lov'd the well-known ſong,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praiſe the whole day long,
Down the burn, &c.

Coſtly claithes ſhe had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great ſtore,
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wiſely wiſh'd no more;
Love's the pearl, the ſhepherd's prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the ſhepherd's eyes.
Down the burn, &c

Gold and title gives not health,
And Johnny could nae theſe impart;
Youthful Mary's greateſt wealth,
Was her faithful Johnny's heart;
Sweet the joys the lovers find!
Great the treaſure, ſweet the pleaſure
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

Diana.

WHEN chearful day began to dawn,
While Cupid ſtill his pillow preſs'd;
Diana rous'd by hounds and horn,
Her gentle virgins thus addreſs'd:

Hark away, hark away to the merry ton'd horn,
While the hounds chearful cry awakens the morn,
Diana, herſelf rules the ſports of the day,
And joins in the chorus of hark, hark away.

With cautious ſteps avoid the bow'r,
Where wily Cupid ſleeping lies,
Fond nymphs you'll rue the fatal hour,
Should love your ſpotleſs train ſurprize.

Love will promiſe and deceive,
Leading youthful hearts aſtray
But the joys our paſtimes yield,
Are jocund, innocent, and gay.

The Chelſea Penſioner.

WHEN firſt I was enliſted,
I was both young and gay,
Each laſs I met, I kiſs'd her,
And tippl'd time away;
I learn'd my exerciſe, ſir,
And then was ſent to fight,
I'm now a little wiſer,
Tho' in this hapleſs plight.

I went into the battle,
Where thund'ring cannons roar;
Oh! ſuch a horrid rattle,
I never heard before;
One bullet took a peeper,
Thank God that one was left;
And yet I do not weep, ſir,
Tho' of one leg bereft.

At Chelſea now the penſion
Gives comfort to my life;
And round the quart I mention
My former deadly ſtrife;
Brown Beſs I often ſhoulder,
Forget my former pain,
And fight, to each beholder,
My battle o'er again.

I ſpend my money freely,
With pleaſure drink and ſing;
Whatever fate may deal me,
God bleſs the Queen and King;
If foes again aſſail, then
To garriſon I'll go,
Brown Beſs will never fail, when
Attacking of the foe.

Conſtant Kate.

OUR crew the pond'rous anchor hove,
The ſwelling canvas caught the breeze,
And many a ſailor left his love,
And murmur'd curſes on the ſeas:
Hopeleſs, and heedleſs of my fate,
Nor glad, nor griev'd, I view'd the main,
Nor heav'd one ſigh, nor caſt t'wards ſhore,
One ling'ring look as off we wore;
Tho all before me ſeem'd forlorn,
Behind I'd nothing left to mourn,
Kate once made fortune frown in vain,
But death has ſtolen my conſtant Kate.

When on the midnight watch I ſtood,
The thoughts of her the hours beguil'd,
Then o'er my ſorrows would I brood,
And griev'd that fortune ever ſmil'd;
And when the tempeſt big with fate,
With horror fill'd the crowded deck,
In ſilence, careleſs, undiſmay'd
The boatſwain's ſummons I obey'd;
Tho' all before me ſeem'd forlorn,
Behind I'd nothing left to mourn,
Kate once made fortune frown in vain,
But death has ſtolen my conſtant Kate.

But when the furious fight began,
And honour call'd me to my poſt,
The patriot govern'd all the men,
And Kate no more my thoughts engroſs'd;
But when with victory elate,
All puſh'd the can, and roll'd the glee,
Again would Kate my mind employ,
I could not join the general joy;
For all before me ſeem'd forlorn,
Behind I'd nothing left to mourn,
No more has pleaſure charms for me,
Since death has ſtolen my conſtant Kate.

The wandering Sailor.

THE wandering ſailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find, at laſt, content and eaſe:
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders ſhake from pole to pole;
Tho' dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home:
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
The early ſcenes of life renew;
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt—
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore.

I ſail'd in the good Ship the Kitty.

I SAIL'D in the good ſhip the Kitty,
With a ſtiff blowing gale and rough ſea,
Left Polly, the lads call ſo pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea,
Yo yea, yo yea,
Left Polly, the lads call ſo pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea.

She blubber'd ſalt tears when we parted,
And cry'd "now be conſtant to me;"
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor, yo yea,
Yo yea, &c.

When the wind whiſtl'd larboard and ſtarboard,
And the ſtorm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her ſhould be harbour'd,
Was my cable and anchor, yo yea,
Yo yea, &c.

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from ſea;
My Polly would never receive me,
So again I weigh'd anchor, yo yea,
Yo yea, &c.

No Topſails.

NO topſails ſhiver in the wind,
Our ſhip's ſafe moor'd in port;
In Mary's arms my heart's reclin'd,
No more of waves the ſport:
And now to her return'd from far,
Alone ſhe prov'd my leading ſtar.

Tho' landmen flatter'd when I ſail'd,
And artful tales renew'd;
They never o'er my love prevail'd
My Mary ſtill I view'd:
Thro' trying gales, and bloody war,
She ſtill has prov'd my leading ſtar.

Tho' Sirens ſtrove to win my heart,
(From port to port the ſame)
My thoughts from Mary never part,
But dwell upon her name:
No ſounds have charms but her dear voice,
Her conſtant ſailor's lovely choice.

But now return'd and Mary kind,
To care we'll bid adieu!
And thou, my dear, ſhalt ſteer my mind,
All's joy, when bleſs'd with you!
Dear idol of thy ſailor's heart
Let wedlock join us ne'er to part.

Fair Nancy pin'd in Sorrow.

FAIR Nancy pin'd in ſorrow,
Her languid cheek grew pale,
She was the ſweeteſt maiden
That bloom'd on Cheviot dale;
It was not wealth ſhe wiſh'd for,
Since ſhe was fortune's care:
No envy rack'd her boſom,
For ſhe was kind as fair.

Yet ſtill ſhe pin'd in ſorrow,
In vain was all relief;
In vain each fond endeavour,
To trace the ſource of grief:
She found a ſecret pleaſure,
To check the glancing eye,
To feel without complaining,
To love without a ſigh.

Oft' would ſhe ſmile, as ſeeming
The big-ſwoln tear to ſhroud,
Smile as the May-day ſun-beam,
That glitters thro' a cloud:
But, worn with months in anguiſh,
Her pulſe throbb'd weak and ſlow,
Her ſmiles forgot to mantle,
And e'en her tears to flow.

But once, when all was ſilent,
And darkneſs ſooth'd deſpair,
She breath'd theſe mournful accents,
Adown the midnight air:
"Ah! Edmund, ſhall your Nancy
"Sink hopeleſs in the grave;
"No lover's heart to pity?
"No lover's hand to ſave?"

"And are you loſt to feeling,
"Unconſcious of my fate?
"You will eſteem—ah! torture,
"That's colder e'en than hate:
"Fain would my ſpirit linger
"To bid one fond adieu:
"Ah! no, 'twould rend your boſom,
"To think I die for you."

Her watchful ſiſter liſten'd,
And caught the ſecret tale;
And flew in haſte to Edmund,
Quite over Cheviot dale;
She bluſh'd, yet thought 'twas pity
Such love ſhould be conceal'd;
She wept, and ev'ry accent,
And ev'ry ſigh reveal'd.

Slow are the lightning's flaſhes,
Which from the tempeſt dart,
To the new blaze of paſſion
That burſt upon his heart:
"For me" he cry'd, "for Edmund,
"For me, O hapleſs maid?
"O let me fly to ſave her,
"Or in one grave be laid."

He came—her cheek averted,
For whiteneſs mock'd the ſnow;
He ſtarted, nor could greet her,
His whole frame trembled ſo:
She turn'd, and ſhrunk with terror,
As from his glance ſhe ſtole;
And ſuch a look ſhe gave him,
That harrow'd up the ſoul.

But ſtretch'd her hand, ſo clay cold,
As if to ſay, forgive:
Since you are kind and tender,
I now could wiſh to live:
Then riſing from her pillow,
[illegible] cry'd

Barbara Allen.

IN Scarlet-town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry, well-aday!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were ſwelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He ſent his man unto her then,
To the town where ſhe was dwelling;
"You muſt come to my maſter dear,
"If your name be Barbara Allen;

"For death is printed on his face,
"And o'er his heart is ſtealing;
"Then haſte away to comfort him,
"O lovely Barbara Allen."

"Though death be printed on his face,
"And o'er his heart is ſtealing,
"Yet little better ſhall he be
"For bonny Barbara Allen."

So ſlowly, ſlowly, ſhe came up,
And ſlowly ſhe came nigh him;
And all ſhe ſaid, when there ſhe came,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

He turn'd his face unto her ſtrait,
With deadly ſorrow ſighing;
"O lovely maid come pity me,
"I'm on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you do lye,
"What needs the tale you're telling;
"I cannot keep you from your death;
"Farewell," ſaid Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in;
"Adieu! adieu! unto you all,
"Adieu to Barbara Allen."

As ſhe was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the bells a knelling;
And ev'ry ſtroke did ſeem to ſay—
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turn'd her body round about,
And ſpy'd his corpſe a coming;
"Lay down, lay down the corpſe" ſhe ſaid,
"That I may look upon him."

With ſcornful eye ſhe looked down,
Her cheek with laughter ſwelling;
Whilſt all her friends cry'd out amain,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was ſtruck with ſorrow;
"O, mother, mother, make my bed,
"For I ſhall die to-morrow.

"Hard-hearted creature, him to ſlight,
"Who loved me ſo dearly;
"O that I was more kind to him,
"When he was alive and near me!"

She, on her death-bed as ſhe lay,
Begg'd to be bury'd by him;
And ſore repented of the day
That ſhe did er'e deny him.

"Farewell" ſhe ſaid "ye virgins all,
"And [illegible] fault I fell in;

[Numb. 25]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Wicklow Sand Man.

YE children of pity, ye great folks and ſmall,
With ſympathy hear age and poverty's call;
Of all comforts bereft, not a friend in the land,
I linger out life, crying—fine Wicklow ſand.

Ah! ſtretch out your hand, at pity's command,
To th' old man who thro' Dublin cries fine Wicklow ſand,
Ah! ſtretch out your hand, at pity's command,
To th' old man who thro' Dublin cries fine Wicklow ſand,
Fine Wicklow ſand—fine Wicklow ſand,
Ah! ſtretch out your hand, at pity's command,
To th' old man who thro' Dublin cries fine Wicklow Sand.

From my wants and my ſorrows withdraw not your eye,
As feebly, in tatters, I ſlowly paſs by;
I've no hope of relief, ſave from charity's hand,
Whilſt bending with age I cry fine Wicklow ſand.
Ah! ſtretch forth, &c.

Life's lamp it is likely can't much longer burn,
When extinguiſh'd, thank Heav'n, no more ſhall I mourn,
Kind death can alike all the ſorrows diſband,
Of the monarch, or him who cries fine Wicklow ſand
Ah! ſtretch forth, &c.

Laſs of Richmond Hill.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a laſs
More bright than May-day morn,
Whoſe charms all other maids ſurpaſs;
A roſe without a thorn.
This laſs ſo neat, with ſmiles ſo ſweet,
Has won my right good will:
I'd crowns reſign, to call her mine,
The laſs of Richmond-Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whiſper to my charming fair,
I die for her, and love.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

How happy muſt that ſhepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own;
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me;
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

Dear Chloe come give me ſweet Kiſſes.

DEAR Chloe, come give me ſweet kiſſes,
For ſweeter no girl ever gave;
But why in the midſt of my bliſſes,
Do you aſk me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be ſtinted in pleaſure,
Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind,
For ſince I love thee out of meaſure,
To numbers I'll not be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
Count the flocks that on Tempe are ſtraying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many ſtars are in heaven,
Go number the ſands on the ſhore;
And when ſo many kiſſes you've given,
I ſtill ſhall be aſking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
In my arms I would ever enfold thee,
And circle thee round like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on thy lips ſhall be ſpent:
But the wretch who can number his kiſſes,
Will always with few be content.

I could never Luſtre ſee.

I COULD never luſtre ſee
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er ſaw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to ſip.

Has the maid who ſeeks my heart,
Cheeks of roſe untouch'd by art;
I will own the colour true,
When yielding bluſhes add their hue.

Is her hand ſo ſoft and pure,
I muſt preſs it, to be ſure;
Nor can I be certain then,
'Till it grateful preſs again.

Muſt I with attentive eye
Watch her heaving boſom ſigh;
I will do ſo—when I ſee
That heaving boſom ſigh for me.

Aileen a Roon.

The following very elegant paraphrase on the celebrated song of Aileen a Roon, by the late Rt. Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and first Secretary of State, is now published, for the first time, from the original manuscript.

OH! welcome, my Aileen; the moment is blest
That brings thee to soothe ev'ry care of my breast;
These eyes that behold thee,
These arms that enfold thee;
This faithful heart beating,
In joy of our meeting,
Welcome, a thousand times, Aileen a Roon.

My faithful companion* who walk'd by my side,
Flew away like the wind when my Aileen he spy'd;
With music he greets thee,
In raptures he meets thee,
Now to thy side clinging;
Now up thy lap springing,
He welcomes, a thousand ways, Aileen a Roon.

My flocks gaze and bleat as my Aileen draws nigh,
And my little stream flows more melodiously by;
At her feet the flow'rs springing,
The birds round her singing;
In her presence delighting,
All nature uniting,
Proclaims a glad welcome to Aileen a Roon.

Thy presence my garden rejoices to hail,
And gives thee her welcome perfum'd in the gale,
Amid' thy charms straying,
Fond zephyrs are playing,
Now on thy cheek lying,
Soft breathing and sighing,
With whispers they welcome thee, Aileen a Roon.

The blossoms are clust'ring, more verdant the grove,
And my fields smile with gladness to welcome my love,
To thee all is owing,
In thee pleasure showing;
All objects appearing
More soft and endearing,
What wonder we welcome thee, Aileen a Roon.

In their gayest apparel the shepherds appear,
And are thronging to see and to welcome thee here;
Thy dear name resounding,
From hill to hill bounding;
Fond echo conveying,
And joyfully saying
Welcome, a thousand times, Aileen a Roon.

If to welcome thee all things in nature unite,
In what strains shall thy Donald express his delight?
At sight of his treasure,
Transported with pleasure;
Thus gazing and pressing
To his bosom his blessing—
He has scarce breath to welcome thee, Aileen a Roon

* A favourite Spaniel.

Still in Hopes.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

Love in a Vil.

What wakes this new Pain.

WHAT wakes this new pain in my breast,
This sense that lay dormant before?
Lie still, busy flutt'rer, and rest;
The peace of my bosom restore.

Why trickles in silence the tear?
This sighing, ah! what does it mean?
This mixture of hope and of fear,
Where, once, all was mild and serene.

Some pleasingly anxious alarm
Now warms, and then freezes my heart;
Some soft, irresistible charm,
By turns gives me pleasure and smart.

Ye fair married Dames.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught

The bloom of your cheek and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
Now tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command,
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

Garrick.

The happy Miller.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less,
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and powder'd does go,
The more he is powder'd the more like a beau;
A clown in his dress may be honester far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.
Than a courtier, &c.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling may stick to the fingers like meal.
Gold in handling, &c.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other mens' sacks;
In this a right noble example he brags,
Who borrows as freely from other mens' bags.
Who borrows, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he'd mimic the tools of the state,
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
And all his concerns, &c.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then raises up cheerful to work and to sing.
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

R. Dodsley.

My Lodging is on the cold Ground.

MY lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare;
But that which troubles me moſt is
The unkindneſs of my dear.
Yet ſtill I muſt cry, oh turn love,
And I pray thee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I ſigh for,
And alack what remedy.

I'll crown thee with a garland of ſtraw then,
And I'll marry thee with a ruſh ring;
My frozen hopes ſhall thaw then,
And merrily we will ſing:
Oh turn to me, my dear love,
And I pray thee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone can'ſt
Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart ſtill,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I muſt endure the ſmart ſtill;
And tumble in ſtraw all alone;
Yet ſtill I cry, oh, turn my love,
And I pray thee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
The cauſe of my miſery.

For Lack of Gold.*

FOR lack of gold ſhe left me, oh,
And of all that's dear bereft me;
She me forſook, for a great duke,
And to endleſs care has left me, oh.
A ſtar and garter has more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty trifles we muſt part,
And for glitt'ring ſhow ſhe left me, oh.

No cruel fair ſhall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Through diſtant climates I muſt rove,
Since Jenny, ſhe has left me, oh;
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Commit my lovely, charming fair;
Your choiceſt bleſſings with her ſhare,
Tho' ſhe's for ever left me, oh.

* Written by the late Dr. Auſtin, of Edinburgh, upon a lady's marriage with one of the dukes of Scotland, after ſhe had given him much encouragement in his addreſſes to her.

The Bee.

A BUSY humble bee am I,
That range the garden ſunny;
From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
And every flow'r's my honey.
Bright Chloe, with her golden hair,
Awhile my rich jonquil is,
Till, cloy'd with ſipping nectar there,
I ſhift to roſy Phillis. *I ſhift, &c.*

But Phillis's ſweet op'ning breaſt,
Remains not long my ſtation;
For Kitty muſt be now addreſs'd,
My ſpicy breath'd carnation.
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
No flow'r can bind a rover;
And all in turns my love receive
The gay wide garden over. *The gay, &c.*

Variety, that knows no bound,
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with Flora I am found,
In dalliance under hedges:
For as I am an arrant bee,
Who range each bank that's ſunny,
Both fields and gardens are my fee,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.
And ev'ry, &c.

The Laſs of Bedlam.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the ſpring,
I heard a maid in bedlam, who mournfully did ſing,
Her chains ſhe rattled on her hands, while ſweetly thus ſung ſhe;
I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who ſent my love to ſea,
And cruel, cruel was the ſhip that bore my love away,
Yet I love his parents, ſince they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me;
And I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

O ſhould it pleaſe the pitying powers, to call me to the ſky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's care, around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy ſhould I be,
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

I'll make a ſtrawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roſes, lilies, daiſies, I'll mix the eglantine.
And I'll preſent it to my love, when he returns from ſea,
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breaſt,
Or if I were a nightingale, to ſing my love to reſt,
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward ſhould be,
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were an eagle, to ſoar into the ſky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love might ſpy;
But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er ſhall ſee,
Yet I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Blue Ey'd Nan.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows ceaſe to roll;
When Lybian ſands are bound in froſt,
And cold to Nova-Zembla's loſt;
When heav'nly bodies ceaſe to move,
My blue ey'd Ann I'll ceaſe to love.

No more ſhall flow'rs the meads adorn,
Nor ſweetneſs deck the roſy thorn;
Nor ſwelling buds proclaim the ſpring;
Nor parching heats the dog-ſtar bring,
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove;
When blue ey'd Ann I ceaſe to love.

No more ſhall joy in hope be found;
Nor pleaſures dance their frolic round;
Nor love's light god inhabit earth;
Nor beauty give the paſſion birth;
Nor heat to ſummer ſunſhine cleave,
When blue ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When rolling ſeaſons ceaſe to change,
Inconſtancy forgets to range;
When laviſh May no more ſhall bloom;
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When nature from her ſphere ſhall ſtart,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

Dorothy.

NOW many a long and wakeful night,
And many a painful day,
Sad Dorothy, conſuming faſt,
In hopeleſs illneſs lay.

Each morn prepar'd to die e're night,
Each night before the morn,
At length ſhe ſaw the fatal day
The Wicklow hills adorn.

The feather'd ſongſters made the woods
With melody reſound:
The earth rejoicing look'd abroad,
With heav'ns effulgence crown'd.

Before her chamber, glitt'ring, roll'd
The liffey's ſilv'ry tide;
The fields were green; the bloſſom'd groves
Put forth their ſylvan pride.

Full on the chearleſs bed of death
The genial luſtre play'd;
Yet not the morning's golden light
Could glad the diſmal ſhade.

For ſpring to her no joy could give,
Nor ſummer eaſe her pain,
Nor autumn e'er renew her ſtrength,
Or ſmiling health again.

Though all around was light and life,
The glory of the year,
To her, the winter of the grave
She ſaw approaching near.

Dark, dark and diſmal was the wild
Tremendous ſteep diſplay'd;
She backward caſt a tearful look,
Then wrung her hands and ſaid—

"Thou ſun, whoſe beams, once more, I view,
"But ne'er ſhall view again,
"Thou buſy, faithleſs world, farewell!
"No more to give me pain!

"Thou deareſt Partner of my heart!
"O ſit by me awhile,
"For ev'n the bitterneſs of death,
"Thy preſence can beguile!

"I feel my ſtrength decaying faſt;
"My final hour is near:
"And cruel, cruel is the ſtroke
"That parts me from my dear!

"Thus in the prime of youth and love,
"To be compell'd to part!
"In ſpite of all my fortitude,
"It wrings my very heart.

"Yet all the tears that I could ſhed,
"Have not the pow'r to ſave;
"Nor can the pangs of kindred woe
"Redeem me from the grave.

"Already, mingling with the duſt,
"Thy voice I ſcarcely hear;
"That voice that wont to glad my ſoul
"With extacies ſo dear!

"How chill and weary are my limbs,
"And feeble is my frame;
"Expiring faſt within my breaſt,
"I feel the vital flame.

"I ſcarcely breathe—my words are loſt
"In painful hollow ſighs;
"And dim appears thy weeping form,
"Before my darkſome eyes.

"O, bring my beauteous baby, love!
"O bring my babe to me!
"While I his angel face of joy
"Have yet the pow'r to ſee.

"Alas! that angel-face no more
"With blooming freſhneſs glows;
"Upon his cheek the lily pale,
"Has triumph'd o'er the roſe.

"Of all the pledges of my love—
"And babies I've had three—
"Of all the wiſhes of my ſoul,
"This babe is dear to me.

"I prided in a mother's throes,
"When I beheld his face,
"Where now the clay-cold hand of death
"Has wither'd ev'ry grace.

"I hop'd to rear my lovely boy,
"But Heav'n that hope deny'd!
"I hop'd to ſee him flouriſh fair,
"His father's honeſt pride!

"I ſaw his early dawn of ſenſe,
"With faireſt promiſe bright;
"And hop'd a thouſand tender dreams,
"That fill'd me with delight.

"Though on the dreary verge of life,
"My beauty faded lies;
"Though clouded are the ſunny ſtars
"That ſparkl'd in his eyes:

"Though, like a fainted ſhade, he ſeems
"In air to melt away;
"Since he muſt loſe a mother's care,
"I pride in his decay.

"How can a widow'd father e'er
"His tender babe protect,
"From an unfeeling ſtranger's hand,
"Or nurſe's cold neglect?

"The happieſt of her ſex is ſhe,
"Who, in this hour, reſign'd,
"Has not the miſery to leave
"Her little ones behind.

"Farewell!—a long—and laſt farewell!—
"My love, be not diſmay'd,
"But, in my grave, upon my breaſt,
"Let my ſweet boy be laid.

"For dear my Willy loves the breaſt
"That nouriſh'd him with life:
"And think—but not with fruitleſs grief,
"On her who was your wife."

She ceas'd—ſweet William rais'd his head,
And look'd on her awhile;
But ſoon his angel ſpirit fled,
In an expiring ſmile.

He ſunk within his father's arms;
Who caught his lateſt breath;
And mourn'd the ruin of his hopes,
Yet beautiful in death.

His mother kiſs'd his lifeleſs lips:
His ſuff'ring father gave
The precious darling of his ſoul
With ſorrow to the grave.

His fainted partner follow'd ſoon:
Lock'd in her cold embrace,
Upon that breaſt where virtue glow'd
Sweet William ſleeps in peace.

Verse

[Numb. 26]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

To the Greenwood gang wi' me.

TO ſpeer my love with glances fair,
The woodland laddie came,
He vow'd he would be aw ſincere,
And thus he ſpoke his flame:
The morn is blithe, May blooming fair,
As fair as fair can be,
To the greenwood gang, my laſſie dear,
To the greenwood gang wi' me.
Gang wi' me, &c.

The lad I love is ſa oppreſs'd,
I could na ſay him nay,
He kiſs'd my lips, my hand he preſs'd,
As tripping o'er the bray:
Dear lad I cry'd, ſa trig and fair,
As fair as fair can be,
To the greenwood gang, my laddie dear,
To the greenwood gang wi' me.
Gang wi' me, &c.

The bridal day is come to paſs,
Sic joy was never ſeen,
And now I'm call'd the woodland laſs,
The woodland laddie's queen;
I bleſs the morn ſo blithe and fair,
I ſpeak my mind ſa free,
To the greenwood gang, my laddie dear,
To the greenwood gang wi' me.
Gang wi' me, &c.

Women and Wine.

WITH women and wine, I defy ev'ry care,
For life without theſe is a bubble of air;
With one and the other, in pleaſure I roll,
And a full flow of ſpirits enlivens my ſoul.

Let grave, ſober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never ſhall alter my conduct for them:
I care not how much they my maxims decline;
Let them have their humour and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our ſenſes improve,
'Tis the ſpring-tide of life, 'tis the fuel of love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a ſmile ſo divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,
Firſt pledge me with kiſſes, next pledge me with wine;
Then giving and taking in mutual return,
The torch of our loves ſhall eternally burn.

But ſhould'ſt thou my paſſion for wine diſapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be bleſt with my love;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my laſs,
My bottle I'll break, and demoliſh my glaſs.

Sweet Paſſion of Love.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you that have warm'd,
You've waken'd my paſſions, my ſenſes have charm'd
In vain againſt merit and Cymon I ſtrove.
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love?

The froſt nips the bud, and the roſe cannot blow,
From youth that is froſt-nipt no rapture can flow;
Elyſium to him but a deſert will prove.
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love?

The ſpring ſhould be warm, the ſeaſon be gay,
The birds and the flow'rets make blithſome ſweet May,
Love bleſſes the cottage, and ſings thro' the grove.
What's life without paſſion, ſweet paſſion of love?
Garrick.

The merry Sailor.

HOW pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the watery main;
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But cheerfully ſpends all his gain:
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true,
And would not commit a baſe action,
For power or profit in view.
Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorough the world my boys.

The world is a beautiful garden
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life;
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife.
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
Then why ſhould we, &c.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate,
Than we, who to politics ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great.
The various bleſſings of nature
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why ſhould we, &c.

Paddy Bull's Expedition.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's ſweet town,
And for England's ownſelf through the ſeas I did plough;
For four long days I was toſs'd up and down,
Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
While afraid of the deck in the ocean to ſlip, ſir,
I clung like a cat a faſt hold for to keep, ſir,
Round about the big poſt that grows out of the ſhip, ſir,
O, I never thought more to ſing langolee.

I ſtanding ſtock ſtill, all the while I was moving
Till Ireland's dear coaſt I ſaw clear of ſight,
Myſelf the next day, a true Iriſhman proving,
When leaving the ſhip on the ſhore for to light,
As the board they put out was too narrow for quarter,
The firſt ſtep I took I was in ſuch a totter,
That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water,
O that was no time to ſing langolee.

But as ſharp cold and hunger I never knew more,
And my ſtomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
I thought the beſt way to get each in good humour,
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my ſoul;
So I went to a houſe where roaſt meat they provide ſir,
With a whirligig, which up the chimney I ſpy'd, ſir,
And which grinds all their ſmoke into powder beſides, ſir,
'Tis as true as I'm now ſinging langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the ſtage coaches
That ſet ſail for London each night in the week,
To whom I obnoxiouſly made my approaches,
As a birth aboard one I was come for to ſeek;
But as for the inſide I'd no caſh in my caſket,
Says I, with your leave, I make bold for to aſk it,
When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the baſket?
For there I can ride and ſing langolee.

When making his mouth up—"the baſket ſays he, ſir,
"Goes after the coach full an hour or two,"
Very well, ſir, ſays I, that's the thing then for me, ſir,
But the devil a word that he told me was true;
For th' one went before, and the other behind, ſir,
They ſet off cheek by jole at the very ſame time, ſir,
So the ſame-day, at night, I ſet out by moon-ſhine, ſir,
All alone by myſelf ſinging langolee.

O long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,
That ſerves us with lamp-light each night in the dark!
While the ſun only ſhines in the day, which by nature,
Wants no light at all—as you all may remark;
But as for the moon, by my ſoul I'll be bound, ſir,
It would ſave the whole nation a great many pounds, ſir,
To ſubſcribe for to light him up all the year round, ſir,
Or I'll never ſing more about langolee.

Collins.

By Shady Woods.

BY ſhady woods, and purling ſtreams,
I paſs my hours in pleaſing dreams,
And would not for the world be brought
To change my falſe delightful thought;
For who, alas! can happy be,

The Dogs and the Gun.

EV'RY mortal ſome favourite pleaſure purſues,
Some to Daly's for play, ſome to Larkin's for news;
To Munden's droll phiz others thunder applauſe,
And ſome triflers delight to hear Billington's noiſe:
But ſuch idle amuſements I'll carefully ſhun,
And my pleaſures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finiſh'd his ſummer's career,
And his maturing aid bleſt the huſbandman's care,
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harveſt home,
And their labours being o'er are at leiſure to roam;
From the noiſe of the town and its follies I'll run,
And range o'er the fields with my dogs and my gun.

When my pointers around me all ſteadily ſtand,
And none dares to ſtir but the dog I command,
When the covey he ſprings, and I bring down my bird,
I've a pleaſure no paſtime beſide can afford:
No paſtime nor pleaſure that's under the ſun,
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thin'd, to the woods I repair,
And I bruſh thro' the thickets devoid of all fear;
There I exerciſe freely my levelling ſkill,
And with pheaſants and woodcocks my bag often fill;
For death, when I find them, they ſeldom can ſhun,
My dogs are ſo ſure, and ſo fatal my gun.

My ſpaniels ne'er babble, they're under command;
Some rage at a diſtance, and ſome hunt at hand;
If a woodcock they fluſh, or a pheaſant they ſpring,
With heart chearing notes how they make the woods ring!
Then for muſic let fribbles to Ranelagh run;
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the ſport of the day,
And ſpread o'er the table my conquer'd ſpoils lay;
Then I think of my friends, and to each give a part,
For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart.
Thus the vices of town, and its follies I ſhun,
And my pleaſures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Bright dawns the Day.

BRIGHT dawns the day with roſy face,
That calls the hunters to the chace.

With muſical horn,
Salute the gay morn,
Theſe jolly companions to cheer;
With enliv'ning ſounds,
Encourage the hounds,
To rival the ſpeed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair,
Hark! hark! he's unharbour'd, they cry;
Then fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop amain,
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
Thro' foreſts and floods,
The ſtag flies as ſwift as the wind;
The welkin reſounds
With the cry of the hounds,
Who chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to all care,
Pale grief and deſpair,
We ride in oblivion of fear;
Vexation and pain
We leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the ſtag ſtands at bay,
The pack's at a ſtay,
They eagerly ſeize on their prize:
The welkin reſounds
With the chorus of hounds,

Shannon's Flow'ry Banks.

IN ſummer when the leaves were green
And bloſſoms deck'd each tree,
Young Teddy then declar'd his love,
His artleſs love to me.
On Shannon's flow'ry banks we ſat,
And there he told his tale,
" Oh! Patty, faireſt of thy ſex,
" O let fond love prevail."

" Ah! well-a-day, you ſee me pine
" In ſorrow and deſpair,"
" Yet heed me not, then let me die,
" And end my grief and care"—
Ah! no, dear youth, I ſoftly ſaid,
Such love demands my thanks,
And here I vow eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks;

And here we vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
And then we gather'd ſweeteſt flow'rs,
And play'd ſuch artleſs pranks;
But woe is me! the preſs-gang came
And forc'd my love away,
Juſt when we nam'd next morning fair
To be our wedding day.

" My love," he cry'd, " they force me hence,
" But ſtill my heart is thine:—
" All peace be your's, my gentle Pat,
" While war and toil is mine;
" With riches I'll return to thee,"—
I ſobb'd out words of thanks;—
And then he vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
And then I ſaw him ſail away
And join the hoſtile ranks;
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
His abſence ſad I mourn'd;
The peace was made, the ſhip came back,
But Teddy ne'er return'd!

His beauteous face, his manly form,
Has won a nobler fair;
Teddy is falſe; and I forlorn,
Muſt die in ſad deſpair.
Ye gentle maidens, ſee me laid,
While you ſtand round in ranks,
And plant a willow o'er my head,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

Angelic Fair.

ANGELIC fair, beneath yon pine,
On graſſy verdure let's recline,
And like the morn be gay,
And like the morn be gay.
See how Aurora ſmiles on ſpring,
See how the larks ariſe and ſing,
To hail the infant day,
To hail the infant day.

Muſic ſhall wake the morn, the day
Shall roll unheeded as we play,
In wiles impell'd by love,
In wiles impell'd by love.
When weary we will deign to reſt
Alternate on each other's breaſt,
While Cupid guards the grove,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boaſt more happineſs
Than I, poſſeſſing thee, poſſeſs,
All care is baniſh'd hence,
All care is baniſh'd hence.
Say, mortals, who our deeds deſpiſe,
In what ſuperior pleaſure lies,

Banks of the Dee.

IT was ſummer, ſo ſoftly the breezes were blowing
And ſweetly the nightingale ſung from a tree,
At the foot of a rock, when the river was flowing,
I ſat myſelf down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou ſweet river,
Thy banks pureſt ſtreams ſhall be dear to me ever,
When firſt I gain'd the attention and favour
Of Jemmy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, ſo valiant is he;
And yet there's no hope of his ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapleſs youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
The ſweeteſt, and kindeſt of all his gay fellows,
And has left me to mourn amongſt theſe green willows,
The loneſomeſt maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet reſtore him,
Bleſt peace may reſtore the dear ſhepherd to me,
And when he comes home, with ſuch care I'll watch o'er him,
He ne'er ſhall again quit the banks of the Dee.
The Dee then ſhall flow, all its beauties diſplaying,
The lambs on its banks ſhall again be ſeen playing,
Whilſt I with my Jemmy am careleſsly ſtraying,
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

The Sea-worn Tar.

THE ſea-worn tar, who in the war,
No danger e'er cou'd move,
True to his gun, all hazards run,
Yet thought upon his love;
But home again forgets his pain,
And ſeeks his faithful laſs;
Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the ſparkling glaſs.

The ſhip ſafe moor'd, with gold well ſtor'd,
All dangers now are o'er,
His timbers tight, his rigging light,
He ſcuds along the ſhore,
To ſeek the place where ev'ry grace
Adorns his charming laſs;
Then in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the ſparkling glaſs.

In war renown'd with honour crown'd,
He laughs and ſings away:
Of fore and aft, above, abaft,
He talks from night to day;
Of red hot balls, and batter'd walls,
To entertain his laſs;
Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the ſparkling glaſs.

How pleas'd within my native Bow'rs.

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs,
Ere while I paſs'd the day;
Was ever ſcene ſo deck'd with flow'rs,
Were ever flow'rs ſo gay?
How ſweetly ſmil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landſcape round;
The rivers gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I ſpeed to meet my dear;
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And ſtop my fond career.
No more, ſince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee;

Love and Grief,

OR THE DEATH OF THE SUTHERLANDS.

The following ballad is founded on fact, and contains the very affecting ſtory of William Earl of Sutherland, and his Counteſs; who having loſt an only Son, they endeavour'd to diſpel their grief by a journey to Bath. They had been there only a few weeks, when the Earl was taken ill of a violent fever, during which time the Counteſs devoted herſelf ſo entirely to the care of her Lord, that ſhe attended him for twenty-one days and nights without ever leaving him or going to bed; and the apprehenſion of his danger ſo affected her ſpirits and appetite, that her ſtomach refuſed all ſuſtenance, and ſhe died perfectly worn out with fatigue and watching, the beginning of July 1766, and his Lordſhip a few days after.—This moſt amiable pair were an honour to nobility; their conjugal love was even proverbial.—It appeared, from the inſcriptions on their coffins, that the Earl was only 31, the Counteſs 26.

FROM Caledonia's diſtant bounds,
Beyond the Murray firth,
Where Scottiſh men, with warlike ſounds,
Join dance, and ſong, and mirth.

There came the lord of Sutherland,
A youth tall, fair, and free;
His race was aye a gallant band,
A gallant youth was he.

He lov'd his king, his country lov'd;
A truſty blade he bore
To ſmite their foes; by fear unmov'd;
Their foes him dreaded ſore.

Yet gentle was he, too, and kind,
As kindeſt friend might be;
For ſtill in braveſt ſouls, we find,
Dwells ſweet humanity.

A youth ſo brave, a youth ſo mild,
What lady would not love?
Where'er he came, whene'er he ſmil'd,
In vain the fair ones ſtrove,

To quench the ſoft, but dang'rous flame
That in their boſoms glow'd;
The kindling bluſh that went and came,
The ſecret flame ſtill ſhow'd.

Amid the reſt a lovely maid,
Maria hight was ſeen;
Lovely her looks, her manners ſtaid,
But moſt her mind, I ween,

Did take who ſaw, meek was that mind
As meekeſt infant's ſmiles;
And wiſe as age, nor yet inclin'd
To cunning that beguiles.

Nor art nor cunning needed ſhe,
Her ſoul was fill'd with grace;
Sincerely good, and nobly free,
Her ſoul beam'd in her face.

In deſtin'd hour young Sutherland
Beheld the beauteous maid;
Her beauty, could his youth withſtand,
Such beauty ſo array'd?

Ah, no! her charms, by virtue dreſt,
Did ſeize the hero's heart;
He lov'd, he courted, he was bleſt—
Death only could them part:—

Nor that long time!—Liſt to my tale,
A tale of love and woe;
If pity in your breaſt prevail,
Liſt, and a tear beſtow.

Midſt all that worth and wealth combin'd,
Which friends and fame confer,
Of pleaſure on the feeling mind,

Their happineſs to crown, kind Heav'n
Two pretty babes did lend;
Lent was the bleſſing, not ſo giv'n,
But for it Heav'n might ſend.

And ſend Heav'n did, ere long, for part,
The eldeſt was recall'd;
Both parents ſorely ru'd the ſmart;
The ſmart them both appall'd.

Now firſt appall'd, our warrior brave
Sunk down in deep diſmay;
And oft he view'd his darling's grave,
His darling torn away.

Till heavy thoughts revolv'd too oft,
Oppreſs'd the ſprings of life;
His ſtrength decay'd, his ſoul was ſoft,
It bow'd beneath the ſtrife.

His friends, to flee the ſcene of grief,
Their prudent counſel gave;
(From objects new we meet relief)
All ſought the youth to ſave.

Bath's balmy waters gently ſtream'd,
Their genial aid to give;
Each joy-inſpiring naiad ſeem'd
To bid the warrior live;

Nathleſs the lurking ſickneſs gains
Faſt on his weaken'd frame;
Till grown more bold, encreaſing pains
Reveal'd the fever's flame.

Full thirty days and thirty nights
Maria 'tends his bed,
To her what are the world's delights,
While there her lord is laid?

To lull his anguiſh, calm his mind,
And hand the healing doſe,
Was all her care: for this ſhe pin'd;
For this ſhe loſt repoſe.

At length her pious care prevail'd
To quell the fierce diſeaſe—
Might he but live, whate'er elſe fail'd,
She reck'd not; pain would pleaſe.—

"Ah! me! what tidings do I hear?
"She ſickens, faints, and dies;
"Outworn with watching, grief, and fear,
"She falls a ſacrifice."

Huſh! hide the woeful chance, look gay,
And cloſeſt ſilence keep;
Or ſmiling, ſpite of ſorrow, ſay,
"The lady is aſleep."

Say ſo next day, try ev'ry art—
But ev'ry art is vain:
Prolong'd ſuſpence, the wiſhing heart
Refuſeth to ſuſtain.

"Where is Maria dear," he cries,
"My charmer, where is ſhe,
"Whoſe looks were wont to cheer my eyes?
"Why doth ſhe fly from me?

"Go bring her; ſay, poor Sutherland,
"Bereav'd of her, muſt die:
"Make haſte—why do you ſpeechleſs ſtand?
"What means that ſudden ſigh?

"Alas! alas! Maria's gone;
"I will not here abide;
"We cannot part; we ſtill are one"—
He ſaid—then groan'd, and died.

Price, [Numb. 27] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humourous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

How imperfect is Expreſſion.

HOW imperfect is expreſſion,
Some emotions to impart,
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart.
When our boſoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults ſwell,
And what broken, fault'ring, dying,
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confuſion's roſy terror,
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek,
Aſk no more—behold your error,
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak:
What tho' ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,
Once my ſoul's ſtrong feelings view;
Love has nought more fond, believe me,
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true.
From you, I am wild, deſpairing,
With you, ſpeechleſs as I touch,
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps, declares too much.

My Name's honeſt Harry, O.

MY name's honeſt Harry, O,
Mary I will marry, O,
In ſpite of Nell
Or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary, O;
With my rigdum, jigdum, airy, O,
I love little Mary, O,
In ſpite of Nell
Or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary, O.

Straight ſhe is, and bonny, O,
Sweet as ſugar-candy, O,
Freſh and gay
As flow'rs in May,
And I'm her Jack-a-dandy, O.
With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

Soon to the church I'll bring her, O,
Where we'll wed together, O,
And that done,
Then we'll have fun,
In ſpite of wind or weather, O.
With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

The obſtinate Daughter.

IF a daughter you have,
She's the plague of your life,
No peace you ſhall know,
Tho' you've bury'd your wife!
At twenty ſhe mocks
At the duty you taught her,
Oh! what a plague is an obſtinate daughter.
Sighing and whining!
Dying and pining!
Oh! what a plague is an obſtinate daughter.

When ſcarce in their teens,
They have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers
For ever they vex us,
While each ſtill rejects
The fair ſuitor you've brought her,
Oh! what a plague is an obſtinate daughter.
Wrangling and jangling!
Flouting and pouting!
Oh! what a plague is an obſtinate daughter.

The Iriſh Giant.

THE Iriſh giant you ſhall find,
Tho' dwarf in form, of ample mind,
And ever to your wiſh inclin'd,
With a fee, faw, fum.

Tho' not a friend to mean intrigue,
With truth and honour do but league,
I'll ever ſtick by honeſt Teague,
With a fee, faw, fum.

Then wave your ſword, t'wards Highgate ſteer,
And let the Engliſh nothing fear,
Tho' you come an Iriſh volunteer,
With a fee, faw, fum.

In London ſport and beauty reign,
There Cupid holds a warm campaign,
And Teague ſhall join to fill the train,
With a fee, faw, fum.

There quacks and ſhowmen boaſt their art.
There fops aſſail the fair one's heart,
But Teague ſhall better play his part,
With a fee, faw, fum.

Then wave your ſword, t'wards Highgate ſteer,
And let the Engliſh nothing fear,
Tho' you come an Iriſh volunteer,
With a fee, faw, fum.

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Where complete Sets, or ſingle Numbers, may be had.

The Amazon.

SWAINS I ſcorn, who nice and fair,
Shiver at the morning air:
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the man that's made for me.

Slaves to faſhion, ſlaves to dreſs,
Fops themſelves alone careſs;
Let them without rival be,
They are not the men for me.

He whoſe nervous arm can dart
The jav'ling to the tyger's heart,
From all ſenſe of danger free,
He's the man that's made for me.

While his ſpeed out-ſtrips the wind,
Looſely wave his locks behind:
From fantaſtic fopp'ry free,
He's the man that's made for me.

No ſimp'ring ſmile, nor dimpled ſleek
Spoils his manly ſun-burnt cheek;
By weather let him painted be,
He's the man that's made for me.

If falſe he proves, my jav'lin can
Revenge the perjury of man;
And ſoon another brave as he
Shall be found the man for me.

Like my dear Swain.

LIKE my dear ſwain no youth you'd ſee
So blithe, ſo gay, ſo full of glee,
In all our village who but he,
Could foot it up ſo featly.
His lute to hear, from far and near,
Each female came, both girl and dame,
And all the boon, for ev'ry tune,
To kiſs them round ſo ſweetly.

While round him, in the jocund ring
I've nimbly danc'd, he'd play or ſing,
Of May the youth was choſen king,
He caught our ears ſo neatly;
Such muſic rare, in his guittar,
But touch his flute, the crowd was mute,
His only boon for ev'ry tune,
To kiſs them round ſo ſweetly.

Caſtle of Andaluſia.

My bonny Sailor.

MY bonny ſailor won my mind,
My heart is now with him at ſea;
I hope the ſummer's weſtern breeze
Will bring him ſafely back to me.
I wiſh to hear what glorious toils,
What dangers he has undergone,
What forts he's ſtorm'd, how great the ſpoils
From France or Spain my ſailor's won.

A thouſand terrors chill'd my breaſt,
When fancy brought the foe in view,
And day and night I've had no reſt,
Leſt ev'ry gale a tempeſt blew.
Bring, gentle gales, my ſailor home,
His ſhip at anchor may I ſee;
Three years are ſure enough to roam,
Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by ſultry climes is wan,
His eyes by watching ſhine leſs bright;
But ſtill I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in ſight.
His honeſt heart is what I prize,
No weather can make that look old;
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
I'll love my jolly ſailor bold.

Woman.

ASK me not, how calmly I,
All the cares of life defy;
How I baffle human woes;
Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live, and laugh as I;
You like me, may cares defy;
All the pangs the heart endures,
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Aſk me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms, and drunken joys;
I have pleaſure more divine,
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than folly knows,
More than Fortune can beſtow;
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Tell me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows and faithleſs hearts,
Tell the wretch, who pines and grieves,
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can beſtow;
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

The Anſwer.

ASK thou ſilly doating Man,
Whence our ruin firſt began;
How our grief, and deadly woe,
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live, and happy be,
Cou'd we ſhun this enemy;
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,
From vain woman, woman grew.

Aſk what calm felicity,
Man was deſtin'd to ſupply;
Nought could his repoſe invade,
Till falſe woman ſhe was made.

Soon as ſhe receiv'd her breath,
Man was ſubject unto death;
Other evils, to their ſhame,
From deceitful woman came.

Aſk what ills befell old Troy,
Which falſe Hellen did deſtroy,
Or the tender bridegrooms, who
Woman woman, woman ſlew.

How the brave Mark Anthony
Loſt the world by faithleſs ſhe,
Ruin'd ſtates, loſt crowns and kings,
From vain woman, woman ſprings.

Wanton Cupid.

WANTON Cupid, ceaſe to hover
Thus around the ſmiling fair,
You exclude a faithful lover
With your too officious care.
Whiſp'ring breezes, haſte, begone
To ſome remoter ſilent grove,
And leave Alexis here alone,
To tell a thouſand tales of love.

How I'm charm'd with ev'ry feature
That adorns her lovely face!
How ſhe's ev'ry thing that nature
Can e'er give with ev'ry grace.
If ſhe liſtens to my ſtory,
And for me hath equal love;
I'll not envy human glory,
But be bleſt as thoſe above.

The Seven Ages of Woman.

"AIR—*All among the Leaves ſo green, O.*"

SINCE we find upon life's ſtage,
Women now of ev'ry age,
Who like men their parts muſt do,
Buſy actreſſes all through!
And who frequently diſplay
Seven ages well as they,
Which ſeven ages we know—
With your leave,
Let us give,
An abſtract
Of each act,
So ſtrange, ſo ſtrange,
Ev'ry, ev'ry change,
You'll laugh at each comical ſcene, O.

Firſt a puppet miſs appears,
Ever ready with her tears;
While the goſſips pouring in,
Mark the dimple and the chin,
How the pretty features ſtrike,
Father, mother, they're ſo like,
Liker never yet has been, O.
This one ſhews
Mother's noſe,
That one ſpies
Mother's eyes,
All kiſs, all kiſs
Pretty, pretty miſs,
So finiſh this farcical ſcene, O.

Now a few years after this,
In a boarding-ſchool is miſs,
Quite accompliſh'd, how ſhe grows,
Holds her head up, turns out toes;
Able too in French to chat,
Plays and dances, and all that,
A little Cyprian queen, O!
Courtſey makes
For ſome cakes,
Gives them all
To her doll;
Oh how, oh how
Simple, ſimple now,
They call this an innocent ſcene, O.

Miſs now ſees a handſome laſs
In her tell-tale looking-glaſs,
And begins a ſwain to chooſe,
Then to read fine billet-doux;
Novels bid her always hope,
Live on love, and then elope,
So its hey for Gretna-Green, O!
Off they ſkip,
Crack goes whip,
Dad alarm'd,
Miſs quite charm'd!
Oh how, oh how
Buſy, buſy now,
Sure the third is a buſtling ſcene, O.

Madam now is fix'd for life,
And becomes a modern wife;
Hoping ſins may be forgiv'n,
Fain would ſend her ſpouſe to heav'n;
He, poor man, now goes on thorns,
Thumps his head to keep down horns,
And coughs loud to choak chagrin, O!
Falling out,
What a rout!
Kiſſing then,
Friends again!
Oh how, oh how
Fickle, fickle now,
Sure the fourth is a pantomime ſcene, O.

Now what hopes and fears abound,
All is ſilence moſt profound;
News is brought—then hence deſpair!
We have got a ſon and heir!
Quite elate the huſband's grown,
Being ſure he's all his own—
The truth of that doth ſhe know;
All folks met,
What a ſet,
Wiſhing joy,
Chriſten boy;
See here, ſee here,
Mother's, mother's dear,
Sure the fifth is a pretty ſweet ſcene, O.

Beauty like the roſe muſt fade,
Madam finds her charms decay'd;
Greylocks fain ſhe'd lay aſide,
And with paint her wrinkles hide;
But in vain her art ſhe tries,
Paint and patches won't diſguiſe,
And this oft brings on the ſpleen, O;
How ſhe groans—
Pains in bones—
Full of cares—
Says her prayers—
Dear me! dear me!
Muſt it, muſt it be?
Sure the ſixth is a tragical ſcene, O.

The laſt act doth now appear,
The cataſtrophe draws near;
Death ſtalks in, who viſits all,
Then for ſtage tricks—ſtart and fall!
Doctors ſage exert their ſkill,
To prevent the threat'ning ill,
And their heroine to ſcreen, O.
Vaniſh hopes,
Trap-door opes!
Down ſhe pops,
Curtain drops!
Good-bye, good-bye,
There, oh there, you lie,
And its exit poor lady this ſcene, O.

The thrifty Wife.

I AM a cheerful fellow, altho' a married man,
And in this age of folly purſue a ſaving plan.
Though wives are thought expenſive, yet who can live alone?
Then ſince they are *dear* creatures, 'tis beſt to have but one.
My choice diſcovers early my prudence and mytaſte;
I've a very little wife with a very little waiſt.

Marriage is a draught we take for better or for worſe,
And wiſe he is who can prevent the draft upon his purſe.
But evils ere much leſſen'd when wives are well inclined;
For, if they come acroſs us, they ſhape them to our mind.
When matters are well manag'd, no need to be ſtrait lac'd;
You may with little danger increaſe the little waiſt.

Though ſpouſy's ſo diſcreet, ſtill each faſhion ſhe'll diſplay:
Her boſom (heaven bleſs her!) is as open as the day;
Her garment (may I venture a ſimile to beg)
Hangs looſely from her ſhoulder, like a gown upon a peg;
Yet, fearful of expenſes, ſhe ſhortens them, though ſmall,
And, if ſhe goes on ſhort'ning, there'll be no waiſt at all!

The Death of Morven.

WHERE craggy cliffs o'erhang the main,
Unhappy Morven ſtood;
(Fore-doom'd to love a maid in vain,)
And wildly view'd the flood.

With broken heart his reaſon loſt,
Twelve moons the youth had mourn'd;
Her ſordid *Sire* his hopes had croſt,
Fair Ann his love return'd.

To move *his* heart the youth had tried,
In vain he ſought to move:
In vain the trembling maiden ſigh'd,
And weeping own'd her love.

With large domains by fortune bleſt,
Elate in wealthy pride;
The Sire, with fierce unfeeling breaſt,
In threats their ſuit denied.

"And if, fond girl, you dare to wed,
"Or more that beggar view;
"My curſe ſhall blaſt thy guilty head."—
The trembling maid withdrew.

Now, cloſe confin'd from Morven's ſight,
No friend to ſooth her woe:
Amidſt the lonely gloom of night,
Her tears in ſilence flow.

Alarming dreams diſturb her mind,
With ſad portending fears:
She hears—or thinks in every wind,
His dying groan ſhe hears.

She fancies oft his tuneful reed
Laments in plaintive ſtrains;
Now gaſh'd with wounds ſhe ſees him bleed,
Along the dreary plains.

Ah! hapleſs maid, thy ſoul no more,
His fond regard ſhall pleaſe!
Alone on Wicklow's rocky ſhore,
The youth deſpairing ſtrays.

While o'er the wave in tears he hung,
Fate louring in his eye:
This frantic dirge he ſadly ſung,
With many a heavy ſigh:

"I'll ſeek my ſhroud and winding-ſheet,
"Beneath the wintry wave;
"And deep beneath my Anna's feet,
"I'll dig my peaceful grave.

"Amidſt the dreary midnight ſtorms,
"My ſhade ſhall dimly glide;
"With bleeding heart, a mournful form,
"To claim my lovely bride.

"The grave ſhall be my bridal bed,
"Wan ſpectres dancing round;
"All who like me in love have bled!
"All who like me have drown'd!"

He ceas'd, and plung'd adown the ſteep,
The murm'ring waves divide;
And thrice emerging from the deep,
Adieu, fair Ann! he cried.

His corſe the waves caſt on the ſtrand,
The throng around him ſate;
The ſhepherds ſighing preſt his hand,
The maidens wept his fate.

Yon aged oak preſerves his name,
Beneath its ſhade he lies:
And oft at eve, a glimm'ring flame
Is ſeen from thence to riſe.

And pilgrims tell, they trembling hear
A ſad deſponding ſound,
That night of each revolving year,
On which the youth was drown'd.

Pirac.

Margaret and Willy.

AN OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

THERE came a ghoſt to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he twirled at the pin,
But anſwer made ſhe none.

"Is that my father Philip?
"Or is't my brother John?
"Or is't my true love Willy,
"From Scotland new come home?"

"'Tis not thy father Philip,
"Nor yet thy brother John;
"But 'tis thy true love Willy,
"From Scotland new come home.

"O ſweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
"I pray thee ſpeak to me;
"Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
"As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
"Nor yet will I thee lend,
"Till that thou come within my bow'r,
"And kiſs my cheek and chin."

"If I ſhould come within thy bow'r,
"I am no earthly man;
"And ſhou'd I kiſs thy roſy lips,
"Thy days will not be lang.

"O ſweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
"I pray thee ſpeak to me;
"Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
"As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
"Nor yet will I thee lend.
"Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
"And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
"A far beyond the ſea;
"And it is but my ſpirit, Marg'ret,
"That's now ſpeaking to thee."

She ſtretch'd out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her beſt,
"Hae there's your faith and troth, Willy,
"God ſend your ſoul good reſt."

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And aw the live-lang winter night
The dead corpſe follow'd ſhe.

"Is there room at your head, Willy?
"Or any room at your feet?
"Or any room at your ſide, Willy,
"Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
"There's no room at my feet;
"There's no room at my ſide, Marg'ret.
"My coffin's made ſo meet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the grey;
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
"That you were going away."

No more the ghoſt to Marg'ret ſaid,
But, with a grievous groan,
He vaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
And left her all alone.

"O ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,"
The conſtant Marg'ret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her ſoft limbs, and dy'd.

Price, [Numb. 28] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language; worth preſerving—forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humourous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Saturday Night at Sea.

'TWAS Saturday night, the twink'ling ſtars
Shone on the rippling ſea,
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was laſh'd a-lee:
The ample can adorn'd the board,
Prepar'd to ſee it out,
Each gave the laſs that he ador'd;
And puſh'd the grog about.

Cry'd honeſt Tom, "my Peg I'll toaſt,
"A frigate neat and trim,
"All jolly Portſmouth's favourite boaſt:
"I'd venture life and limb,
"Sail ſev'n long years, and ne'er ſee land,
"With dauntleſs heart and ſtout,
"So ſtout a veſſel to command;
"Then puſh the grog about."

"I'll give" cry'd little Jack "my Poll,
"Sailing in comely ſtate,
"Top ga'ntſails ſet, ſhe is ſo tall,
"She looks like a firſt-rate:
"Ah! would ſhe take her Jack in tow,
"A voyage for life throughout,
"No better birth I'd wiſh to know;
"Then puſh the grog about."

"I'll give" cry'd I, "my charming Nan,
"Trim, handſome, neat, and tight,
"What joy ſo fine a ſhip to man?
"She is my heart's delight:
"So well ſhe bears the ſtorms of life,
"I'd ſail the world throughout,
"Brave ev'ry toil for ſuch a wife;
"Then puſh the grog about."

Thus to deſcribe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his beſt manner tried;
'Till, ſummon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet ſtill they did their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in ſoft viſions gentle ſleep,
Still puſh'd the grog about.

The hardy Sailor.

THE hardy ſailor braves the ocean,
Fearleſs of the roaring wind,
Yet his heart, with ſoft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a ſtranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntleſs roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger
In a rival left at home.

The Green Willow.

An admired Song, ſung by Signora Storace, in the "Iron Cheſt," written by Colman, jun.

DOWN by the river there grows a green willow,
Sing all for my true love! my true love, O!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
And all for my true love, my true love, O!
When bleak blows the wind, and tempeſts are beating,
I'll count all the clouds, as I mark them retreating,
For true lovers' joys, well-a-day! are as fleeting,
Sing, O for my true love, *&c.*

Maids come, in pity, when I am departed;
Sing all for my true love! *&c.*
When dead, on the bank, I am found broken hearted,
And all for my true love, *&c.*
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Cloſe to the ſtream, where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corſe keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my true love, *&c.*

With the Sun I riſe at Morn.

WITH the ſun I riſe at morn,
Haſte the flocks into the mead;
By the fields of yellow corn,
There my gentle lambkins feed;
Ever ſportive, ever gay,
While the merry pipe I play.

Lovely Mira joins the ſtrain,
Calls the wand'rer to its mate;
Her ſweet voice can ſooth each pain,
And make the troubled heart elate:
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
While the merry pipe I play.

When from winter's rugged arms
Zephyrs fleeting leave the grove,
Mira cheers me with her charms,
For her ſong is tun'd to love:
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe I play.

Tho' no ſplendor decks my cot,
With my fair I live content;
May it be my happy lot,
Still to love and ne'er repent:
While at dawn, and ſetting day,
On the merry pipe I play.

PUBLISHED at N° 10, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where complete Sets, or ſingle Numbers, can be had.

Adieu to the Village Delights.

ADIEU to the village delights,
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd;
No longer the country invites,
To me all its pleaſures are void.
Adieu, thou ſweet health-breathing hill!
Thou canſt not my comfort reſtore;
For ever adieu my dear vill,
My Lucy alas! is no more.

She, ſhe was the cure of my pain,
My bleſſing, my honor, my pride;
She ne'er gave me cauſe to complain,
'Till that fatal day when ſhe died:
Her eyes, that ſo beautiful ſhone,
Are cloſed for ever in ſleep;
And mine, ſince my Lucy is gone,
Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel reſtore,
Like a fountain, they never ſhould ceaſe;
But Lucy, alas! is no more,
And I am a ſtranger to peace:
Let me copy, with fervor devout,
The virtues that glow'd in her heart;
Then ſoon, when life's ſand is run out,
We ſhall meet again, never to part.

Deborah and Jonathan.

JONATHAN a wooing went,
He was ſuch a bonny man!
And matrimony was the bent
Of little, jolly Jonathan;
Deborah, the damſel's name,
Buxom was and friſky-o!
And ſure as ever ſunday came,
He drove her in his whiſky-o:
Oh the whiſky!
Fine and friſky!
What a happy maid and man,
Deborah and Jonathan!

Jonathan, a ſquabby elf,
Very ſhort though ſtrong enough,
Found his wooing, like himſelf,
Not half a quarter long enough:
Cries he—'twill be a lucky hit,
With wealthy Deb. to tether-o!
So dug for Deb. the marriage pit,
And in they fell together-o!
O the tumble,
Jolt and jumble,
What a friſky wife and man,
Deborah and Jonathan.

Deborah had money got,
Jonathan diminiſh'd it:
Drank about, nor left his pot,
'Till fifty times he finiſh'd it;
When tipſey he, then Deb. will pout—
When ſober, ſcratch and quarrel-o!
He bangs the door, damns, flounces out,
And ſoaks again his barrel-o!
O the croaking,
Scratching, ſoaking—
What a happy wife and man,
Deborah and Jonathan.

Come ſing round my favourite Tree.

COME ſing round my favourite tree,
Ye ſongſters that viſit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my ſhepherd and me:
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my ſide,
He tenderly pleaded his cauſe;
I only with bluſhes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pauſe.

Fal de ral tit.

'TWAS I learn'd a pretty ſong in France,
And I brought in o'er the ſea by chance,
And when in Wapping I did dance,
Oh! the like was never ſeen:
For I made the muſic loud to play,
All for to paſs the dull hours away,
And when I'd nothing left for to ſay,
Then I ſung fal de ral tit, &c.

As I was walking down Thames-ſtreet,
A ſhip-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
And I was reſolv'd him for to treat,
With a can of grog gillio!
A can of grog they brought us ſtraight,
All for to pleaſure my ſhip-mate,
And ſatisfaction gave him ſtraight,
Then I ſung fal de ral tit, &c.

The maccaronies next came in,
All dreſs'd ſo neat, and look'd ſo trim,
Thinking to ſtrike me dumb:
Some was ſhort, and ſome was tall,
But 'tis very well known I bang'd them all,
For I dous'd their heads againſt the wall,
Then I ſung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did ſay,
As how he wiſh'd I'd go away,
And if I attempted for to ſtay,
As how he'd take the law:
"O, d—m me" ſays I "you may do your worſt,
"For I have ſcarcely quench'd my thirſt",
All this I ſaid, and nothing worſe,
Then I ſung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've croſs'd the raging main,
And be come back to old England again,
Of grog I'll drink galore;
With a pretty girl to ſit by my ſide,
And for her coſtly robes I'll provide,
So that ſhe ſhall be ſatisfy'd,
Then I'll ſing fal de ral tit, &c.

The Roſy Fair.

ARISE, my roſy nymph of May,
And with your Colin early ſtray,
To taſte the new-morn air,
The lark his tuneful notes hath rung,
To hail you with a bridal ſong;
Then riſe my Roſy Fair.

Twelve moons are paſt this May-day morn,
Since you, beneath the white blown thorn,
Avow'd to me, I ſwear,
That this ſame hour you'd kindly yield;
By ev'ry flow'r that deck the field,
You vow'd my Roſy Fair.

No longer then ſuch bliſs deny,
But with your Colin's ſuit comply,
That he may ever wear,
That gentle, kind, and wiſh'd-for chain,
Which is to bind your Colin ſwain,
My charming Roſy Fair.

The nymph ſhe haſten'd to her love,
With joy he led her to the grove,
And fragrant was the air;
The linnets tuneful perch'd the ſpray,
And warbled forth their dulcet lay,
To hail the Roſy Fair.

Then ſoon they join'd the rural train,
In ſportive dance they tripp'd the plain,
To Hymen's temple, where
The golden chain, connubial band,
To Colin bound the lily hand
Of his ſweet Roſy Fair.

Come let us Dance and Sing.

THE FAVOURITE FINALE IN INKLE AND YARICO.

INCLE.

COME let us dance and ſing,
While all Barbadoes bells ſhall ring,
Love ſcrapes the fiddle ſtring,
And Venus plays the lute.
Hymen gay,
Foots away,
Happy at our wedding day,
Cocks his chin
And figures in
To tabor, fife and flute.
Come let us, &c.

NARCISSA.

Since thus each anxious care,
Is vaniſh'd into empty air;
Ah, how can I forbear
To join the jocund dance?
To and fro,
Couples go,
On the light fantaſtic toe;
While with glee,
Merrily,
The roſy hours advance.
Come let us, &c.

TRUDGE.

'Sbobs now I'm fix'd for life,
My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife;
Who fears domeſtic ſtrife,
Who cares now a ſouce?
Merry cheer,
My dingy dear,
Shall find with her factotum here,
Night and day,
I'll friſk and play,
About the houſe with Wows.
Come let us, &c.

YARICO.

When firſt the ſwelling ſea,
Hither brought my love to me;
What then my fate would be,
Little did I think:
Doom'd to know,
Care and woe,
Happy ſtill is Yarico;
Since her love
Will conſtant prove,
And nobly ſcorns to ſhrink,
Come let us, &c.

PATTY.

Let Patty ſay a word,
A chamber-maid may ſure be heard;
Sure men are grown abſurd,
Thus taking black for white,
To hug and kiſs
A dingy miſs,
Will hardly ſuit an age like this,
Unleſs here
Some friends appear,
Who like this wedding night.
Come let us, &c.

The Sea Fight.—A Catch.

BOATSWAIN! pipe up, all hands, hoy!
Turn out, ev'ry man and boy!
Make ſail, give chace,
Then ſplice main brace!
A gallant ſhip! my boys, ſhe's French!
In grog and flip here's to each wench.
Loof, boys, higher,
Stand by—fire!
She ſtrikes! ſhe ſtrikes! our's is the day.
A glorious prize—belay, belay!
Capt. *Thompſon.*

Plato's Advice.*

SAYS Plato, why ſhould man be vain,
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why look with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or ſplendid gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction, lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles bore;
The wealth and glory they poſſeſs'd,
And all their honours, are no more.

So glides the meteor thro' the ſky,
And ſpreads along a gilded train:
But, when its ſhort-liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls;—
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls:—
When Jove us calls we muſt obey.

* An alteration of a Poem, written by the Rev. Mr. Mathew (Huſband to the celebrated Letitia) Pilkington—beginning,

"*Why Lycidas, ſhould man be vain?*"

A Soldier for me.

A SOLDIER, a ſoldier, a ſoldier for me,
His arms are ſo bright,
And he looks ſo upright,
So gallant and gay,
When he trips it away,
Who is ſo nice and well powder'd as he?
Sing rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, a dub a dub
dub a dub,
Thunder and plunder,
A ſoldier, a ſoldier, a ſoldier for me.

Each morn when we ſee him upon the parade,
He cuts ſuch a flaſh,
With his gorget and ſaſh,
And makes ſuch ado,
With his gaiters and queue,
Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid,
Sing rub a dub, &c.

Or elſe when he's mounted ſo trim and ſo tall,
With broad ſword in hand,
The whole town command,
Such capers, ſuch prances,
Such ogling, ſuch glances,
Our hearts gallop off, and are left at Whitehall.
Sing taran, tantaran, tantaran, tantaran, tantaran, taran,
Trumpet and thump it,
A ſoldier, a ſoldier, a ſoldier for me.

The thund'ring Drums.

THE thund'ring drums did beat to battle,
And murm'ring cannons, too, did rattle:
The enemy fiercely aſſail'd,
And death with it's horrors prevail'd.
Heavy moans,
Dying groans,
Could be heard midſt the loudeſt alarms!
I fought for your ſake,
Made the enemy quake,
And with conqueſt return to your arms.

Lautrecio and Iſaura;

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN,

By Mr. HOOLE.

IN fam'd Thouloufe a virgin dwelt,
Iſaura was the fair-one's name,
Whoſe charms the young Lautrecio felt,
And ſhe return'd his conſtant flame;

But deaf to pray'rs, their parents ſtern
The ties of mutual love oppoſe:
Ah! thus muſt hearts unpitied burn,
And love but ſpring to nouriſh woes?

Alphonſo, fair Iſaura's ſire,
For her another ſpouſe decrees;
But true to love's firſt blameleſs fire,
She falls and claſps her parents' knees.

" Still, ſtill thy angry threats purſue,
" Till both with life and grief I part:
" To thee a daughter's life is due—
" But ah! Lautrecio claims my heart."

Her aged ſire, whoſe ruthleſs mind
Not love but vengeful paſſion ſway'd,
With galling chains the maid confin'd,
And to a dungeon's gloom convey'd.

Lautrecio, menac'd by his rage,
Before her priſon breathes his groans:
So, near his partner's wiry cage,
The feather'd ſongſter gently moans.

It chanc'd, one night Iſaura fair
Her lover's plaintive ſorrow hears:
Swift to the grate ſhe flies, and there
Beſpeaks him thus with ſtreaming tears:

" My heart's dear choice! aſſuage thy pains,
" Still for my truth diſmiſs thy care:
" And know I lightly feel theſe chains,
" Since 'tis for thee theſe chains I wear.

" Submit me now to fortune's rage,
" And thou to Philip's court remove;
" There let thy val'rous deeds engage
" The prince to aid our faithful love.

" But ere thou goeſt, my hand beſtows
" This only pledge my truth to bind:
" Memorial ſweet! the faireſt roſe,
" The hyacinth and vi'let join'd.

" The wild roſe is the flow'r I prize,
" My favourite hue the vi'let ſhews;
" And well the hyacinth ſupplies
" An emblem of my boſom's woes.

" Theſe flow'rs, to which my lips I ſeal,
" Shall moiſten'd with my tears remain,
" And theſe for ever ſhall reveal
" Our loves, alas! exchang'd in vain."

She ſaid, and through the grated frame
The token to her lover threw,
When ſudden lo! Alphonſo came,
And ſnatch'd her trembling from his view.

To France Lautrecio ſpeeds his way,
But meditates a ſwift return;
While conſcious ſhades his grief betray,
As echoes round Iſaura mourn.

Full ſoon he hears that waſting war
On every ſide for valour calls,
That England's hero (fam'd afar)
Had cloſe beſieg'd his native walls.

Lautrecio now returns in haſte,
And ſoon his feet the fortreſs gain;
He ſees the brave Thouloufans chac'd
In heaps before the hoſtile train.

One warrior ſole, with noble fire
Reſiſts, nor ſhrinks from death diſmay'd,
'Twas fair Iſaura's ancient ſire;
Lautrecio flies to yield him aid.

He whirls his ſword, he ſhouts, he ſaves—
Himſelf the warrior's bulwark ſtands;
Though wounded ſore, the foe he braves,
And ſcatters Edward's routed bands.

But death, alas! his wound purſues,
In honour's field Lautrecio lies;
Alphonſo, turning thence, he views,
And calls him thus with feeble cries:

" Relentleſs fire of her I love,
" In me thy pride a ſon diſdain'd;
" And thus reveng'd, I joy to prove
" That fate which has thy ſafety gain'd.

" Yet grant at leaſt the pray'r I make;
" Iſaura's future griefs diſpel—
" O! tell her, that I bade thee take
" And bear to her my laſt farewell!

" Give her theſe flow'rs, bedew'd with gore,
" Dear pledges of Lautrecio's bliſs;
" But let my dying lips once more
" Imprint on theſe an ardent kiſs."

Such words he ſpoke and breath'd his laſt;
Alphonſo mourn'd his heavy fate;
The flow'rs he took, and ſighing paſs'd
The dreadful tidings to relate.

A few ſhort days ſuffic'd to waſte
The ſad Iſaura's fleeting breath;
But firſt with trembling hand ſhe trac'd
This mournful teſtament in death:

On every year the maid decreed,
In mem'ry of her former woes,
Each flow'r ſhould prove the poet's meed
Whoſe rival ſtrain moſt ſweetly flows.

Her little wealth ſhe left to frame
The myſtick flow'rs in ſhining gold;
And ſtill, obſervant of the dame,
Her country's ſons this cuſtom hold.

The Earl of Murray.

In December 1591, Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell made an attempt to ſeize on the perſon of James VI. but being diſappointed, had retired towards the north. The king gave a commiſſion to George Gordon earl of Huntley, to purſue Bothwell and his followers with fire and ſword. Huntley, to revenge a private quarrel he had againſt James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's, in the night of Feb. 1592, beſet Murray's houſe, burnt it to the ground, and ſlew Murray himſelf.

The preſent lord Murray hath now in his poſſeſſion a picture of his anceſtor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the cuſtom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring ſaid, "You hae ſpilt a better face than your awin." Upon this Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breaſt, ſwore, "You ſhall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceleſs body.

YE Hielands and ye Lawlands
O whar hae ye been?
They have ſlain the earl of Murray
And laid him on the green!

Now wae be to you Huntley!
O wharfore did ye ſae?
I bad you bring him wi you;
But forbad you him to ſlay.

He was a bra galant,
And he rid at the ring;
The bonnie earl of Murray
He micht ha been a king.

He was a bra galant,
And he playd at the ba;
The bonnie earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a.

He was a bra galant,
And he playd at the gluve;
The bonnie earl of Murray
He was the queen's luve.

O lang will his lady
Look owr the caſtle doune,
Ere ſhe ſee the earl of Murray
Cum ſounding throuch the toun!

Price, [Numb. 29] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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The Requeſt.

TELL me, babbling Echo, why
You return me ſigh for ſigh?
When I of ſlighted love complain,
You delight to mock my pain.

Bold intruder, night and day,
Buſy tell-tale hence away!
Me and my cares in ſilence leave.
Come not near me whilſt I grieve.

But if my ſwain, with all his charms,
Returns to bleſs my longing arms,
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,
The joyful tidings to repeat.

Repeat, repeat, repeat thy ſtrain:
Tell it o'er and o'er again.
From morn to night prolong the tale:
Let it ring from vale to vale.

I am not Twenty.

AS thro' the grove, the other day,
I gang'd ſo blithe and bonny,
Who ſhould I meet upon the way,
But my true lover, Jonny:
With eager haſte
He claſp'd my waiſt,
And gave me kiſſes plenty;
Tho' I deny'd,
And thus reply'd,
"Dear lad, I am not twenty."

"What's that to me" the ſhepherd cry'd,
"You're old enough to marry;
"Then come, ſweet girl, and be my bride,
"No longer let us tarry:
"But let's be gone,
"O'er yonder lawn,
"Where lads and laſſes plenty,
"Are fill'd with joy,
"And kiſs and toy,
"Altho' they are not twenty."

I liſten'd to his ſoothing tale,
And gang'd wi' him ſo rarely,
With ſong and pipe he did prevail,
He won my wiſhes fairly:
Oh! he's the lad
That makes me glad,
With kiſſes ſweet in plenty;
So I declare,
By all that's fair,
I'll wed, tho' not quite twenty.

The Girl of my Heart.

SUNG IN THE WOODMAN.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to ſhare of life's gloom my poor part,
The bright ſun-ſhine that ſoften'd the ſcene,
Was, a ſmile from the girl of my heart.

Not a ſwain, when the lark quits her neſt,
But to labour with glee will depart,
If at eve he expects to be bleſt,
With, a ſmile from the girl of his heart.

Come then, croſſes and cares, as they may,
Let my mind ſtill this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day,
Is, a ſmile from the girl of his heart.

Bates Dudley.

Zephyr and the Roſe.

WHEN zephyr, who ſighs for the lover's ſoft bliſs
Salutes by ſurpriſe the coy roſe;
Averting her head ſhe declines his fond kiſs,
Her beautiful lips ſtrives to cloſe:
Though all mildneſs the youth of ſuch fragrance poſſeſs'd,
Tranſported he feeds on her breath;
Nor, thoughtleſs, reflects, while he feels himſelf bleſt
To her who thus bleſſes 'tis death.

Nor, thoughtleſs, &c.

Now cloſer he preſſes! unable to ſpeak,
What muſt the dear innocent feel?
Alarm him, ye dew-drops, that roll down each cheek,
Her anguiſh entreat him to heal:
Ah! bid him beware, leſt a moment of joy,
Of joy, ſpite of honor obtain'd,
The peace of two minds in a moment deſtroy,
That peace which can ne'er be regain'd.

The peace, &c.

The rogue hears ſage prudence, not ſeeming to hear,
And feels, tho' not ſeeming to feel!
His lips check the courſe of each delicate tear,
Then labour her anguiſh to heal:
The breath juſt exhauſted by one ſtolen kiſs,
A thouſand chaſte kiſſes reſtore;
And crimſon'd with bluſhes, her beauty and bliſs
Grow perfect and leſſen no more.

And crimſon'd, &c.

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'Twas near a Purling River Side.

'TWAS near a purling river ſide,
Where bending willows kiſs the tide;
Young Chloe ſat, with head reclin'd,
On flow'ry bank, oppreſs'd in mind.

Her boſom heav'd with throbbing ſighs,
The tears ran trickling from her eyes;
Her face reflected with deſpair,
And ev'ry groan re-echo'd care.

Till grief at laſt gave ſuch a ſtroke,
Her eye-lids clos'd, her heart-ſtrings broke.
Yet, ere ſhe dy'd, in ſolemn tone
She ſpoke theſe words without a groan:

"Farewell, ye meads—farewell, ye bow'rs;
"Tranſlucid ſtreams, and fragrant flow'rs:
"Colin, and earthly joys, adieu;
"No longer I can ſtay with you.

This Day is our own.

PRAY don't ſleep or think,
But give us ſome drink,
For 'faith I'm moſt plaguily dry;
Wine cheers up the ſoul,
Then fill up the bowl,
For ere long, you all know we muſt die.

Yeſterday's gone,
This day is our own,
To-morrow we never may ſee;
Thought cauſes us ſmart,
And eats up the heart;
Then let us be jovial and free.

The world is a cheat,
With a face counterfeit,
And freedom and mirth diſcommends;
But here we will quaff,
Speak our thoughts, ſing, and laugh;
For all here are maſons and friends.

Friendſhip and Wine.

LET the grave, and the gay,
Enjoy life how they may,
My pleaſures their pleaſures ſurpaſs;
Go the world well or ill,
'Tis the ſame with me ſtill,
If I have but my friend and my glaſs.

The lover may ſigh,
The courtier may lie,
And Croeſus his treaſure amaſs;
All the joys are but vain,
That are blended with pain;
So I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

New life wine inſpires,
And creates new deſires,
And oft wins the lover his laſs,
Or his courage prepares
To diſdain the nymph's airs;
So I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

The earth ſucks the rain,
The ſun draws the main,
With the earth we are all in a claſs;
Then enliven the clay,
Let us live while we may,
And I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.

'Tis friendſhip and wine
Only, life can refine:
We care not whate'er comes to paſs
With courtiers, or great men,
There's none of us ſtateſmen:
Come, here's to our friend and our glaſs.

The Night was ſtill.

THE night was ſtill, the air ſerene,
Fann'd by a ſouthern breeze;
The glimm'ring moon might juſt be ſeen,
Reflecting thro' the trees.

The bubbling water's conſtant courſe,
From off th' adjacent hill,
Was mournful Echo's laſt reſource,
All nature was ſo ſtill.

The conſtant ſhepherd ſought this ſhade,
By ſorrow ſore oppreſs'd;
Cloſe by a fountain's margin laid,
His pain he thus expreſs'd:—

"Ah, wretched youth! why didſt thou love,
"Or hope to meet ſucceſs;
"Or think the fair would conſtant prove,
"Thy blooming hopes to bleſs?

"Find me the roſe on barren ſands;
"The lily 'midſt the rocks;
"The grape in wild deſerted lands;
"A wolf to guard the flocks.

"Thoſe you, alas! will ſooner gain,
"And will more eaſy find,
"Than meet with aught but cold diſdain
"In faithleſs womankind.

"Riches alone now win the fair,
"Merit they quite deſpiſe;
"The conſtant lover, thro' deſpair,
"Becauſe not wealthy, dies."

The Roſe-Bud.

SWEET bud! to Laura's boſom go,
And live beneath her eye;
There, in the ſun of beauty blow,
Or taſte of heav'n and die.

Sweet earneſt of the blooming year!
Whoſe dawning beauties ſpeak
The budding bluſh of ſummer near,
The ſummer on her cheek!

Beſt emblem of the nymph I love,
Reſembling beauty's morn,
To Laura's boſom haſte, and prove
One roſe without a thorn.

The Linnet.

AS paſſing by a ſhady grove,
I heard a linnet ſing,
Whoſe ſweetly plaintive voice of love
Proclaims the cheerful ſpring.

His pretty accents ſeem'd to flow
As if he knew no pain;
His downy throat he tun'd ſo ſweet,
It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah! happy warbler, I reply'd,
Contented thus to be;
'Tis only harmony and love
Can be compar'd to thee.

Thus perch'd upon the ſpray, you ſtand
The monarch of the ſhade;
And even ſip ambroſial ſweets,
That flow from ev'ry glade.

Did man poſſeſs but half thy bliſs,
How joyful might he be!
But man was never form'd for this,
'Tis only joy for thee.

Then farewell, pretty bird, I ſaid,
Purſue thy plaintive tale,
And let thy tuneful accents ſpread
All o'er the fragrant vale.

Songs of Shepherds.

SONGS of ſhepherds in ruſtical roundelays,
Form'd on fancy, and whiſtled on reeds,
Sung to ſolace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds:
Sottiſh Silenus, to Phœbus the genius,
Was ſent by dame Venus, a ſong to prepare,
In phraſe nicely coin'd, and verſe quite refin'd,
How the States Divine hunted the hare.

Stars, quite tired with paſtimes Olympical,
Stars and planets, that beautiful ſhone,
Could no longer endure that men only ſhould
Revel in pleaſures, and they but look on;
Round about horned Lucina they ſwarm'd,
And quickly inform'd her how minded they were;
Each god and goddeſs, to take human bodies,
As lords and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaſte Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proſerpine ſat down in her place,
To guide the welkin, and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace.
By her example, their father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they ſoon leave the air:
Neptune the water, and wine Liber pater,
And Mars the ſlaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god, Cupid, was mounted on Pegaſus,
Borrow'd o' the Muſes, with kiſſes and prayers;
Stern Alcides, upon cloudy Caucaſus,
Mounted a Centaur, that proudly him bears.
The poſtillion of the ſky, nimble-heel'd Mercury,
Made his ſwift courſer fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo the paſtime did follow,
To whoop and to hollow, boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narciſſus, from his metamorphoſis,
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take;
Snoring Somnus upſtarted from Cim'ries,
Before, for a thouſand years he didn't awake;
There was lame club-footed Mulciber booted,
And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare;
Eolus flouted; and with mirth Momus ſhouted,
While wiſe Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Grave Hymen uſhers the Lady Aſtrea,
The humour took hold of Latona the cold,
Ceres the brown too with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold,
Shame-fac'd Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maya with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was ſtated too high to be mated,
Altho,' ſir, ſhe hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar,
The Troy-born boy now preſents on his knee;
Jove to Phœbus carouſes in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
Wherewith infuſed, I piped and muſed,
In language unuſed, their ſports to declare,
'Till the vaſt houſe of Jove, like the bright ſpheres did move,
Health to all thoſe who love hunting the hare.

Bacchus, Jove's delightful Boy.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
Gen'rous god of wine and joy,
Still exhilarates my ſoul
With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a feſtive round;
Then I feel in ſparkling wine,
Tranſports delicate, divine.

Then the ſprightly muſic warms;
Song delights, and beauty charms!
Debonair, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

Lingo's Wedding.

AIR—"*Puſh about the Jorum.*"

ONCE more, good friends, Lingo appears,
His heart with joy elate, ſir,
In ſpite of all rude Cudden's ſneers,
I ne'er repine at fate, ſir;
For Cowſlip is my wedded wife,
I am a happy *homus*,
And live a *multious bonus* life,
In *Domino Felix's domus!*

We tripp'd to church, ſo blithe and gay,
Our hearts were void of care, ſir,
Farmer Stump he led the way,
And Cudden too, was there, ſir,
Cowſlip ſhe was dreſt ſo neat,
White mittens on her *manus*,
The *bella mulier* look'd ſo ſweet
And lovely as a *canus*.

The ceremony ſoon was o'er,
And then *magnus* and ſmall, ſir,
With joy and glee ſtraight did repair,
To *Domine Felix*'s hall, ſir,
A *bonus* dinner was prepar'd,
Which ſoon was ſet before e'm;
The ruſtic ſwains ne'er better far'd,
And I ſung *rorum corum*.

Farmer Stump cry'd out "encore,"
(Claſping his jug of ſtingo)
"Such ſinging ne'er was heard before;
"*Braveſſimo!* good Lingo!"
Then, by deſire, I ſung "bow, bow;"
The farmer roſe to ſpeak, ſir,
And in a paſſion ſaid, as how
He waſn't fond of Greek, ſir.

Each *domus* in my praiſe did ring,
We all were ſomewhat mellow;
I aſk'd my Cowſlip for to ſing,
She gave "the charming fellow."
A latin epitaph I ſung,
Expreſſive of my joys, ſir,
With acclamations the hall rung,
In giving me applauſe, ſir.

The ev'ning now was far advanc'd,
We bid the ſwains good night, ſir,
Away they all together danc'd,
Each heart beat with delight, ſir.
If you acquit me with applauſe,
'Twill cheer me with my ſtingo;
I hope you all will back my cauſe,
And wiſh ſucceſs to Lingo.

The Precious Goblet.

SEE! the jolly god appears!
In his hand the bowl he rears!
Quaffing, let me drown my care,
And all thy noble ſpirit ſhare.
Precious goblet! cup divine!
Let me quaff thy roſy wine.

Let my hoary honours grow,
Wrinkles treſpaſs on my brow,
Let them come, prepar'd I ſtand,
And graſp my goblet in my hand.
Precious goblet, &c

Cupid, in my youthful hour,
Led me captive of his pow'r;
Now, with branches from the vine,
I guard me from his dart divine.
Precious goblet, &c.

Bacchus! jolly god, appear!
None but choiceſt friends are here;
Pierce thy oldeſt, deepeſt caſk,
And let us drain the frequent flaſk.
Precious goblet, &c.

Katherine.

IN ancient times in Britain's Isle,
Lord Henry well was known,
No knight in all his days more fam'd,
Nor more deserv'd renown;
His thoughts on honour always ran,
He never bow'd to love;
No lady in the land had charms
His frozen heart to move.

'Midst all the nymphs where Katherine went,
The fairest face she shows,
She was as bright as morning sun,
And sweet as any rose;
Altho' she was of low degree,
She daily conquests gain'd,
For scarce a youth who her beheld,
Escap'd her pow'rful chain.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,
Her cheeks grew pale and wan,
For pining seiz'd her beauteous form,
And cares were all in vain:
This sickness was to all unknown,
Thus did the fair one waste,
Her time in sighs and floods of tears,
Or broken slumbers past.

Once in a dream she call'd aloud,
"O Henry, I'm undone;
"O cruel fate; O helpless maid,
"My love can ne'er be known.
"But 'tis the fate of womankind,
"The truth we must conceal,
"I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
"E're I my love reveal."

A tender friend who watch'd the fair,
To Henry hy'd away;
"My lord" she cries "we've found the cause
"Of Katherine's quick decay;
"She in a dream the secret told,
"Till now no mortal knew:
"Alas! she now expiring lies,
"And dies for love of you.

The generous Henry's soul was struck,
His heart began to flame,
"O poor unhappy maid" he cried,
"Yet I am not to blame;
"O Katherine too, too modest nymph,
"Thy love I never knew,
"I'll ease thy pain"—as swift as wind;
To her bed-side he flew.

"Awake!" he cried, "thou lovely maid,
"Awake, awake my dear,
"If I had only guest thy love,
"Thou ne'er hadst dropt a tear.
"'Tis Henry calls, despair no more,
"Renew thy wonted charms,
"I'm come to call thee back from death,
"And take thee to my arms."

That word reviv'd the lifeless maid,
She rais'd her drooping head;
And smiling on her long lov'd youth,
She started from the bed;
Her arms about his neck she flung,
In extasie she cried:
"Will you be kind, will you indeed!
"Oh! love!" and then she died.

Edward;

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY MR. HEYWOOD.

NOW lilies and roses were seen,
And fragrance perfumed the air;
Now the birds carrol'd sweet on the green,
And their music delighted the ear:

Now the meadows with verdure bedight
Did their charms and their graces display;
Now the shepherds in concerts unite,
They sing, and all nature looks gay:

All save Edward, unhappy young swain,
So brisk and so blithsome before;
With him nature's smiles are in vain,
For Eliza, his love, is no more.

Full oft, where yon slow-gliding brook
Runs sweetly, smooth tinkling by,
The shepherd, reclin'd on his crook,
All sad and despairing wou'd lie.

And oft to yon sad, solemn grove,
Unweeting the swain wou'd repair,
To weep the sad fate of his love,
And utter the plaint of despair.

There, beneath the green canopy'd glade,
Wou'd he walk, and his sorrows bewail;
And still as he mourn'd the fair maid,
Fond echo wou'd mimic the tale.

"Will nothing my anguish remove?
"Ah, never these eyes will be dry!"
Ah, never! ah, never! remurmur'd the grove;
Ah, never! the brook wou'd reply.

When night had resum'd her sad sway,
And Phebe illumin'd the gloom;
To Eliza's green grave wou'd he stray,
And sit and lament on her tomb;

There, hopeless, his fate wou' bewail,
And breathe out his plaint to the air;
Still filling each pause in his tale,
With a heart-rending sigh or a tear.

Then all the night long he has lain,
Unpity'd, unheard, and alone;
Delighting (alas, gentle swain!)
To drain his sad eyes on her stone,

But heav'n had mark'd the sad swain,
(Had mark'd him, and pity'd his woes)
And soon sent relief to his pain;
For death brought his bosom repose.

All on her green grave as he lay,
And with anguish oppress'd, his sad heart
To his sighs could no longer give way;
He felt the keen ease-giving dart.

His death sadden'd all the gay train,
So blithe and so joyous ere while;
No piping was heard on the plain,
No face was bedeck'd with a smile.

All pleasure was banish'd their looks,
And their dress was of mournfullest hue;
While the shepherds entwined their crooks
With garlands of rosem'ry and yew.

And still as the day of his doom
Comes round with the slow-rolling year,
The rustics repair to his tomb,
And embalm his remains with a tear.

Price, [Numb. 30] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humourous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Primroſe Girl.

COME, buy of poor Kate, primroſes I ſell;
Thro' London's fair city I'm known very well.
Tho' my heart is quite ſunk, yet I conſtantly cry,
Come, who'll buy primroſes, who'll buy primroſes,
Who'll buy primroſes, who'll buy, who'll buy.

My friends are all dead, I'm look'd on with ſcorn;
Ah! better for me I had never been born:
Tho' I'm poor I am honeſt, and oft heave the ſigh,
While crying primroſes, who'll buy primroſes, *&c.*

To virtue when thus with ſorrow allied,
The tear of compaſſion will not be denied;
Then pity poor Kate, who plaintively cries,
Come, who'll buy primroſes, who'll buy, *&c.*

Coming thro' the Craigs o' Kyle.

COMING thro' the Craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonny blooming heather,
There I met a bonny laſſie,
Keeping a' her ewes together.
O'er the moor amang the heather,
O'er the moor amang the heather,
There I met a bonny laſſie,
Keeping a' her ewes together.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether,
She ſays, "I tent the fleecy flocks
"That feed amang the blooming heather.
"O'er the moor, *&c.*
"O'er the moor, *&c.*
She ſays, "I tent the fleecy flocks,
"That feed amang the blooming heather."

We ſat us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and ſunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.
O'er the moor, *&c.*
O'er the moor, *&c.*
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

She charm'd my heart and ay ſinſyne
I can na think on any ither,
By ſea and ſky ſhe ſhall be mine,
The bonny laſs amang the heather.
O'er the moor, *&c.*
O'er the moor, *&c.*
By ſea and ſky ſhe ſhall be mine,
The bonny laſs amang the heather.

Gin a Body meet a Body.

GIN a body meet a body, coming thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiſs a body need a body cry?
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane ha'e I,
But a' the lads they loo me weel, and what the deuce care I?

Gin a body meet a body coming thro' the broom,
Gin a body kiſs a body need a body gloom?
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane ha'e I,
But a' the lads they loo we weel, and what the deuce care I?

The Unfortunate Beauty.

SAY, lovely maid, with downcaſt eye,
And cheek with ſilent ſorrow pale,
What gives thy heart the length'ned ſigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chaſe,
Beſpeak a breaſt o'erwhelm'd with woe;
Thy ſighs a ſtorm that wrecks my peace,
Which ſouls like mine ſhould never know.

Oh! tell me, does ſome favour'd youth,
Too often bleſt, thy beauties ſlight,
And leave thoſe thrones of love and truth,
That lip and boſom of delight?

What tho' to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond impaſſion'd tear;
Breathes all the eloquence of ſighs,
That treach'rous won thy artleſs ear.

Let not thoſe nymphs thy anguiſh move,
For whom his heart may ſeem to pine;
That heart can ne'er be bleſt with love.
Whoſe guilt could force a pang from thine.

Peter Pindar.

Ariel's Song in the Tempeſt.

WHERE the bee ſucks, there lurk I;
In a cowſlip's bed I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back do I fly
After ſun-ſet, merrily,
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Shakeſpear.

PUBLISHED at N°. IO, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
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The Sheep-Shearers.

SUNG IN THE WINTER'S TALE.

COME, come, my good ſhepherds, our flocks we muſt ſhear;
In your holiday ſuits with your laſſes appear;
The happieſt of folks are the guiltleſs and free;
And who are ſo guiltleſs, ſo happy as we?

We harbour no paſſions by luxury taught;
We practiſe no arts with hypocriſy fraught;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes?
For, knowing no falſhood, we need no diſguiſe.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we as the children of nature are bred—
By her hand alone we are painted and dreſt;
For the roſes will bloom, when there's peace in the breaſt.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet cheerfulneſs open our door,
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the poor.

When love has poſſeſs'd us, that love we reveal,
Like the flocks that we feed, are the paſſions we feel;
So harmleſs and ſimple we ſport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

Down the Burn, Davy, Love.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And flow'rs were fair to ſee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'ee;
Blithe Davy's looks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free;
"Gang down the burn, Davy love,
"And I will follow thee."

Now Davy did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn ſide;
And Mary was a bonny laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride:
Her cheeks were roſy red, and white,
Her eyes were azure blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And nothing, ſure, unmeet!
For, ganging home, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a walk ſo ſweet:
His cheek to her's he fondly laid;
She cry'd, "ſweet love be true;
"And when a wife, as now a maid,
"To death I'll follow you."

When Peace here was reigning.

WHEN peace here was reigning,
And love without waining,
Or care or complaing,
Baſe paſſions diſdaining;
This, this was my way,
With my pipe and my tabor
I laugh'd down the day,
Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

Now ſad transformation
Runs thro' the whole nation;
Peace, love, recreation,
All chang'd to vexation;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

While all are deſigning,
Their friends undermining,
Reviling, repining,
To miſchief inclining;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

The laſt time I came o'er the Muir.

THE laſt time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me;
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall centre.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps to cover;
On Greenland's ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the muir,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

Etrick Banks.

ON Etrick banks, in a ſummer's night,
At glowing when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſy, braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a'her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiſs'd and clap'd her there fou lang;
My words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid, my laſſy, will ye go
To the highland hills, the Earſe to learn;
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, froſts, and ſnaw begin;
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when you ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring:
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid the lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh and kiſs, and dance and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

The Birth of May.

WHEN rural lads and laſſes gay,
Proclaim'd the birth of roſy May,
When round the may-pole, on the green,
The ruſtic dancers all are ſeen;
'Twas there young Jockey met my view,
His like before I never knew;
He pip'd ſo ſweet, and danc'd ſo gay,
Alas! he danc'd my heart away.

At eve, when cakes and ale went round,
He plac'd him next me on the ground,
With harmleſs mirth, and pleaſing jeſt,
He ſhone more bright than all the reſt;
He talk'd of love, and preſs'd my hand,
Ah! who could ſuch a youth withſtand?
Well pleas'd I heard what he could ſay;
Alas! he ſtole my heart away.

He often heav'd a tender ſigh,
While rapture ſparkled in his eye;
So winning was his grace and air,
He might the coldeſt heart enſnare:
But when he aſk'd me for his bride,
I promis'd ſoon, and ſoon comply'd:
What nymph on earth could ſay him nay?
Alas! he ſtole my heart away.

Amo, Amas.

AMO, amas,
I love a laſs,
As a cedar tall and ſlender,
Sweet cowſlips grace
Is her *nominative* caſe,
And ſhe's of the *feminine gender*.
Rorum corum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum ſcarum divo:
Tag, rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum, genitivo.

Can I *decline*,
A nymph devine?
Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*,
Her *oculus* bright,
Her *manus* white,
And ſoft, when I *tacto* her pulſe is.
Rorum corum, &c.

O how *bella*,
My *puella*:
I'll kiſs her *ſecula ſeculorum*:
If I've luck, ſir,
She's my *uxor*,
O dies benedictorum.
Rorum corum, &c.

O'Keefe.

Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee, all the while,
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd, a ſubtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horror thrill'd,
My feeble pulſe forgot to play;
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

Sir James the Roſs.

AN OLD BALLAD.

OF all the Scottiſh Northern chiefs,
Of his high warlike name,
The braveſt was Sir James the Roſs,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir
That crowns the mountain's brow,
And waving o'er his ſhoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Roſs,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the ſword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he ſtood
Againſt the Engliſh keen,
Ere two-and-twenty op'ning ſprings
This blooming youth had ſeen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rair,
Even Marg'ret on the Scottiſh throne
Was never half ſo fair,

Lang had he woo'd, lang ſhe refus'd
With ſeeming ſcorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confeſs'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At laſt ſhe bleſs'd his well-try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their paſſion diſapprov'd,
And bade her wed Sir John the Graham,
And leave the youth ſhe lov'd.

At night they met as they were wont,
Deep in a ſhady wood,
Where on the bank beſide the burn,
A blooming ſaugh-tree ſtood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graham,
To hear what they would ſay.

When thus the maid began:—"My ſire
"Your paſſion diſapproves,
"And bids me wed Sir John the Graham,
"So here muſt end our loves!

"My father's will muſt be obey'd,
"Nought boots me to withſtand;
"Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
"Shall bleſs thee with her hand.

"Matilda ſoon ſhall be forgot,
"And from thy mind defac'd;
"But may that happineſs be thine
"Which I can never taſte".

"What do I hear? Is this thy vow?"
Sir James the Roſs reply'd,
"And will Matilda wed the Graham,
"Tho' ſworn to be my bride?

"His ſword ſhall ſooner pierce my heart
"Than reave me of thy charms!"
Then claſp'd her to his beating breaſt,
Faſt lock'd within her arms.

"I ſpeak to try thy love," ſhe ſaid,
"I'll ne'er wed man but thee;
"The grave ſhall be my bridal bed,
"Ere Graham my huſband be.

"Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiſs,
"In witneſs of my troth,
"And every plague become my lot,
"That day I break my oath."

They

They parted thus: the fight was set,
Up haſt'ly Donald flies,
"And turn thee, turn thee, beardleſs youth,"
He loud inſulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearleſs chief,
And ſoon his ſword he drew,
For Donald's blade before his breaſt
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

"This for my brother's ſlighted love,
"His wrongs ſit on my arm:"
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And ſav'd himſelf frae harm.

Returing ſwift his hand he rear'd
Frae Donald's head above,
And thro' the brains and craſhing bones
His ſharp edg'd weapon drove.

He ſtagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathleſs clay;
"So fall my foes!" quoth valiant Roſs,
And ſtately ſtrode away.

Thro' the green wood he quickly hy'd,
Unto lord Buchan's hall,
And at Matilda's window ſtood,
And thus began to call:

"Art thou aſleep, Matilda dear!
"Awake, my love, awake;
"Thy luckleſs lover calls on thee,
"A long farewell to take.

"For I have ſlain fierce Donald Graham,
"His blood is on my ſword;
"And diſtant are my faithful men,
"Nor can aſſiſt their lord.

"To Skye I'll now direct my way,
"Where my two brothers bide,
"And raiſe the valiant of the iſles
"To combat on my ſide."

"O, do not ſo!" the maid replies,
"With me till morning ſtay,
"For dark and dreary is the night,
"And dangerous is the way:

"All night I'll watch you in the park;
"My faithful page I'll ſend,
"To run and raiſe the Roſs's clan,
"Their maſter to defend."

Beneath a buſh he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid;
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At diſtance ſtood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lowly glen
He met the furious ſir John Graham,
With twenty of his men.

"Where go'ſt thou, little page?" he ſaid
"So late who did thee ſend?"
"I go to raiſe the Roſs's clan,
"Their maſter to defend;

"For he has ſlain fierce Donald Graham,
"His blood is on his ſword,
"And far, far diſtant are his men,
"That ſhould aſſiſt their lord."

"And has he ſlain my brother dear?"
The furious Graham replies,
"Diſhonour blaſt my name! but he
"By me, ere morning, dies.

"Tell me, where is ſir James the Roſs?
"I will thee well reward;"
"He ſleeps within lord Buchan's park;
"Matilda is his guard."

They ſpurr'd their ſteeds in furious mood,
And ſcour'd along the lea;
They reach'd lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda ſtood without the gate,
To whom thus Graham did ſay;
"Saw ye Sir James the Roſs, laſt night,
"Or did he paſs this way?"

"Laſt day at noon," Matilda ſaid,
"Sir James the Roſs paſs'd by,
"He furious prick'd his ſweaty ſteed,
"And onward faſt did hy.

"By this he is at Edinburgh croſs,
"If horſe and man hold good"—
"Your page then ly'd, who ſaid he was
"Now ſleeping in the wood."

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
"Brave Roſs! thou art betray'd,
"And ruin'd by thoſe very means
"From whence I hop'd thine aid."

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
The virgin's ſhriek he heard;
And up he roſe, and drew his ſword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

"Your ſword laſt night my brother ſlew,
"His blood yet dims its ſhine;
"But ere the ſetting of the ſun,
"Your blood ſhall reek on mine."

"You word it well," the chief return'd,
"But deeds approve the man,
"Set by your men, and hand to hand
"We'll try what valour can.

"Of boaſting hides a coward's heart,
"My weighty ſword you fear,
"Which ſhone in front of Flodden field,
"When you kept in the rear."

With dauntleſs ſtep he forward ſtrode,
And dar'd him to the fight;
But Graham gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the braveſt four,
Sunk down beneath his ſword;
But ſtill he ſcorn'd the poor revenge,
And ſought their haughty lord.

Behind him baſely Graham came,
And pierc'd him in the ſide,
Out ſpouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans died.

But yet his ſword quit not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
'Till thro' his en'my's heart, his ſteel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Graham like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathleſs on the clay,
And down beſide him ſunk the Roſs,
And faint and dying lay.

The ſad Matilda ſaw him fall,
"O ſpare his life!" ſhe cried,
"Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
"Let her not be deny'd.

Her well known voice the hero heard,
He raisd' his half-cloſ'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

"In vain Matilda begs the life
"By Death's arreſt deny'd;
"My race is run!—Adieu, my love!"
Then cloſ'd his eyes and dy'd.

The ſword, yet warm, from his left ſide
With frantic hand ſhe drew;
"I come, Sir James the Roſs," ſhe cried,
"I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt againſt the ground,
And bar'd her ſnowy breaſt,
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And ſunk to endleſs reſt.

[Numb. 31]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Roundelay.

SUNG IN THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

IN my pleaſant native plains,
Wing'd with bliſs each moment flew;
Nature there inſpir'd the ſtrains,
Simple as the joys I knew:
Jocund morn and ev'ning gay,
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Fields and flocks and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and eaſe impart,
Call'd for artleſs muſic's power,
Faithful echoes to the heart.
Happy hours for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial ſpring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove,
Who, ſweet birds, have heard you ſing,
Would not join the ſong of love?
Your ſweet notes and chauntings gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Bonny Charley.

O DEARLY do I love to rove
Among the fields of barley,
'Twas there that Charley told his love,
The blithe the winſome Charley;
Then he ſo ſu'd, and he ſo woo'd,
And marriage was the parley,
What could I do but buckle too,
With bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, bonny boy,
My bonny, bonny Charley;
O my bonny, bonny boy,
My bonny, bonny Charley.

I ken the laſſes rue the day
I ſought the field of barley;
And ſtrive to win from me away,
The heart of winſome Charley;
But, ah! how vain, they canna gain
His love, by all their parley;
And now they ſee he woos but me,
My bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

O ilka bleſſing on the laird
That owns the fields of barley;
And ken I him alone regard,
For he is winſome Charley:
The gentle youth, with pureſt truth,
So woos me late and early:
I can't withſtand to give my hand
To bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

William and Caroline.

'TWAS at the break of day we ſpy'd
The ſignal to unmoor,
Which ſleepleſs Caroline deſcry'd,
Sweet maid, from Goſport ſhore:
The freſh'ning gale at length aroſe,
Her heart began to ſwell,
Nor could cold fear the thought oppoſe,
Of bidding me farewell.

In open boat, the mine of worth
Soon reach'd our veſſel's ſide,
Soon too ſhe found her William's birth,
But ſought me not to chide:
"Go" ſhe exclaim'd "for Fame's a cauſe
"A female ſhould approve;
"For, who that's true to honour's laws
"Is ever falſe to love.

"My heart is loyal, ſcorns to fear,
"Nor will it ever fail,
"Tho' war's unequal wild career
"Should William's life aſſail.
"Tho' death 'gainſt thee exert his ſway,
"Oh! truſt me, but the dart
"That wounded thee will find its way
"To Caroline's true heart.

"Should conqueſt, in fair form array'd,
"Thy loyal efforts crown,
"In Goſport will be found a maid
"That lives for thee alone:
"May girls, with hearts ſo firm and true
"To love and glory's cauſe,
"Meet the reward they have in view,
"The meed of free applauſe."

Beneath this Green Willow.

BENEATH this green willow,
My Phœbé's retreat,
The ſoft turf her ſeat,
My boſom her pillow,
What tranſports I knew!
How bleſt the hours flew!
Ah! willow!
Beneath this green willow.

But long tempeſt-toſt,
Now Phœbe is loſt
On life's ſtormy billow,
I ſit all alone
And make my ſad moan,
Ah! willow!
Beneath this green willow.

The Village Maiden.

WHEN firſt I ſaw the village maiden,
Like Cymon, motionleſs I ſtood,
'Twas Iphigenia's ſelf appearing,
So lovely, beautiful and good:
Her cheeks outbluſh'd the rip'ning roſe,
Her ſmiles would baniſh mortal's woes,
So ſweet the village maiden.

Clariſſa's eyes all eyes attracting,
Her breath Arabian ſpices feign,
For her, like ore, would av'rice wander,
And venture all the prize to gain:
I told my love with many fears,
Which ſhe return'd with ſpeaking tears,
Then ſighed the village maiden.

She ſigh'd becauſe ſhe had no riches,
To make her lady-like and gay:
Tho' virtue was her only portion,
I dar'd to name the wedding day:
The care of wealth let knaves endure,
I ſhall be rich and envied ſure,
To gain the village maiden.

Vive la Bagatelle.

IN vain the grave and wiſe,
The thoughtful and the ſage,
Would teach us to deſpiſe
The joys that ſuit our age:
Youth's the ſeaſon to be gay,
Then ſmile each beau and belle,
To joy we'll give the day,
Ah!—vive la Bagatelle.

The laughing hours invite
To ſport while young and gay,
With love and ſoft delight
Our minutes paſs away;
Old age and care they ſay
O'ertake each beau and belle;
Who'd meet ſuch foes half way?
Ah!—vive la Bagatelle.

Je Penſe a Vous.

JE penſe a vous—where'er I ſtray,
While ſorrow marks my lonely way;
The ſports of ſpring unmov'd I view,
Alone I ſigh and think of you.
Je penſe a vous.

Ah! why in abſence do I mourn,
Why vainly wiſh for your return;
While tranſient pleaſures you purſue,
Alone I ſigh and think of you.
Je penſe a vous.

Come then to chear our native plain,
Return to bleſs our conſtant ſwain;
With love reward a love ſo true.
O think of him who thinks on you.
Je penſe a vous.

Patty Clover.

WHILE little on the village green,
We play'd, I learn'd to love her:
She ſeem'd to me ſome fairy queen,
So light tripp'd Patty-Clover.

With ev'ry ſimple childiſh art
I try each day to move her;
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart,
To give to Patty Clover.

The faireſt flow'rs to deck her breaſt
I choſe—an infant lover:
I ſtole the goldfinch from its neſt,
To give to Patty Clover.

The Fox Chaſe.

AT the ſound of the horn,
We riſe in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along;
Yoix, yoix, tally-o,
After Reynard we go,
While echo on echo redoubles the ſong.

Not the ſteeds of the ſun,
Our brave courſers outrun,
O'er the mound, horſe and hound, ſee us bound in full cry;
Like Phœbus we riſe,
To the height of the ſkies,
And, careleſs of danger, five bars we defy.
We waken the woods, &c.

At eve, ſir, we ruſh,
And are cloſe at his bruſh,
Already he dies—ſee him panting for breath:
Each feat and defeat,
We renew and repeat,
Regardleſs of life ſo we're in at the death.
We waken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
We prolong the delight,
Much Trimbuſh we praiſe, and the deeds that were done:
And yoix tally-o,
The next morning we go,
With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the ſun.
We waken the woods, &c.

Lovely Anna.

WHEN lovely Anna firſt I view'd,
Amid' the num'rous throng:
Fearful my heart ſhould be ſubdu'd,
I thus addreſs'd my ſong—
Sweet Son of beauty now forbear
Thy bow to bend in vain;
Not once enchain'd to all that's dear,
My freedom I'll maintain.

With ſcornful look the youth reply'd:
Can nought thoſe charms inſpire?
To ſuch the gods would be ally'd,
Perfection all admire:
He ſtraight let fly an arrow keen,
A chaſm wide was op'd;
Soft pleaſure flow'd, I view'd her mein,
To gain her all I hop'd.

Guardian Angels.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,
Send, ah! ſend the youth I love;
Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,
Lead me through the myrtle grove.
Bear my ſighs, ſoft-floating air,
Say I love him to deſpair,
Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wiſh to live.

'Mid ſecluded dells I wander,
Silent as the ſhades of night;
Near ſome bubbling rill's meander,
Where he erſt has bleſt my ſight:
There to weep the night away,
There to waſte in ſighs the day.
Think, fond youth, what vows you ſwore,
And muſt I never ſee thee more?

Then recluſe ſhall be my dwelling,
Deep in ſome ſequeſter'd vale;
There with mournful cadence ſwelling,
Oft repeat my love-ſick tale:
And the lark and Philomel
Oft ſhall hear a virgin tell
What the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happineſs, and you.

Lenora.

A GERMAN BALLAD.

The following Ballad is in such estimation at present in London, that an Edition of it, adorned with elegant Engravings, is now selling at the enormous Price of One Guinea.——The Author, Godfrey Augustus Burger, *receiver of the Land-tax at Wollmershausen, in Germany, and Author of the Wild Huntsman, and many other celebrated Pieces.*

FROM frightful dreams *Lenora* rose
Before the dawn of day.—
" Has *William* broke his plighted vows?
" Why this unkind delay?
" King *Frederick's* battles he had fought,
" And in the field of *Prague* had fought,
" And had not told his faithful bride
" If good or ill did him betide."

No more the hostile pow'rs engage,
Nor stain with blood the field;
To peace is hush'd their mighty rage;
Now rest the sword and shield.
The warlike drum, the martial fife
No more awake the direful strife,
But now with peaceful laurels crown'd
The hero beats the festive ground.

Now ev'ry way and ev'ry street
Teems with the mingl'd throng—
Eager the coming host to greet
All as they pass along.
" Thank heaven!" cry'd many a happy bride:
" Thank heaven!" each happy spouse reply'd.
Lenora, hapless and forlorn,
Was left alone to weep, to mourn.

Urg'd by alternate hope and fear,
She join'd the virgin train:
She sought, she call'd her *William* dear;
But sought or call'd in vain.
And now in madness of despair
Wildly she tears her raven hair,
And flings herself upon the ground;
Her plaints the rocks and woods resound.

Her mother hasten's to her aid—
" Heaven guard us from alarms!
" My dearest child, why thus dismay'd?"
And lock'd her in her arms.
" O mother! lost! for ever lost!
" Farewell vain world and all ye boast!
" Will heav'n itself no pity take?
" On me, poor me, its vengeance wreak!

" All gracious God! thy children save!
" To him, *Lenora* bend!
" With humble gratitude receive
" Whatever he doth send."
" O mother! all my prayers are vain
" Heav'n is unkind, I will complain:
" The bitterest sorrows are my share,
" What, what avails my slighted prayer?"

" Who knows the Father, knows him bent
" His children dear to aid:
" The ever holy sacrament
" Will calm the mind dismay'd."
" No, mother! to this aching heart
" No sacrament can peace impart;
" No sacrament can life restore
" To him, ah me! who is no more."

" But what if *William*, faithless now,
" In distant *Ungerland*, *
" Forgets to you his plighted vow
" And eke his promis'd hand?

* The Name of *Hungary*.

" Let him forget—perfidious man!
" Shew who you are and what you can:
" One day, may hap, himself may prove
" The pangs that wait on injur'd love."

" O mother! what can bring relief?
" From me he's ever torn!
" Death, death alone, can end my grief!
" O, had I ne'er been born!
" Shine not to me, ye hated light—
" Welcome ye dreary shades of night!
" Will heav'n itself no pity take?
" On me, poor me, its vengeance wreak."—

" All gracious heav'n in pity look
" On my poor hapless child!
" Her sins accord not in thy book!
" Heal her disorder—wild!
" O child! forget thine earthly love,
" And think on God and bliss above:
" Thy only portion he can be
" Through ages of eternity."

" O mother, what is bliss above?
" Or what is hell below?
" Without my all, my dearest love,
" Not Heaven can bliss bestow.
" Shine not to me, ye hated light!
" Welcome ye dreary shades of night!
" Will heav'n itself no pity take?
" On me, poor me, its vengeance wreak."

Thus mad'ning rage, and wild despair
Boil'd in her throbbing veins.
Of God's all providential care,
No reverence she maintains.
She tears her hair, and beats her breast,
Till weary sinks the sun to rest,
Until the star-be-spangled sky
Hangs out the silver lamps on high.

When sudden, hark!—trip! trap! trip! trap!
It seem'd a horse's tread.
A rider lights,—rip! rap! rip! rap!
In shining steel y' clad.
And hark! anon the gateway ring
So soft and gently, kling! ling! ling!
But when to open none appear'd,
All through the grate these words were heard:

" Hola! hola! arise my love;
" Asleep! or art thou waking?
" To me still faithful dost thou prove!
" Art grief or joy partaking?"
" Ah *William!* thou! so late by night?
" Sleepless I wait the morning light!
" Whence com'st thou—at so late an hour?
" Ah! didst thou know what I endure."

" Midnight's the hour; I left but late
" *Bohemia's* distant land,
" For you I come; I cannot wait;
" Up! reach to me your hand."
" Ah! *William*, stay! 'tis cold; come in;
" The hawthorn whistles to the wind!
" Come, dearest, to my longing arms,
" And guard me henceforth from alarms."

" The thorn may whistle to the wind,
" And bleak the night may blow,
" I can't, my dearest, can't come in,
" But with me you must go.
" Haste! up! and set yourself behind,
" Tho' cold the night and bleak the wind;
" A hundred miles we must be sped
" Before we reach the bridal bed."

Ah! distant

" Ah! diſtant far the bridal bed;
" This night a hundred miles!
" Hark!—ten,—eleven,—the night's far fled,
" Or me the hour beguiles."
" Come, deareſt, come! the moon ſhines bright:
" We and the dead fly ſwift as light!
" This night I promiſe thee to wed,
" And bring thee to the bridal bed."

" Where is your chamber?" " Far from hence."
" And where your marriage bed?"
" Cold, dark, and loneſome! far from hence,
" Yet there we muſt be wed!"
" There's room for me?—For thee and me;
" Art ready? ſoon thyſelf ſhalt ſee;
" The marriage gueſts already wait,
" And open ſtands the narrow gate."

Now in her bride's apparel dreſt,
She mounted up behind,
And round her lover's faithful waiſt,
Her lily arms ſhe twin'd.
And now they ſpeed it—hop! hop! hop!
And now they fly at great gallop!
Hurra! the rider!—ſnort, the horſe!
The ſparkling cauſeway marks their courſe.

As on they paſs on either hand,
Flies village, field, and hedge:
Swift they traverſe the open land,
And croſs the thund'ring bridge.
" Afraid, my love?—The moon ſhines bright;
" We and the dead fly ſwift as light!
" Afraid, my deareſt, of the dead?"
" An, no!"—" but why?"—" Let reſt the dead.

" But hark! methinks I hear a ſong:
" The ravens croaking ſit,
" The bell, too, tingles—ding! ding! dong!"
" Duſt to the duſt commit!"
And now the train approach more near,
They bear a coffin on a bier;
And ſlowly as they move along,
Wailing they raiſe their plaintive ſong.

" Duſt to duſt you may commit
" After the midnight hour;
" My time will no delay admit;
" We haſte to bridal bower.
" Come with me, Chorus, come along,
" Come, ſing to me the bridal ſong;
" Come, holy prieſt, and ſay the pray'r,
" Ere we for bridal bed prepare."

Ding! dong! ſing! ſong! down ſinks the bier,
Obedient to his call;
And brattling after runs the choir,
The holy prieſt withal.
Still on they ſpeed it—hop! hop! hop!
And now they fly at great gallop!
Hurra! the rider!—ſnort, the horſe!
The ſparkling cauſeway marks their courſe.

All as they paſs, on left and right,
How flies hedge, tree, and mead!
How flies the village! ſwift as light!
So wond'rous faſt they ſpeed.
" Afraid, my love? The moon ſhines bright,
" We and the dead fly ſwift as light!
" Afraid, my deareſt, of the dead?"
" Ah, no! my dear, let reſt the dead."

" See there! ſee there! an airy band
" Dance round the bloody wheel!*
" Half viſible: aloof they ſtand,
" And now again they reel."
" Come, airy elves—come, haſte! agree!
" Come quickly—come, and follow me!
" Come dance to me the wedding ring!
" The chorus follows on to ſing."

Faſt, faſt they follow—huſh! huſh! huſh!
The horſe's heels behind,
Like ruſtling leaves on hazel buſh,
When ſhook by winter's wind.
Still on they ſpeed it—hop! hop! hop!
And now they fly at great gallop!
Hurra! the rider!—ſnort, the horſe!
The ſparkling cauſeway marks their courſe.

How flew all underneath the moon!
How woods and mountains flew!
Rocks, woods, and mountains—diſtant ſoon,
As they their courſe purſue.
" Afraid, my love?—The moon ſhines bright;
" We and the dead fly ſwift as light;
" Afraid, my deareſt, of the dead?"
" Huſh! huſh! my love; let reſt the dead."

" Ha! ha! here comes the morning air;
" I ſmell it in the wind;
" And yonder calls friend chanticlee:
" Off! get thee from behind!
" Well ſped our journey—love, well ſped—
" See, ready ſtands the marriage bed—
" How ſwift we fly!—how vaſt the ſpace!—
" Here is, my love, here is the place!"

And now an iron gate oppos'd;
Rap! rap! upon the ground—
Wide up it flew, the path diſclos'd,
Sudden with cracking ſound.
Breaking the folding doors up flew;
Onward o'er graſs-grown graves they drew;
While glimm'ring in the moon's pale light,
The whit'ned grave-ſtones riſe to ſight.

But what new wonder now took place?
How horrible to tell!
The rider's habit, piece by piece,
In mould'ring tatters fell!
Death's ghaſtly form, no more conceal'd,
In all its terrors ſtood reveal'd;
A threat'ning ſcythe his right hand fill'd,
The fatal ſand the other held.

Now wildly rears the ſnorting ſteed,
And ſtrikes the op'ning ground:
His noſtrils flaſh; he bounds with ſpeed
Into the gulf profound.
The air is fill'd with diſmal ſounds;
With hollow groans the earth reſounds;
Lenora pale and trembling ſtood;
Dire horror chill'd her freezing blood.

Pale ſhone the moon—the ghoſts ariſe,
And dance their mazy round;
Yelling they raiſe their hideous cries;
The moſs-grown vaults reſound:—
" With patience bear thy lot ſevere;
" God's providence, all wiſe, revere;
" Inſtant prepare, death is thy doom."
And down ſhe ſinks into the tomb.

* On which Criminals are placed by the Highway.

Price, [Numb. 32] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language; worth preſerving—forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humourous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Gondolier.

SOON as the buſy day is o'er,
And evening comes with pleaſant ſhade,
We gondoliers from ſhore to ſhore,
Merrily ply our jovial trade.
And while the moon ſhines on the ſtream,
And as ſoft muſic breathes around,
The feathering oar returns the gleam,
And dips in concert to the ſound.

Down by ſome convent's mould'ring walls
Oft' we hear the enamour'd youth—
Softly the watchful fair he calls,
Who whiſpers vows of love and truth.
And while the moon, &c.

And oft' where the Rialto ſwells,
With happier pairs we circle round,
Whoſe ſecret ſighs fond echo tells,
Whoſe murmur'd vows ſhe bids reſound.
And while the moon, &c.

Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,
That fearful love muſt own its ſighs;
Then ſmiles the maid to hear reveal'd,
How more than ever ſhe complies.
And while the moon, &c.

The Village Maid.

CHARMING village maid,
If thou wilt be mine,
In gold and pearls array'd,
All my wealth is thine.
If not enjoy'd with thee,
E'en nature's beauties fade:
Sweeteſt, do but love me—
Charming village maid.

Had I yon ſhepherd's care,
Your lambs to feed and fold,
The dog-ſtar's heat I'd bear,
And winter's piercing cold;
Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,
At harrow, flail or ſpade:
Sweeteſt, do but love me—
Charming village maid.

This morn at early dawn,
I had a hedge-roſe wild,
Its ſweets perfum'd the lawn,
'Twas ſportive nature's child,
My lovely fair, for thee
Tranſplanted from the glade.
Sweeteſt, do but love me—
Charming village maid.

Ceaſe awhile, ye Winds, to blow.

CEASE awhile, ye winds, to blow,
Ceaſe ye roaring ſtreams to flow;
Huſh'd be ev'ry other noiſe,
I want to hear my lover's voice.
Ceaſe, &c

Here's the brook, the rock, the tree,
Hark! a ſound! I think 'tis he!
'Tis not he, yet night comes on,
Where's my lovely wand'rer gone.
Ceaſe, &c

Loud I'll ſpeak to make him hear,
'Tis I who calls my true love dear;
The time is come, why this delay?
Alas! my wand'rer's loſt his way.
Ceaſe, &c.

Tho' late I was plump, round and jolly.

THO' late I was plump, round and jolly,
I now am as thin as a rod;
Oh! love is the cauſe of my folly,
And ſoon I'll lie under the clod.
Dootherum, doodle-adgity, nagety, tragedy rum,
Gooſetrum, foodle idgity, fidgety, nidgity mun.

Dear Kathleen, then why did you flout me,
A lad that's ſo faithful and warm;
Oh! ev'ry thing's handſome about me,
My cabin and ſnug little farm.
Dootherum, &c.

What tho' I have ſcrap'd up no money,
No duns at my chamber attend;
On Sunday I ride on my poney,
And ſtill have a bit for a friend.
Dootherum, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The ſparrow, the pidgeon, and dove;
Oh! how all this courting confounds me,
When I look and think of my love.
Dootherum, &c.

The Kiſs repaid.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiſs,
I, alas, am quite undone;
'Twas ſo ſweet, ſo fraught with bliſs,
Thouſands will not pay that one.

Leſt the debt ſhould break your heart,
Roguiſh Chloe ſmiling, cries,
Come, a thouſand then in part,
For the preſent ſhall ſuffice.

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Omnia Vincit Amor.

AIR,—"*Catharine Ogie.*"

AS I went forth to view the ſpring,
Which Flora had adorned,
In raiment fair; now ev'ry thing
The rage of winter ſcorned:
I caſt mine eye, and did eſpy
A youth who made great clamour,
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Upon his breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful ſong,
With ſighs he did deliver.
Ah! Jenny's face and comely grace,
Her looks that ſhin'd like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For, omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy een like comets ſheen,
The morning ſun out-ſhining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And make me die with pining.
Durſt I complain, Nature's to blame,
So curiouſly to frame her,
Whoſe beauties rare, make me with care
Cry, omnia vincit amor.

Ye chryſtal ſtreams that ſwiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning!
Ye fragrant fields, and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her ſcorning:
Let e'ery tree a witneſs be,
How juſtly I may blame her:
Ye chanting birds, note theſe my words,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
She long had been admir'd,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
Thus ſaid, his breath began to fail,
He cou'd not ſpeak, but ſtammer;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
But, omnia vincit amor.

When I obſerv'd him near to death,
I ran in haſte to ſave him,
But quickly he reſign'd his breath;
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for his ſake, this vow I'll make,
My tongue ſhall ay defame her:
While on his hearſe I'll write this verſe,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Straight I conſider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found tho' Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith moſt mighty.
For warlike Mars and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his hammer,
Did ever prove the ſlaves of love,
For, omnia vincit amor.

Hence we may ſee th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break aſunder:
Nor wiſe, nor fool, need go to ſchool,
To learn this from his grammar;
His heart's the book where he's to look,
For omnia vincit amor.

As Jamie gay, gang'd blithe his way.

AS Jamie gay, gang'd blithe his way,
Along the banks of Tweed,
A bonny laſs, as ever was,
Came tripping o'er the mead:
The hearty ſwain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph ſurvey'd:
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Beſpeak the pretty maid.

"Dear laſſie tell, why by thine ſel
"Thou haſt'ly wand'reſt here?"
"My ewes" ſhe cry'd "are ſtraying wide;
"Can'ſt tell me, laddie, where?"
"To town iſe hie" he made reply,
"Some muckle ſport to ſee;
"But thou'rt ſo ſweet, ſo trim and neat,
"Iſe ſeek the ewes with thee."

She gin her hand, nor made a ſtand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went:
The birds ſang ſweet, the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the ſun had roſe to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r)
When to a ſhade, their ſteps they made,
To paſs the mid-day hour:
The bonny lad raw'd in his plaid
The laſs, who ſcorn'd to frown;
She ſoon forgot the ewes ſhe caught,
And he to gang to town.

As the Snow in Vallies lying.

AS the ſnow in vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;
So the beauties, ſo the graces,
Of the moſt bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided
by the ſlaves he once controul'd;
So the nymph, if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by ev'ry lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholy looks, and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move;
Soft careſſes, am'rous glances,
Melting ſighs, tranſporting trances;
Are the bleſt effects of love.

Fair-ones, while your beauty's blooming,
Uſe your time, leſt age reſuming
What your youth profuſely lends,
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old ſtories,
To your unbelieving friends.

The honeſt Tar.

'TIS for landmen to prate,
Such trifling I hate,
To wheedle and cajole is their plan:
For a licence let's haſte,
We have no time to waſte;
'Tis actions that beſt ſpeak the man.

I'm a rough, honeſt tar,
Juſt landed from far;
My heart cannot change like the weather;
As the needle 'tis true,
And points only to you;
Let the parſon, then, ſplice us together.

The Lad is pretty.

IN ſummer time when aw is gay,
And looks wi' ſic a grace,
I gladly ken the lambkins play,
As round the mead I trace:
Then Jockey tunes his pipe wi' glee,
And ſings ſo blithe a ditty,
I ane he's pleaſing unto me,
For troth the lad is pretty.

His face is ruddy as the morn,
And gowden is his hair;
Good nature does his mind adorn,
And canty is his air:
I loo him weel I need muſt ane,
He is ſae blithe and witty;
But yet I mun a tell him ſane,
Although he is ſae pretty.

For when lads ken we laſſes like,
They'll try an artful tale,
To gain their ends is awe belike,
If once they can prevail:
To leave us then is their delight,
Without one grain of pity;
Sae I mun keep my mind outright,
Although the lad is pretty.

Na mickle he's of worldly gear,
He did to me confeſs;
If he is true I dinna care,
Indeed if it were leſs:
To kirk if he will gang wi' me,
I then will ſhew him pity;
And happy I with him ſhall be,
For troth the lad is pretty.

Harry is the Lad for me.

HARRY is a charming lad,
Ne'er too modeſt or too bold;
Sure the girls are for him mad,
But his heart ſecure I hold:
Let me wander where I will,
Ever near he's ſure to be;
Tho' I chide I love him ſtill;
Harry is the lad for me.

If we chance to meet alone,
How he ſighs and how he ſpeaks;
Love pervades each magic tone,
Guides his tongue and glows his cheeks:
Ev'ry ſenſe partakes of bliſs,
All is joy and extaſy;
Then he does ſo ſweetly kiſs;
Harry is the lad for me.

Ere we parted yeſter eve,
What d'ye think the creature ſaid?
Nought but this, if you'll believe,
Would I, would I, would I, wed?
No, ſaid I, I won't indeed,
"But you ſhall, indeed" ſays he;
Well, it ſurely is decreed;
Harry is the lad for me.

My Plaint in no one Pity moves.

MY plaint in no one pity moves,
Save Echo, who in plaints replies:
Like me, depriv'd of him ſhe loves,
With ſympathy ſhe counts my ſighs.

Pleas'd with the ſtrain, the hapleſs maid,
Repeats the unavailing moan:
And while ſhe lends her ſoothing aid,
Laments my ſorrows and her own.

The charming Fellow.

AIR,—"*Corn Riggs are bonny.*"

AH! what care I for mam or dad?
Why let them ſcold and bellow;
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair day on yonder green,
The youth, he danc'd ſo well, oh!
So ſpruce a lad was never ſeen,
As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was ſomewhat mellow,
Says he "my dear, I'll ſee you home,"
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon ſhone bright,
Says he "my ſweeteſt Nell-o,
"I'll kiſs you here by this good light,"
Ah! what a charming fellow.

"You rogue," ſays I, "you've ſtop'd my breath,
Ye bells ring out my knell-o;
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death,
With ſuch a charming fellow." *O'Keeffe.*

The Sailor's Return.

THE buſy crew their ſails unbending,
The ſhip in harbour ſafe arriv'd;
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging—no one dare attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long-quarter'd ſhoes, check ſhirt, blue jacket,
And trowſers like the driven ſnow.

His honeſt heart with pleaſure glowing,
He flew like light'ning to the ſide;
Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,
Before his Kitty he eſpy'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd
From her neat made hat of ſtraw;
Red was her cheek when firſt ſhe utter'd
It was her ſailor that ſhe ſaw.

And now the gazing crew ſurround her,
While, ſecure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder
They dart into each others arms.

Galloping Dreary Dun.

A MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun,
A maſter I have, and I am his man,
And he'll get a wife as faſt as he can,
With his haily, gaily, gambo raily,
Giggling, niggling, galloping, galloway,
Draggle tail dreary dun.

I ſaddled his ſteed, ſo fine and ſo gay,
Galloping dreary dun,
I mounted my mule, and we both rode away,
With our haily, gaily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping reary dun.
The nightingale ſung inſtead of the lark,
With its haily, gaily, &c.

We met with a friar, and aſk'd him our way,
Galloping dreary dun.
'By the law,' ſays the friar 'you're both gone aſtray,
"*With your haily, gaily,*" &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping dreary dun,
We wander alone like the babes in the wood,
With our haily, gaily, &c.

My maſter is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Galloping dreary dun.
But now I think of it, I'd better go ſleep,
With my haily, gaily, &c.

Lady Ann Bothwel's Lament.

BALOW, my boy, lye ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep;
" If thou'l't be ſilent, I'll be glad,
" Thy mourning makes me heart full ſad.
" Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
" Thy father bred me great annoy.
" Balow, my boy, lye ſtill and ſleep,
" It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep.

" Balow, my darling, ſleep a while,
" And when thou wak'ſt then ſweetly ſmile;
" But ſmile not as thy father did,
" To cozen maids, nay God forbid;
" For in thine eye, his look I ſee,
" The tempting look that ruin'd me.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" When he began to court my love,
" And with his ſugar'd words to move,
" His tempting face and flatt'ring chear,
" In time to me did not appear;
" But now I ſee that cruel he,
" Cares neither for his babe nor me.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" Farewell, farewell, thou falſeſt youth,
" That ever kiſt a woman's mouth,
" Let never any after me
" Submit unto thy courteſy:
" For if they do, O! cruel thou
" Wilt her abuſe, and care not how.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" I was too cred'lous at the firſt,
" To yield thee all a maiden durſt,
" Thou ſwore for ever true to prove,
" Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
" But quick as thought the change is wrought,
" Thy love's no more, thy promiſe nought.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" I wiſh I were a maid again,
" From young men's flatt'ry I'd refrain,
" For now unto my grief I find
" They all are perjured and unkind:
" Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
" Witneſs my babe lies in my arms.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" I take my fate from bad to worſe,
" That I muſt needs be now a nurſe,
" And lull my young ſon on my lap;
" From me, ſweet orphan take the pap.
" Balow, my child, thy mother mild
" Shall wail as from all bliſs exil'd.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
" Whoſe greateſt grief's for wronging thee,
" Nor pity her deſerved ſmart,
" Who can blame none but her fond heart;
" For, too ſoon truſting lateſt finds
" With faireſt tongues are falſeſt minds.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
" When he the thriftleſs ſon has play'd,
" Of vows and oaths, forgetful he,
" Preſer'd the wars to thee and me
" But now perhaps thy curſe and mine
" Make him eat acorns with the ſwine.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" But curſe not him, perhaps now he,
" Stung with remorſe, is bleſſing thee:
" Perhaps at death; for who can tell
" Whether the judge of heav'n and hell,
" By ſome proud foe has ſtruck the blow,
" And laid the dear deceiver low.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" I wiſh I were into the bounds,
" Where he lies ſmother'd in his wounds,
" Repeating as he pants for air,
" My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
" No woman's yet ſo fiercely ſet,
" But ſhe'll forgive, tho' not forget.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" If linen lacks, for my love's ſake,
" Then quickly to him would I make
" My ſmock once for his body meet,
" And wrap him in that winding-ſheet.
" Ah me! how happy had I been,
" If he had ne'er been warpt therein."
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*

" Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee!
" Too ſoon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
" Thy griefs are growing to a ſum;
" God grant thee patience when they come;
" Born to ſuſtain thy mother's ſhame:
" A hapleſs fate, a baſtard's name.
" *Balow, my boy, &c.*"

The Cruel Knight.

THE knight ſtands in the ſtable door
As he was bownd to ride;
Whan out thair comes his fair lady,
And him deſires to bide.

" How can I bide, how dare I bide,
" How can I bide wi thee?
" Have I not kill'd thy ae brother?
" Thou hadſt nae mair but he."

" If thou haſt kill'd my ae brother,
" Alas and wae is me!
" But if I ſave thee from the paine,
" My luve's the mair to thee."

She has taen him to her ſecret bower,
Steik'd wi a ſiller-pin;
And ſhe's up to the higheſt tower,
To watch that nane come in.

She had nae weil gane up the ſtair,
And entered in the tower,
When four and twenty armed knights
Came riding to the door.

" Now God you ſave, my fair lady,
" Declare to me, I pray,
" Did you not ſee a wounded knight
" Come riding by this way?

" Yes, bloody bloody was his ſword,
" And bloody were his hands;
" But, if the ſteed he rides be good,
" He's paſt fair Scotland's ſtrands."

Then ſhe's gane to her darkſome bower,
Her huſband dear to meet;
He deem'd he heard his angry faes,
And wounded her ſou deep.

" What harm my lord provokes thine ire,
" To wreak itſelf on me?
" Have I not ſav'd thy life frae faes,
" And ſav'd for ſic a fee!"

" Now live, now live, my fair lady,
" O live but half an hour;
" There's neer a leech in all Scotland
" But ſhall be at thy bower."

" How can I live, how ſhall I live,
" How can I live for thee?
" While running faſt o'er a the floor,
" My heart's blood thou may'ſt ſee!"

Price, [Numb. 33] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Silver Moon.

HOW sweet when the silver moon is blinking,
Thro' meads to wander slow and mute,
And of some absent lover thinking,
Listen to the tender lute;
Or at the jocund dawn of day,
When feather'd choirs are singing, O!
And sprightly sound the sportive lay,
And village bells are ringing, O:
To the merry, merry strain to dance and play,
And over the greensward trip away.

While the love-lorn maid is fondly sighing,
Let music soft her ears assail;
In plaintive murmurs, breezes dying,
Listen to the tender tale.
Or at the jocund, &c.

The Scold.

SOME women take delight in dress,
And some in cards take pleasure;
Whilst others place their happiness
In heaping hoards of treasure:
In private some delight to kiss,
Their hidden charms unfolding,
But all mistake their sov'reign bliss,
There's no such joy as scolding.

The instant that I ope my eyes,
Adieu all day to silence,
Before my neighbours they can rise,
They hear my tongue a mile hence;
When at the board I take my seat,
'Tis one continued riot,
I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
My clack is never quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever am complaining;
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,
Each guest at table paining:
Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,
Though of my own providing,
I still find fault with ev'ry dish,
Still ev'ry servant chiding.

But when to bed I go at night,
I surely fall a weeping,
For then I lose my great delight,
How can I scold when sleeping?
But this my pain doth mitigate,
And soon disperses sorrow,
Altho' to night it be too late,
I'll pay it off to-morrow.

The Ballad Singers.

BE it known to all those whosoe'er it regards,
That we singers of ballads were always call'd bards;
And from Ida to Grub-street the Muses who follow
Are, each mother's son the true spawn of Apollo:
Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star,
Or the spheres, or a jew's-harp, we're all on a par;
Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,
For Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Don't you know what the ancients were?—great things they talk'd,
How they rode upon Pegasus—that is to say walk'd;
That near kindred gods they drove Phœbus's chariot
The English of which is—they liv'd in a garret:
And thus they went forward, Diogenes quaff'd,
Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd,
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,
But Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue,
Some argued on one leg, and some upon two:
To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic,
For 'tis certainly clear I'm a parapatetic:
Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,
Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other,
Old songs such as mine are will nobody buy?
Come, Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Historic was Pliny, and Plato divine,
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine:
Great Cicero argued to ev'ry man's palate,
And when he was out—'twas a hole in the ballad;
Thus to great men of old, who have made such a rout,
My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out;
And if any hereafter my right should deny,
Tell 'em Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

The Silver Rain.

THE silver rain, the pearly dew,
The gale that sweeps along the mead,
The soften'd rocks once sorrow knew,
And marbles have found tears to shed;
The sighing trees in ev'ry grove
Have pity, if they have not love.

Shall things inanimate be kind,
And ev'ry soft sensation know;
The weeping rain, the sighing wind,
All, all but you some mercy shew:
Let pity, then, your bosom move,
Have pity tho' you have not love.

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The Brown Jug.

Imitated from the Latin of Hieronymus Amaltheus,
BY THE REV. MR. FAWKES.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to ſweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirſty old ſoul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his praiſe to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog days he ſat at his eaſe,
In a flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you pleaſe,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing ſorrows away,
And with honeſt old ſtingo was ſoaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a ſudden were ſhut,
And he died full as big as a Dorcheſter butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had diſſolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug;
Now ſacred to friendſhip, to mirth and mild ale,
Here's a health to my lovely ſweet Nan of the vale.

Sequel to the Brown Jug.

MY true hearted fellows, who ſmoke with ſuch glee,
To beg your attention for once I'll make free;
And ſing of our pipes, while thus merry and ſnug,
We lighten our care as we lighten our jug:
The jug, which from Toby its origin boaſts,
Old Toby, whoſe mem'ry enlivens our toaſt.

Toby's fame, like his ſize, ſpread ſo great by his ale,
That for Agnes no room could be found in the tale;
Honeſt Agnes, the ſocial ſupport of his life,
Both for quaffing and ſize was well pair'd as his wife:
Therefore ſinging her praiſe, we with joy will regale,
Whilſt our pipes and our jug give a zeſt to our ale.

The potter who ſhrewdly found Toby's remains,
Thought to viſit again there might anſwer his pains;
Where in brief he found Agnes, whoſe death, as her life,
Made her qualified duly to lie as his wife:
Her fair fame all the village inceſſantly quote,
Whoſe vicar the following epitaph wrote.

" Agnes Fillpot, the wife of old Toby, renown'd,
" Who liv'd while on earth, now lies dead in this ground;
" Old care of her grieving for Toby to bilk,
" She ſoften'd her ſorrows with brandy and milk;
" Swoln quite ſilky ſhe thriv'd, till her ſkin gave a crack,
" When death popping in, laid her here on her back"

At theſe lines our ſhrew'd potter a happy thought ſtarted,
That Toby and Agnes ſhould never be parted;
So he took of her clay, which was white as her milk
And temper'd with brandy till ſofter than ſilk,
And forming theſe pipes, he adviſ'd ſly and ſnug,
That we kiſs her fair clay, and ſhake hands with his jug.

The Toaſt.

THIS, this is the liquor of life,
I vow 'tis the beſt of all cures,
For paſſion, or ſickneſs, or ſtrife—
So here is your health, ſir, and your's

Who leave ſuch good liquor behind,
Are ſurely a parcel of boors;
But I am more gaily inclin'd—
So here is your health, ſir, and your's.

Such fellows, by all that is good,
Deſerve to be turn'd out of doors;
But I am an honeſter lad,
So here is your health, ſir, and your's.

Jockey is a pretty Lad.

T'OTHER day, 'twas in the mead,
Young Jockey came to me,
Between us there it was agreed
That I his bride ſhould be;
Sweetly me he did careſs,
And ſaid I was his bride;
Pleas'd I was, yet muſt confeſs,
I thought I ſhould have died.

Jockey is a pretty lad,
There's none ſo blithe as he:
When he is near my heart is glad;
Oh! he's the lad for me.

Next day Jockey ſaid to me,
" Dear Jenny ſhall we wed?"
Oh, dear, ſaid I, I am afraid—
Poor youth, he hung his head:
And all his wiſh was to be wed,
He would not be denied,
Pleas'd was I, yet muſt confeſs
I thought I ſhould have died.

Jockey is a pretty lad, &c.

Yeſterday to church we went,
And there we join'd our hands:
We neither ſhall, I hope, repent,
Tho' faſt in Hymen's bands:
Had you ſeen us go to church,
He laughing while I cry'd:
Had he left me in the lurch,
I'm ſure I ſhould have died.

Jockey was a pretty lad, &c.

The Coquet.

IN vain I ſeek the lonely grove,
Or melancholy ſhade:
Oppreſs'd, alas! with hopeleſs love,
For one deluding maid:
She heard my vows, I thought her kind,
So ſweet ſhe on me ſmil'd—
But ſhe deceiv'd my artleſs mind,
And all my hopes beguil'd.

With Colin now ſhe trips the plain,
Nor heeds my tender ſighs;
Laughs at my love, my tears and pain,
And from my preſence flies:
Fair queen of love, relieve my ſmart,
And make the maid relent,
Or ſtrike with death my aching heart,
And I ſhall be content.

The kind honeſt Heart of a Tar.

YET, though I've no fortune to offer,
I've ſomething to put on a par;
Come then, and accept of my offer,
'Tis the kind honeſt heart of a tar.

Ne'er let ſuch a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to your pleaſure a bar,
You'll be rich, tho' 'tis only in kiſſes,
With the kind honeſt heart of a tar.

Beſides, I am none of your ninnies;
The next time I come from afar,
I'll give you a lap full of guineas,
With the kind honeſt heart of a tar.

Your lords with their fine baby faces,
That ſtrut in a garter and ſtar,
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind honeſt heart of a tar.

I've this here to ſay, now, and mind it,
If love, that no hazard can mar,
You are ſeeking, you'll certainly find it
In the kind honeſt heart of a tar.

The faint Denial.

HOW miſtaken is the lover,
Who on words builds hopes of bliſs,
And fondly thinks we love diſcover,
If perchance we anſwer yes.
Prompted often by diſcretion,
Is the ſeeming kind expreſſion,
When the tongue the heart belying,
Dares not venture on denying,
But in ſpite of diſcontent,
Gives the ſemblage of conſent.

Ah! how vain is art's profeſſion,
Tho' the fault'ring tongue comply,
What avails the cold confeſſion,
If th' averted eyes deny?
Happier far th' experienc'd ſwain,
Knows he triumphs muſt attain,
When in vain ſucceſsful trial,
Language gives the faint denial;
While the eyes betray the fiction,
In delightful contradiction,
And the cheeks with bluſhes glow,
And the tongue ſtill faulters no.

How miſtaken, &c.

Simplicity.

IF thou whom love and fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever muſic ſooth'd thy quill,
Or pity wak'd thy gentle reed,
Repoſe beneath my humble tree,
If thou court ſimplicity.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid,
In toilſome ſcenes of buſy life,
Full ſorely may'ſt thou rue the ſtrife
Of weary paſſions ill repaid;
In a garden live with me,
If thou lov'ſt ſimplicity.

Flow'rs have ſprung for many a year
O'er the village maiden's grave,
That, one memorial ſpring to ſave
Before it from a ſiſter's bier,
And homeward walking wept o'er me
The true tears of ſimplicity.

And ſoon, her cottage window near
With care my ſlender ſtem ſhe plac'd,
And fondly thus her grief embrac'd;
And cheriſh'd ſad remembrance dear,
For love ſincere and friendſhip free,
Are children of ſimplicity.

At ſetting Day.

AT ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee:
I'll viſit oft the birken buſh,
Where firſt you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didſt repair,
By green-wood, ſhaw, or fountain;
Or where the ſummer's day I'd ſhare
With you upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

Mad Mary.

HARD beats the rain, and bleak blows the wind,
Cold is my heart, oppreſt by deſpair;
Yet for each blaſt I'v a ſigh you ſhall find,
And ev'ry drop I'll repay with a tear.

Henry has baniſh'd content from my breaſt,
Pityleſs leaves me to wander alone:
Ah! cruel ſhepherd, how can'ſt thou moleſt
The peace of a maiden whoſe heart was thy own

Once on a time when love was unknown,
Where was the damſel ſo happy as I?
But Henry deceiv'd, and contentment is flown,
Sighs fill my boſom and anguiſh my eye.

I had twiſted a garland and ſent to my love,
Fair were the flowers and dropping with dew;
Mark well the iſſue, ye maids of the grove,
Th' flow'rs ſtill were freſh when the ſwain prov'd untrue.

Wreath'd round my brow appears the ſad willow,
One ſprig of cypreſs I wear at my breaſt;
Some friendly turf I will ſeek for my pillow,
There lay my ſorrows for ever to reſt.

Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

SAY, have you in the village ſeen
A lovely youth of penſive mien,
If ſuch a one hath paſſed by,
With melancholy in his eye;
Where is he gone, ah! tell me where,
'Tis Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

Laſt night he ſighing took his leave,
Which caus'd my tender heart to grieve;
And many maids I know there be
Who try to wean my love from me:
But heaven knows my heart's ſincere,
To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he ſhould leave me ſo;
But if my love ſhould anger'd be,
And try to hide himſelf from me—
Then death ſhall bear me on a bier,
To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

Rural Happineſs.

WHEN ſummer gay begins to ſhine,
And fruits and flow'rs together twine,
We, happy ſhepherds, tend our flocks,
On vallies low, or ſteepy rocks;
In diſtant folds our laſſes ſtray,
With looks that ſay, come, haſte away.

When winter with her chilling hand,
Spreads her black train around our land,
We, happy ſhepherds, foes to ſtrife,
In humble cottage ſpend our life:
When the blaſt blows and night prevails,
We talk of love and ghoſtly tales.

We be de merry Savoyard.

SUNG IN THE PICTURE OF PARIS.

WE be de merry Savoyard,
Born on the alpy mountain head,
But as we found the living hard,
We come to de France to get de bread;
De ſong, de dance be our reward,
We be de merry Savoyard.

We be de merry Savoy child,
By the want and de hunger led;
Born in the alpy mountain wild,
Come to de France to get de bread:
De ſong, the dance be our reward,
We be de merry Savoyard.

Lady Iſabella's Tragedy;

OR THE STEP-MOTHER'S CRUELTY.

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
And a hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble train
Of gentry by his ſide.

And while he did in chace remain,
To ſee both ſport and play;
His lady went as ſhe did feign,
Unto the church to pray.

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Whoſe beauty ſhone ſo bright,
She was belov'd, both far and near,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Iſabella was ſhe call'd,
A creature fair was ſhe;
She was her father's only joy,
As you ſhall after ſee:

Therefore her cruel ſtep-mother
Did envy her ſo much;
That day by day ſhe ſought her life,
Her malice it was ſuch.

She bargain'd with the maſter-cook
To take her life away:
And, taking of her daughter's book,
She thus to her did ſay:

"Go home, ſweet daughter, I thee pray,
"Go, haſten preſently;
"And tell unto the maſter-cook,
"Theſe words that I tell thee.

"And bid him dreſs to dinner ſtraight,
"That fair and milk-white doe;
"That in the park doth ſhine ſo bright,
"There's none ſo fair to ſhow."

This lady fearing of no harm,
Obey'd her mother's will:
And preſently ſhe haſted home,
Her pleaſure to fulfill.

She ſtraight into the kitchen went,
Her meſſage for to tell;
And there ſhe ſpied the maſter-cook,
Who did with malice ſwell.

"Now, maſter-cook, it muſt be ſo,
"Do that which I thee tell:
"You needs muſt dreſs the milk-white doe,
"Which you do know full well."

Then ſtraight his cruel bloody hands
He on the lady laid;
Who, quivering and ſhaking ſtands,
While thus to her he ſaid:

"Thou art the doe, that I muſt dreſs;
"See here, behold my knife;
"For it is pointed preſently
"To rid thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the ſcullion-boy,
As loud as loud might be:
"O ſave her life, good maſter-cook,
"And make your pies of me!

"For pity's ſake do not deſtroy
"My lady with your knife;
"You know ſhe is her father's joy,
"For Chriſt's ſake ſave her life."

"I will not ſave her life," he ſaid,
"Nor make my pies of thee;
"Yet if thou doſt this deed betray,
"Thy butcher I will be."

Now when this lord he did come home
For to ſit down and eat;
He called for his daughter dear,
To come and carve his meat.

"Now ſit you down," his lady ſaid,
"O ſit you down to meat:
"Into ſome nunnery ſhe is gone;
"Your daughter dear forget."

Then ſolemnly he made a vow,
Before the company:
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Until he did her ſee.

O then beſpake the ſcullion-boy,
With a loud voice ſo high:
"If now you will your daughter ſee,
"My lord, cut up that pie;

"Wherein her fleſh is minced ſmall,
"And parched with the fire;
"All cauſed by her ſtep-mother,
"Who did her death deſire.

"And curſed be the maſter-cook,
"O curſed may he be!
"I proffer'd him my own heart's blood,
"From death to ſet her free."

Then all in black this lord did mourn;
And for his daughter's ſake,
He judg'd her cruel ſtep-mother
To be burnt at a ſtake.

Likewiſe he judg'd the maſter cook
In boiling lead to ſtand;
And made the ſimple ſcullion-boy
The heir of all his land.

The Gipſies.

THE gipſies came to our good lord's gate;
And wow but they ſang ſweetly!
Our lady came down the muſic to hear,
They ſang ſae very completely.

And ſhe came tripping down the ſtair,
And a her maids before her;
As ſoon as they ſaw her weil-fared face,
They cooſt the glamer our her.

"Gae take frae me this gay mantile,
"And bring to me a plaidie;
"For, if kith and kin and a had ſworn,
"I'll follow the gypſie laddie.

"Yeſtreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
"And my good lord beſide me;
"This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
"Whatever ſhall betide me."

"Oh come to your bed," ſays Johnie Fa,
"Oh come to your bed my dearie;
"For I vow and ſwear by the hilt of my ſword,
"Your lord ſhall nae-mair come near ye."

"I'll go to bed to my Johnie Fa,
"I'll go to bed to my dearie;
"For I vow and ſwear by what paſt yeſtreen,
"My lord ſhall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord came hame at een
And ſpeird for his fair lady,
The tane ſhe cry'd, and the ither reply'd,
She's awa wi the gipſie laddie.

"Gae ſaddle to me the black black ſteed,
"Gae ſaddle and mak him ready;
"Before that I either eat or ſleep,
"I'll gae and ſeek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Of courage ſtout and ſteady;
And we were a put down, but ane,
For a fair young wanton lady.

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At Evening when my Work is done.

AT evening, when my work is done,
And the breeze at ſetting ſun
Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
Then alone I love to glide,
Unheard, unſeen, my ſilent oar,
Steals along the ſhaded ſhore:
All is dark, and all is mute,
Save the moon, and lover's lute:
Tang, ting, tang, it ſeems to ſay,
Lovers dread return of day.

Toward the abbey-wall I ſteer,
There the coral hymn I hear;
While the organ's lengthened note,
Seems in diſtant woods to float:
Returning then, my ſilent oar
Steals along the ſhaded ſhore: *All is dark, &c.*

New Roundelay.

DRIFTED ſnow no more is ſeen,
Bluſt'ring Winter paſſes by;
Merry Spring comes, clad in green,
While wood-larks pour their melody:
I hear him—hark!
The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the golden ſun appears
On the mountains ſurly brow,
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy—behold them now:
Then, then—Oh! hark,
The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the village boy to field,
Tramps it with the buxom laſs,
Fain ſhe would not ſeem to yield,
Yet gets tumbled on the graſs:
Then, then—Oh! hark,
The merry lark,
While they tumble in the hay,
Pipes, alone, his roundelay.

What are honors, what's a court?
Calm content is worth them all;
Our honor lies in cudgel ſport,
Our brighteſt court a greenſword ball:
But then—Oh! hark,
The merry lark,
Call us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

The parting Kiſs.

ONE kind kiſs before we part,
Drop a tear and then adieu;
Tho' we ſever, my fond heart
'Till we meet ſhall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not ſo, my love,
Let me kiſs that falling tear;
Tho' my body muſt remove,
All my ſoul will ſtill be here.

All my ſoul and all my heart,
Ev'ry wiſh ſhall pant for you;
One kind kiſs then e'er we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

I can't tell what to think on't.

BRA Jockey calls me his delight,
And vows he loo's me dearly,
He ſays my ee'n like ſtars are bright,
And woos me late and early:
But when he beckons to the glen,
As I ſtand on the brink on't,
My heart it beats, and truly then,
I can't tell what to think on't.

Then he is na a ſilly loon,
But bonny, gay and witty,
Yet he may change as does the moon,
And that would be a pity:
For I muſt own I loo him well,
If falſe I ſure muſt ſink on't:
The truth, ye laſſes, I muſt tell,
I don't know what to think on't.

I met wi' Willy t'other day,
Who look'd ſo ſnug and neatly,
And ſoon began his pipe to play,
Then ſang to me moſt ſweetly:
Young Jockey chanced to paſs by,
And gloomy ſeem'd to blink on't:
I ken he had a jealous eye,
He knew not what to think on't,

Yet I'll na more torment the lad,
If honour is his meaning,
I'll ſoon conſent to make him glad,
And to his wiſh be leaning:
To kirk if he ſhould aſk to go,
I ſurely kind will blink on't:
For then I certainly ſhall know,
Right truly what to think on't.

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The Frolicks of Queen Mab;

SUNG BY MR. COLLINS,

In his celebrated Entertainment of the 'Brush.'

WHEN fancy roves in a rambling dream,
With the poor and rich it is all the same,
When fancy roves in a rambling dream,
And we seem to sleep like tops, sir;
Queen Mab she plays us a pleasant game,
Of the fairy tribe the imperial dame,
Queen Mab she plays us a pleasant game,
As into our pates she pops, sir:
For there she drives her gig, as Shakespear tells the tale, sir,
With tricks and pranks, a thousand ways, our slumbers to regale, sir.

In size as small as an agate-stone,
Or the seed i'the soil when 'tis newly sown,
In size as small as an agate-stone,
On a miser's little finger;
With a whip made out of a cricket's bone,
For she never drives like a lazy drone,
With a whip made out of a cricket's bone,
That her ponies may not linger:
In a chariot by a squirrel scoop'd, out of a nut brown shell, sir,
And a primrose pipp'd for a riding hood, or else a cowslip's bell, sir.

And in this state she's night by night,
Like a little wicked wanton spright,
And in this state she night by night
Trots over lovers brains, sir;
Who fancy, if the fleas but bite,
As they tumble and toss in a piteous plight,
Who fancy, if the fleas but bite,
That Cupid gives the pain, sir:
And if by chance she takes a scamper o'er a courtier's knee, sir,
In sleep he scrapes and bows as low as at my lord's levee, sir.

Then driving over a lady's lips,
As a pismire over a mole-hill skips,
Then driving over a lady's lips,
She straight on kisses dreams, sir:
Or a lawyer's nose, if across she skips,
With his shifting, shuffling, quirks and quips,
Or a lawyer's nose, if across she trips,
In what a plight he seems, sir!
With snout upturn'd, like rooting swine, he snuffs and snorts to boot, sir,
For, O! what scent is so divine, as smelling out a suit, sir.

Nay, the parson too, when he takes a nap,
As stranger things ev'ry day may hap,
Nay, the parson too, when he takes a nap,
After dinner, pipe and ale, sir;
She will sometimes give a tickling tap,
On the rosy cheek of the rev'rend chap,
She will sometimes give a tickling tap,
With a little tythe pig's tail, sir;
Then sleeves of lawn, the fairy spright, presents the pulpit smiter,
And, lo! his night-cap in a thrice is turn'd into a mitre.

Then across the neck of a blade she trots,
Who hostile plans like Cæsar plots,
Then across the neck of a blade she trots,
Who dreams of war's alarms, sir:
Of cutting Frenchmen and Spaniards throats,
Of red-hot balls, and of batt'ring boats,
Of cutting Frenchmen and Spaniards throats,
And quartering legs and arms, sir:
And when at last in both his ears, the drum she sounds amain, sir,
He starts, and wakes, and prays, and swears, and then to sleep again, sir.

Thus asleep or awake, by night or day,
How'e'er we labour, or watch, or pray,
Thus asleep or awake, by night or day,
The ruling passion sways us:
And a Will-o'-the-wisp now leads the way,
By which like sheep we are lur'd astray,
And a Will-o'-the-wisp now leads the way,
Or a bugbear now dismays us:
Yet, though by turns we are highly pleas'd, or in a piteous taking,
At least may all our pleasing dreams be realiz'd when waking.

Smiling Grog.

SMILING grog is the sailor's best hope, his sheet anchor,
His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot canker,
Tho' dangers around him
Unite to confound him,
He braves them and tips off his grog:
'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log;
The sailor's sheet anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend, in trust,
His prize money convey,
Who to his bond of faith unjust,
Cheats him and runs away:
What's to be done? he vents a curse
'Gainst all false hearts ashore,
Of the remainder clears his purse,
And then to sea for more.
There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore
To know no other charms,
He finds, when he returns ashore,
Clasp'd in a rival's arms:
What's to be done? He vents a curse,
And seeks a kinder she,
Dances, gets groggy, clears his purse,
And goes again to sea.
To crosses born—still trusting there,
The waves less faithless that the fair;
There into toils to rush again,
And stormy pearls brave—what then?
Smiling grog, &c.

The Soldier's Grave.

OF all sensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others grief that bears a part:
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot,
Let dangers come, he braves them all:
Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall;
Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile:
Then trav'ler one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow,
Like the tear that bedews the soldier's grave.

Mary of the Dale.

'TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
When evening ſteals upon the ſky,
When lovers ſeek the ſilent bow'r,
Young William taught the grove to ſigh:
His heav'nly form and beauteous air,
Were like the flow'ry vale;
Yet did he ſigh, and all for love
Of Mary of the dale.

When o'er the mountain peep'd the day,
Oppreſs'd with grief he'd often ſtray,
O'er riſing hill and fertile lawn,
To ſigh and weep his cares away:
Tho' he had charms to win each fair
That dwells within the vale,
Yet did he ſigh, and all for love
Of Mary of the dale.

The merry dance, the chearful ſong,
Could now no more a charm impart;
No more his hours glide ſmooth along,
For grief lay heavy at his heart:
His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
Was like the primroſe pale,
Sighing he dy'd, and all for love
Of Mary of the dale.

The Fields were gay.

THE fields were gay, and ſweet the hay,
The gypſies ſat upon the graſs;
Both lad and laſs by you were fed,
'Twas all to cheat your ſilly laſs.

When'er we met, with kiſſes ſweet,
The ſpeeches ſoft you did impart;
The hawthorn buſh ſhould make you bluſh,
'Twas there you did betray my heart.

Maid of the Mill.

Jack's Revenge.

WHEN laſt from the Straits we had fairly caſt anchor,
I went, bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables ſtor'd, for our voyage was a ſpanker,
And bran-new was every ſail.
But I knew well enough how, with words ſweet as honey,
They trick us poor tars of our gold,
And when the ſly gypſies have finger'd the money,
The bag they give poor Jack to hold.

So I chas'd her, d'ye ſee, my lads, under falſe colours,
Swore my wiſhes were all at an end,
That I ſported away all my good looking dollars,
And borrow'd my togs of a friend:
Oh! then had you ſeen her, no longer my honey,
'Twas varlet, audacious, and bold,
Begone from my ſight, now you've ſpent all your money,
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I took out double handfuls of ſhiners,
And ſcornfully bid her good bye,
'Twould have done your heart good had you then ſeen her fine airs,
How ſhe'd leer, and ſhe'd ſob, and ſhe'd ſigh:
But I ſtood well the broadſide—while jewel and honey
She call'd me—I put up the gold,
And bearing away, as I ſack'd all the money,
Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

What argufies Pride and Ambition.

WHAT argufies pride and ambition?
Soon or late Death muſt take us in tow:
Each bullet has got its commiſſion,
And when our time's come we muſt go:

Then drink and ſing, hang pain and ſorrow,
The halter was made for the neck,
He that's now 'live and luſty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be ſtretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linſtock, of Dover,
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,
Poll cry'd, but her grief was ſoon over,
And then ſhe got married again.

Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill us'd by Bet Crocker,
And ſo took to guzzling the ſtuff,
'Till he tumbl'd in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.

Then drink, &c.

For our prize money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argufies calling the doctor,
When the anchor of life is apeak.

Then drink, &c.

The Chace.

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dew drops on the thorn
Borrow a luſtre from the ray,
That tips with gold the dancing corn,
Health bids awake and homage pay,
To him who gave another morn:

And, well with ſtrength his nerves to brace,
Urges the ſportſman to the chace.

Do we purſue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn ſhe bounds?
Still of her ſafety have we care,
While ſeeming death her ſteps ſurrounds,
We the defenceleſs creature ſpare,
And inſtant ſtop the well taught hounds.

For cruelty ſhould ne'er diſgrace
The well-earn'd pleaſure of the chace.

Do we purſue the ſubtle fox,
Still let him brakes and rivers try,
Through marſhes wade, or climb the rocks,
The deep mouth'd hounds ſhall following fly;
And while he ev'ry danger mocks,
Unpitied let the culprit die.

To quell his cruel artful race,
Is labour worthy of the chace.

Return'd with ſhaggy ſpoils well ſtor'd,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toaſt, and firſt our country's lord,
Anxious who moſt ſhall do him right;
The fair next crowns the ſocial board;
Britons ſhould love as well as fight.

For he who ſlights the tender race,
Is held unworthy of the chace.

The Oak.

THE ſapling oak loſt in the dell,
Where tangled brakes its beauties ſpoil,
And ev'ry infant ſhoot repel,
Droops hopeleſs o'er the 'xhauſted ſoil:

At length the woodman clears around
Where e'er the noxious thickets ſpread;
And high from the reviving ground,
The foreſt's monarch lifts his head.

The wanton Wife of Bath.

Mr. Addiſon has pronounc'd this an excellent Ballad. See the Spectator, No. 247.

IN Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
As Chaucer he did write;
Who did in pleaſure ſpend her days,
And many a fond delight.

Upon a time ſore ſick ſhe was
And at the length did die;
And then her ſoul at heaven's gate,
Did knock moſt mightily.

Firſt Adam came unto the gate:
"Who knocketh there?" quoth he.
"I am the Wife of Bath," ſhe ſaid,
"And fain would come to thee."

"Thou art a ſinner," Adam ſaid,
"And here no place ſhalt have."
"And ſo art thou, I trowe," quoth ſhe,
"Now go you doating knave.

"I will come in, in ſpight," ſhe ſaid,
"Of all ſuch churls as thee;
"Thou wert the cauſer of our woe,
"Our pain and miſery:

"And firſt broke God's commandiments,
"In pleaſure of thy wife."
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He ran away for life

Then down came Jacob at the gate,
And bids her pack to hell,
"Thou falſe deceiving knave," 'quoth ſhe,
"Thouſt may'ſt be there as well.

"For thou deceiv'dſt thy father dear,
"And thine own brother, too."
Away ſlunk Jacob preſently,
And made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main,
And Lot he chides her ſtraight.
"How now," quoth ſhe, "thou drunken aſs,
"Who bade thee here to prate?

"With thy two daughters thou didſt lye.
"On them two baſtards got."
And thus moſt tauntingly ſhe caſt
Againſt poor ſilly Lot.

"Who calleth there," quoth Judith then,
With ſuch ſhrill ſounding notes?
"This fine minx ſurely came not here,"
Quoth ſhe, "for cutting throats."

Good Lord, how Judith bluſh'd for ſhame,
When ſhe heard her ſay ſo!
King David hearing of the ſame,
He to the gate would go.

Quoth David "who knocks there ſo loud,
"And maketh all this ſtrife?"
"You were more kind, good ſir," ſhe ſaid,
"Unto Uriah's wife.

"And when thy ſervant thou didſt cauſe
"In battle to be ſlain;
"Thou cauſedſt far more ſtrife than I,
"Who would come here ſo fain."

"The woman's mad," quoth Solomon,
"That thus doth taunt a king."
"Not half ſo mad as you," ſhe ſaid,
"I trow, in many a thing.

"Thou hadſt ſev'n hundred wives at once,
"For whom thou didſt provide;
"And yet, god wot, three hundred whores
"Thou muſt maintain beſide:

"And they made thee forſake thy God,
"And worſhip ſtocks and ſtones;
"Beſides the charge they put thee to
"In breeding of young bones.

"Hadſt thou not been beſide thy wits,
"Thou wouldſt not thus have ventur'd;
"And therefore I do marvel much,
"How thou this place haſt enter'd."

"I never heard," quoth Jonas, then,
"So vile a ſcold as this."
"Thou whore-ſon run-away, quoe, ſhe,
"Thou dideſt more amiſs."

"They ſay," quoth Thomas "womens' tongues
"Of aſpen-leaves are made."
"Thou unbelieving wretch," quoth ſhe,
"All is not true that's ſaid."

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,
She came unto the gate.
Quoth ſhe, "good woman, you muſt think
"Upon your former ſtate.

"No ſinner enters in this place"
Quoth Mary Magd'len. "Then
"'Twere ill for you, fair miſtreſs mine,
"She anſwer'd her again:

"You for your honeſty," quoth ſhe,
"Had once been ſton'd to death;
"Had not our Saviour Chriſt came by,
"And written on the earth.

"It was not by your occupation,
"You are become divine:
"I hope my ſoul in Chriſt his paſſion,
"Shall be as ſafe as thine."

Up roſe the good apoſtle Paul,
And to this wife he cry'd,
"Except thou ſhake thy ſins away,
"Thou here ſhalt be denied."

"Remember Paul, what thou haſt done,
"All through a lewd deſire:
"How thou didſt perſecute God's church,
"With wrath as hot as fire."

Then up ſtarts Peter at the laſt,
And to the gate he hies:
"Fond fool," quoth he, "knock not ſo faſt,
"Thou wearieſt Chriſt with cries."

"Peter," ſaid ſhe, "content thyſelf,
"For mercy may be won;
"I never did deny my Chriſt,
"As thou thyſelf haſt done."

When as our Saviour Chriſt heard this,
With heavenly angels bright,
He came unto this ſinful ſoul,
Who trembled at his ſight.

Of him for mercy ſhe did crave.
Quoth he, "thou haſt refus'd
"My proffer'd grace, and mercy both,
"And much my name abus'd."

"Sore have I ſinned, Lord, "ſhe ſaid,
"And ſpent my time in vain,
"But bring me like a wand'ring ſheep
"Into thy flock again.

"O Lord, my God, I will amend
"My former wicked vice:
"The thief for one poor ſilly word,
"Paſt into Paradiſe."

"My laws and my commandiments,"
Saith Chriſt, "were known to thee;
"But of the ſame in any wiſe,
"Not yet one word did ye."

"I grant the ſame, O Lord," quoth ſhe:
"Moſt lewdly did I live:
"But yet the loving father did
"His prod'gal ſon forgive."

"So I forgive thy ſoul," he ſaid,
"Through thy repenting cry;
"Come enter then into my joy,
"I will not thee deny."

Price, [Numb. 35] One Penny.

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THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Sweet Love, I'll marry thee.

WHEN Donald first came wooing me,
'Twas on Cromarty Green;
The loon had long been loving me,
Tho' I was but nineteen.
He sung of that, and talk'd of this,
And many things said he;
At length he cry'd, and took a kiss,
"Sweet love, I'll marry thee;
"My bonny, blithsome, winsome lass,
"Sweet love, I'll marry thee."

I told him plain, it munna be,
For why I was too young;
And was for tripping o'er the lea,
In spite of all he sung:
"Stop, laffie, stop awhile," he cry'd,
And pull'd me on his knee;
"I tell thee thou shalt be a bride,
"Sweet love, I'll marry thee,
My bonny, &c.

"I winna, canna, marry you,"
Said I, "so let me go;"
He kiss'd, he press'd, what could I do,
While he kept teazing so;
"And wilt thou e'er prove false," said I,
"O try me, love," said he;
"Why then," says I, "I think we'll wed,
"Sweet love, I'll marry thee."
My bonny, &c.

There's cauld Kale in Aberdeen.

THERE's cauld kale in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strabogie,
Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,
But I maun hae my cogie.

For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I can nae want my cogie,
I would na gi'e my three-girth cogg,
For a' the queans in Bogie.

There's Johnny Smith has got a wife,
Wha grudges him his cogie?
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd duck her in a bogie.
For I maun hae, &c.

Now here's to ilka jovial soul,
Who'll drink wi' me a cogie;
And may he never want a bowl,
Who'll dance the reel o' Bogie.
For I maun hae, &c.

Tack and Half-tack.

THE Yarmouth roads are right a-head,
The crew with ardour burning,
Jack sings out, as he heaves the lead,
On tack and half-tack turning,
By the dip—eleven!

Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis swinging,
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly singing,
By the mark—seven!
And now, lest we run bump ashore,
He heaves the lead, and sings once more,
Quarter less—four!

About ship, lads! tumble up there; can't you see?
Stand by well, hark, hark, helm's alee!
Here she comes; up tacks and sheets; haul mainsail, haul;
Haul of all:

And as the long lost shore they view,
Exulting shout the happy crew;
Each singing as the sails he furls,
Hey for the fidlers and the girls!

The next tack we run out to sea,
Old England scarce appearing;
Again we tack; and Jack, with glee,
Sings out, as land we're nearing,
And a half—eleven!

And as they name some beauty near,
To tars, of bliss the summit;
Jack joins the jest, the gibe, the jeer;
And heaves the pond'rous plummet;
By the mark—seven!

And now, while dang'rous breakers roar,
Jack cries, "left we run bump ashore,
"Quarter less—four!
About ship, &c.

Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,
By tack and tack are bias'd:
The furthest way about we roam,
To bring us home the nighest:
By the dip—eleven!

For one tack more, and 'fore the wind,
Shall we, in a few glasses,
Now make the land, both true and kind,
To find our friends and lasses.
By the mark—seven!

Then heave the lead, my lad, once more,
Soon shall we gaily tread the shore:
And a half—four!
About ship, &c.

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When Vapours o'er the Meadows die.

SUNG IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,
And morning ſtreaks the purple ſky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And Philomel laments her love,
Each ſigh I breathe my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my boſom feels.

With ſecret pleaſure I ſurvey
The frolic birds in am'rous play,
While fondeſt cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

The bonny Scots-man.

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate
Before a faithful lover.

But I loor chuſe in highland glens
To herd the kid and goat-man,
Ere I could for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungen'rous faſhion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to it's paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blithe, my bonny Scot-man.

The Spinning Wheel.

TO eaſe his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came;
But, tho' ſhe lik'd him paſſing weel,
She careleſs turn'd her ſpinning wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and ſmall:
Unuſual joy her heart did feel;
But ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Then round about her ſlender waiſt,
He claſp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;
To kiſs her hand he down did kneel;
But yet ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

With gentle voice ſhe bid him riſe;
He bleſs'd her neck, her lips, and eyes;
Her fondneſs ſhe could ſcarce conceal;
Yet ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd,
His wanton thoughts ſhe quickly gueſs'd;
Then puſh'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

And laſt, when ſhe began to chide,
He ſwore he meant her for his bride;
'Twas then her love ſhe did reveal,
And flung away her ſpinning-wheel.

'Twas up the Wind.

'TWAS up the wind, three leagues and more,
We ſpy'd a lofty ſail;
"Set your top-gallant ſails, my boys,
"And cloſely hug the gale."
Nine knots the nimble Milford ran;
Thus, thus the maſter cry'd—
"Haul up!" She rais'd the chaſe in view,
And ſoon was ſide by ſide.

"Dowſe your Dutch enſign! up St. George!
"To quarters now, all hands!"
With lighted match, beſide his gun,
Each Britiſh warrior ſtands.
"Give fire!" our gallant captain cries;
'Tis done—the cannons roar:
"Stand clear, monſieurs! digeſt theſe pills,
"And then we'll ſend you more."

"Your French jack ſhivers in the wind;
"Its lilies all look pale:
"Down it muſt come—it muſt come down;
"For Britons will prevail.
Rak'd 'fore and aft, her ſhatter'd hull
Lets in the briny flood;
Her decks are carnag'd with the ſlain;
Her ſcuppers ſtream with blood.

"Our chain-ſhot whiſtles in the wind;
"Our grape deſcends like hail:
"Huzza, my ſouls! three cheering ſhouts!
"French hearts begin to fail.
"And ſee, 'tis done—ſhe ſtrikes, ſhe yields;
"Down, haughty flag of France!
"Now board her, boys! and on her ſtaff,
"The Engliſh croſs advance.

"There let it ever fly, my hearts,
"To awe theſe Gallic ſlaves;
"So freely toſs the can about;
"For Britons rule the waves."

There let it ever fly, &c

Cumberland.

The Laſs of Peaty's Mill.

THE laſs of Peaty's mill,
So bonny, blithe, and gay,
In ſpight of all my ſkill
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand:
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fan'd
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
(The laſs of Peaty's mill)
Should ſhare the fame with me.

Larry O'Shaughneſſy's Tour thro' Dublin.

WRITTEN BY DR. J. S. DODD,

And ſung by Mr. OWENSON, *as an Epilogue to the "New Rehearſel," a Comedy written by* Dr. Dodd, *and performed at the Theatre-Royal, Crow-ſtreet, May*, 1777.

TUNE—"*Balli na mona.*"

SINCE Larry O'Shaughneſſy firſt came to town,
On foot, coach, and horſe-back he walk'd up and down;
To ſee what was ſightly he ne'er grudg'd his crown,
And his obſervations in words he'll ſet down.
Balli na mona Ora,
Och! a fine ſight for me.

TUNE—"*Gee ho! Dobbin.*"

The firſt place I travell'd to was *Stephen's-green*,
Where fine folks parade it, to ſee and be ſeen,
There I ſaw ſuch high-heads that the ladies do wear
Made of wool enough to ſtuff a ſaddle, I ſwear;
With plumes nodding,
Lappets bobbing,
Nodding and bobbing wherever they go.

TUNE—"*Tit fal de ral.*"

Down *Dame-ſtreet* as I was walking,
There girls of ev'ry degree,
Some ſcolding, ſome ſwearing, ſome talking,
On every ſtep did I ſee,
With their tit fal de ral.

TUNE—"*Sheela na Guirah.*"

Next to the *Four-Courts* I went to behold, ſir!
Lawyers contending for juſtice—and gold, ſir!
Laying down law for plaintiff and defendant,
Och! both will be plaintiff ere they've made an end on't.
Clever attornies to make black ſeem white;
Witneſſes ſelling their conſciences quite;
Juries impartial, and moſt upright judges,
Yet the court full of ſpleen, rancour and grudges.

TUNE—"*Murdoch O'Blaney.*"

Then to the *Tholſel* I went in a hurry,
Where I ſaw the grave aldermen and the lord mayor;
In the *Court of Conſcience* folks in a great flurry;
And in the *Crown-Office* men going to ſwear.
Whilſt catch-poles and beadles,
With eyes ſharp as needles,
Stood eager as grey-hounds to follow a hare;
Up ſtairs then I went to the place
Where the common-council-men ſat,
Where they ſpeech'd it with ſpirit and grace,
Tho' I could not tell what they'd be at.

TUNE—"*Doctor Mack.*"

To St. *Patrick's Church* I went,
And heard the organs playing;
And when there, was fully bent
To keep my eyes from ſtraying;
But ſuch pretty girls I ſaw,
They ſpoil'd all my devotion;
For tho' I kept my tongue in awe,
They gave my heart a motion.

TUNE—"*Moll Roe.*"

To a houſe I went next—like a blockhead,
Where they rattled the dice to and fro,
Till they rattled the caſh from my pocket,
And made my poor purſe lank and low.
Then with pidgeons and ſharpers ſurrounded,
While curſes and oaths fill'd the room,
My ears with their din was confounded,
So I left them and went my way home.

TUNE—"*Patrick's Day in the Morning.*"

The very next morning I went to the *College*,
And the ſtudents I ſaw with their caps and their gowns;
Who're equally deep in learning and knowledge,
With the ſcholars of all other nations.
For there the arts and ſciences flouriſh,
As well as in any place upon earth:
Tho' the lads ſometimes rattle,
And ſometimes give battle,
Yet when that is over,
They ever diſcover,
That honor and virtue in their hearts take birth,
For they are in truth, ſir!
But ſallies of youth, ſir!
And after, they ſhine in their ſtation.

TUNE—"*Shaun-buoy.*"

The very ſame night I heard a ſtrange ſight,
An *Uproar* was ſung by ſhrill voices,
But mon-a-mon-dyowl,
I ſwear by my ſoul,
My ears was ne'er made for ſuch noiſes;
They ſaid, 'twas *Italian*,
But I'm a raſcallion
If compar'd to *Iriſh* it can be;
What's *Viva Paree*
To *ſweet Gramachree*,
Or *Non Dubitare* to *Shaun-buoy?*

TUNE—*Moreen-na Gibberlaun.*"

I to a *Maſquerade* went,
Where folks in frightful ſhapes I ſaw,
My heart did thump and ſides pant;
To ſee them ſkip like a jack daw:
Whilſt friars, nuns, and devils,
Kings and blackmen made a rout;
And bright eyes ſpread ſtrange evils,
As thro' the maſks they popped out.

TUNE—"*The Waterman.*"

At length to this *Theatre* chance it has brought me,
Where I ſo much beauty and eandour now ſee,
And the Author of this night-piece has beſought me,
To entreat you to favour his new Comedy.
"For indeed" ſaid he "if you ſpeak for me, Larry!
"I am pretty ſure that it will not miſcarry."
Then hear my petition, and let the play live,
And his and my thanks we'll unitedly give.

The Braes of Yarrow.

BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bonie, bonie bride,
And dry your eyes wi' anguiſh ſtreaming;
For our approach, all eyes on Clyde
Are now wi' expectation beaming;
There we'll enjoy the merry day—
(But here your days are dimm'd wi' ſorrow)
There paſs in love the night away,
And think nae mair on gloomy Yarrow.

How can I buſk a bonie, bonie bride,
Or how can I reſtrain frae weeping—
When he is toſs'd on ocean wide,
Who has my waefu' heart in keeping!
Ah! lang, lang, maun I view, wi' pain,
The ſtream made bitter wi' my ſorrow!
And, for his coming, lang in vain,
Look frae the flow'ry banks of Yarrow.

Yet leave me ſtill a weeping maid,
By Yarrow's lonely waves to languiſh;
For, ſooner than conſent to wed,
The grave ſhall bury a' my anguiſh:
Thro' apprehenſion's ſhadows gloom
Dark o'er the night of deep'ning ſorrow,
Yet, true to love, I'll preſs the tomb,
And him that won my heart on Yarrow.

William and Fanny.

By T. Robertson.

BRIGHT was the morn, the landscape gay,
Onward young William rode;
Joyful the village to behold,
His Fanny's lov'd abode.

Unlike his former self he came,
In sure disguise array'd;
With unlook'd joy, hoping to bless
His dear, his constant maid.

In warblings sweet from every spray,
The feather'd choir combine;
While love and hope in William's breast,
The happy concert join.

No magpye, no harsh raven's note,
Sinister boding sound,
But thro' the air, music and love,
Blest omens! float around.

The village opening to his view,
His flutt'ring pulse beat high,
Whilst tears, from Joy's rich fountain drawn,
Beam'd sparkling in his eye.

"Soon shall these eyes again, thank heaven,
"Her angel-form behold;
"Soon shall these wishing arms again,
My lovely maid enfold,"

He said; when lo, in sable guise,
From forth the church-yard way,
A silent train with down-cast eyes,
Death's banners wide display.

The slow-tongu'd bell, with solemn toll,
A sad adieu express;
On ev'ry face a genuine grief
Full deeply was impress.

Fierce as the eagle William dar'd,
When pride its crest uprear'd;
Yet melting, William, as the dove,
Where e'er distress appear'd.

"To what kind soul are these sad rites,
"With mournful rev'rence paid?"
A grey-hair'd peasant rais'd his eyes,
And, sighing, thus he said;

"If e'er you've known love's wondrous pow'r,
"The pitying tear prepare;
"Yon grave contains the sweetest flow'r
"E'er nipt by cold despair.

"Not sportive lambkin on the down
"More lively was than she;
"Not lambkin ever cropt the green,
"From guileful thoughts more free.

"Not apple-blossoms in the spring,
"Cou'd with her beauties vie;
"More graceful than the doe her shape;
"Sense sparkled in her eye.

"Soft tho' her bosom yet untouch'd
"By love's all-pow'rful flame,
"Till a young swain of peerless worth,
"From yon blue Uplands came.

"The pride of swains sweet William was,
"Thus shepherds all agree;
"A youth so manly, gentle, brave,
"I ne'er again shall see.

"Each nymph beheld him with delight,
"Each swain with envious eyes;
"Ev'n envy's self might stand excus'd,
"When Fanny was the prize.

"They saw, they lov'd; so sweet a pair
"Ne'er grac'd our wond'ring plain;
"He seem'd by heav'n for her design'd;
"She for her Upland swain.

"Their parents, friends, with glad accord
"Did on their passion smile;
"But fate with cruelty high rais'd
"Their hopes——but to beguile.

"Ah, what is happiness!——a fly
"With tinsel'd wings so gay:
"Sure of the prize, we stretch our hands;
"'Tis gone; 'tis lost for aye.

"Heading the needy Highland clans,
"Onward in threat'ning mood,
"Giant Rebellion came——to drench
"Our peaceful fields in blood.

"To save their country, Freedom's sons
"With gen'rous ardour flew;
"Never again, oh, may these eyes
"Such scenes of horror view.

"Young William's lord, to whom both love
"And gratitude were bound,
"With William, foremost in his train,
"In Freedom's ranks were found.

"Conquest with laurels William crowns,
"His worth ev'n foes approve;
"But ah!—tho' conquest crowns his arms,
"Despair awaits his love.

"A 'squire, for large possessions fam'd,
"Saw Fanny, and ador'd;
"For charms like her's might captivate
"The heart——ev'n of a lord.

"He saw, and vows of ardent love
"Impatiently he prest;
"Poor Fanny had no heart to give;
"'Twas lodg'd in William's breast.

"But curs'd av'rice, age's bane,
"Had froze her father's mind;
"She wept, she pray'd; nor pray'rs nor tears
"Alas! could pity find.

"To feeling deaf, by riches lur'd,
"He laid his strict command;
"He dragg'd her to the church; he forc'd
"Her cold, her heartless hand.

"Wealth! what is wealth, of peace depriv'd?
"A glitt'ring pois'nous toy;
"The night-shades jetty shining fruit
"Allures but to destroy.

"Scarce seven days gone, since Fanny wore
"The hated marriage-chain;
"And but yest'reen a broken heart
"Freed Fanny from her pain.

"But, stranger, sure those looks of your's
"Unusual feelings speak;
"The bridle quits your trembling hands,
"The blood forsakes your cheek."

Down dropt poor William, like a corse,
Upon the green-sward laid;
By pitying peasants known, he's straight
To friendly roof convey'd.

Reviv'd, heart-rending sighs and groans,
A fix'd despair confess;
But Madness, sad relief!—arrives
To lighten his distress.

When midnight came, from bed escap'd,
To Fanny's grave he flew;
There stretch'd,—he Fanny call'd—and soon
To mis'ry bade adieu.

Cold as the lovely fair within,
Next morn was William found;
Weeping, the village saw 'em laid
In the same hallow'd ground.

There nymphs and shepherds often meet,
To plight their vows so true,
And from a sympathy of soul,
Their grave with tears bedew.

Price, [Numb. 37] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

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The Highland Laſſie.

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're four, and unco ſaucy,
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good humour'd Highland laſſie.

O, my bonny, bonny Highland laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling Highland laſſie,
May never care
Make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

Than ony laſs in Burrough's town,
Wha make their cheeks with patches motie;
I'd tak my Katie wi' a gown,
Bare footed in her little cotie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er higheſt heathery hills I'll ſtenn,
Wi' cockit gun, and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feaſt my laſs on diſhes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane ſhall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainſt her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my truſty ſword,
Or frae my ſide whiſk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad wi' purple bloom,
And berries ripe invite my treaſure
To range wi' me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleaſure.
O my bonny, &c.

Yeſterday.

SAY, ye ſtudious grave and old,
Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
Tell me where I may behold
The fleeting forms of yeſterday.

Where's autumnal plenty ſped,
Winter, where's thy boiſt'rous ſway;
Where's the vernal flow'ret fled,
Summer, where's thy Yeſterday,

Jocund ſprites' of ſocial joy,
Round our ſmiling goblet play;
Flit, ye pow'rs of rude annoy,
Like the ghoſt of yeſterday.

Brim the bowl, and paſs it round,
Lightly tune the ſportive lay;
Let the feſtal hour be crown'd,
E'er 'tis loſt, like yeſterday.

Golden Skies.

THE night when ſpent in golden ſkies,
If whiten'd cliffs the ſailor ſpies,
The ſailor ſpies completely bleſt,
The ſight each tender thought inſpires
His love on ſhore, and fancy fires
And fancy fires his faithful breaſt.
The dancing waves ſalute his oar,
He pulls and ſings "my love's on ſhore,"
He pulls and ſings "my love's on ſhore."

He waves his hat, and cries "adieu,
"Farewell good ſhip and loving crew,
"Farewell good ſhip; for love I ſteer."
And as around he turns his face,
To view the happy well-known place,
The happy place that holds his dear,
The dancing waves ſalute his oar,
He pulls and ſings, &c.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

ROY's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how ſhe cheated me,
As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch?
Roy's wife, &c.

She vow'd, ſhe ſwore ſhe would be mine;
She ſaid ſhe loo'd me beſt of ony,
But ah, the fauſe, the fickle quean,
She's ta'en the Carle and left her Jonnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair ſae fair, her een ſae clear,
Her wee bit mou's ſae ſweet and bonny,
To me ſhe ever will be dear,
Tho' ſhe's for ever left her Jonnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

But O, ſhe was the canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had ſhe been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivallock!
Roy's wife, &c.

Why is Love ſo paſt defining.

"WHY is love ſo paſt defining?
"Tell me, reaſon," Chloe cry'd:
Cupid, on his bow reclining,
Heard the nymph, and thus reply'd:

"'Tis not reaſon can inform thee;
"Learn from me"—and ſhot a dart!
"Does not ſecret paſſion warm thee?"
"Yes," ſhe cry'd," 'tis in my heart.

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The Big Belly'd Bottle.

THE women all tell me I'm falfe to my laſs,
That I quit my poor Chloe and ſtick to my glaſs;
But to you, men of reaſon, my reaſons I'll own,
And if you do'nt like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe ſhe was good, and I'm ſure ſhe was fair;
But goodneſs and charms in a bumper I ſee,
That makes it as good and as charming as ſhe.

My Chloe had dimples and ſmiles, I muſt own,
But tho' ſhe could ſmile, yet in truth ſhe could frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er ſee a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roſes were juſt in their prime,
Yet lilies and roſes are conquer'd by time;
But in wine, from its age ſuch a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's inſipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink the more thirſty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and hiſtory prove
The miſchiefs that wait upon rivals in love;
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends

She too might have poiſon'd the joy of my life,
With nurſes, and babies, and ſqualling and ſtrife;
But my wine neither nurſes nor babies can bring,
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

Perhaps, like her ſex, ever falſe to their word,
She had left me to get an eſtate or a lord;
But my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)
Will ſtand by me when I can't ſtand by myſelf.

We ſhorten our day when with love we engage,
It brings on diſeaſes and haſtens old age;
But wine from grim death can its votaries ſave,
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the grave.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain:
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I ſpy;
Should you doubt what I ſay, take a bumper and try.

Fill your Glaſſes.

FILL your glaſſes, toaſt your laſſes,
Now enliv'ning joys abound;
Wine delights us, love unites us,
Let the ſparkling wine go round.

Strife and ſorrow, both good morrow,
With our liquor are ye drown'd!
Baniſh thinking! ſpirits ſinking!
Let the ſparkling wine go round.

Every fellow, doctors tell you,
Fall like flowers to the ground;
This 'twill nouriſh, make them flouriſh,
Then long life to all around.

Room here! room here! ſons of humour!
I muſt give a toaſt I've found;
Then be ready, true and ſteady,
Let the ſentiment go round.

May ſincere ones, with their fair ones,
And their wiſhes too, be crown'd;
Pleaſure giving, joy receiving,
Laughing while the world goes round.

Young Lubin.

YOUNG Lubin was a ſhepherd boy,
Fair Roſalie a ruſtic maid;
They met, they lov'd,—each other's joy,
Together o'er the hills they ſtray'd.

Their parents ſaw, and bleſs'd their love,
Nor would their happineſs delay;
To-morrow's dawn their bliſs ſhould prove,
To-morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beſide the brook,
Where ſtray'd their flocks, they ſat and ſmil'd,
One luckleſs lamb the current took;
'Twas Roſalie's—ſhe ſtarted wild.

"Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite ſave;"
Too fatally the youth obey'd:
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wand'rer aid.

But ſcarce he guides him to the ſhore,
When, faint and ſunk, poor Lubin dies:
Ah! Roſalie, for evermore,
In this cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank, oh! ſtill be ſeen,
Faithful to grief, thou hapleſs maid;
And with ſad wreaths of cypreſs green,
For ever ſooth thy Lubin's ſhade.

Sequel to Young Lubin.

ON that lone bank where Lubin dy'd,
Fair Roſalie, a wretched maid,
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's ſhade.

"Oh! may ſome kind, ſome gentle wave,
"Waſt him to this mournful ſhore:
"Theſe tender hands ſhould make his grave,
"And deck his grave with flow'rs o'er.

"I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
"And pray for his eternal reſt;
"When time his form has worn away,
"His duſt I'd place within my breaſt."

While thus ſhe moan'd her Lubin loſt,
And Echo to her grief reply'd:
Lo! at her feet his corpſe was toſt,
She ſhriek'd, ſhe claſp'd him, and ſhe dy'd.

Hark! the joy inſpiring Horn.

HARK! hark! the joy inſpiring horn
Salutes the roſy, riſing morn,
And echoes thro' the dale;
With clam'rous peals the hills reſound,
The hounds quick ſcented ſcow'r the ground,
And ſnuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The briſk high-mettl'd ſtarting ſteed,
The jovial pack purſue;
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
The diſtant hills with ſpeed he gains,
And ſees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forſakes,
And to the copſe for ſhelter makes,
There pants awhile for breath;
When now the noiſe alarms her ear,
Her haunt's deſcried, her fate is near,
She ſees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim ſeize,
She faints, ſhe falls, ſhe dies:
The diſtant courſers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echo rends the ſkies.

Row, dow, dow.

THO' I am now a very little lad,
If fighting men cannot be had,
For want of better I may do,
To follow the boys with a rat tat too;
I may ſeem tender, yet I'm tough,
And tho' not too much of me, right good ſtuff:
Of this I'll boaſt—ſay more who can,
I never was aſham'd to face my man.
I'm a chick-a-Biddy, ſee,
Take me now, now, now,
A merry little he
For your row, dow, dow;
Brown Beſs I knock about, oh there's my joy,
With my knapſack at my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young ſoldier view,
My phillebeg and dirk, and bonnet blue,
Give the word and I'll march where you command,
Noble ſerjeant with a ſhilling then ſtrike my hand;
My captain when he takes his glaſs,
May like to toy with a pretty laſs,
For ſuch a one I've a roguiſh eye,
He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.
I'm a chick-a-Biddy, &c.

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,
With my great broad-ſword I long to begin,
Cut, flaſh, ram, dam, oh! glorious fun,
For a gun, pip pop, change my little pop-gun:
The foes ſhall fly, like geeſe in flocks,
E'n Turks I'd drive like Turkey-cocks;
Wherever quarter'd I ſhall be,
Oh! zounds how I'll kiſs my landlady.
I'm a chick-a-Biddy, &c.

Blow, Boreas, blow.

BLOW, Boreas, blow, and let the ſurly winds
Make the billows foam and roar;
Thou can'ſt no terrors breed in valiant minds,
But ſpight of thee we'll live and find the ſhore.
Then cheer my hearts, and be not aw'd,
But keep the gun-room clear;
Tho' hell's broke looſe, and dæmons roar abroad,
Whilſt we have ſea room here, boys, never fear.

Hey! how ſhe toſſes up, how far!
The mounting top-maſt touch'd a ſtar:
The meteors blaz'd, as thro' the clouds we came,
And, ſalamander like, we liv'd in flame.

But now we ſink! now we go down
To the deepeſt ſhades below:
Alas! where are we now! who, who can tell?
Sure 'tis the deepeſt room in hell,
Or where the ſea-gods dwell:
With them we'll live, we'll live and reign,
With them we'll laugh, and ſing and drink amain;
But ſee! we mount! ſee, ſee, we riſe again.

Tho' flaſhes of lightning, and tempeſts of rain,
Do fiercely contend which ſhall conquer the main;
Tho' the captain does ſwear inſtead of a pray'r,
And the ſea is all fir'd by the dæmons of th' air,

We'll drink and defy
The mad ſpirits that fly
From the deep to the ſky,
And ſing whilſt the thunder does bellow:
For Fate ſtill will have
A kind chance for the brave,
And ne'er make his grave
Of a ſalt-water wave,
To drown, no never to drown a good fellow.

R. Bradley.

The affectionate Soldier.

'TWAS in the evening of a wint'ry day,
When ſafe returning from a long campaign,
Allen o'ertoil'd and weary with the way,
Came home to ſee his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he careleſsly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;
But ſhe receiv'd him with a modeſt frown—
She knew not Allen in his rough diſguiſe.

His hair was knotted and his beard unſhorn,
His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;
A tear of pleaſure did his cheeks adorn,
And bleſſings fell in torrents from his tongue.

"Am I ſo alter'd by this cruel trade,
"That you your faithful Allen have forgot;
"Or has your heart unto ſome other ſtray'd?
"Ah! why did I eſcape the murd'ring ſhot."

When this he ſpake, her wonted colour fled,
She ran and ſunk upon her Allen's breaſt;
All pale awhile, ſhe look'd like one that's dead;
He kiſs'd, ſhe breath'd, and all her love confeſs'd.

"Yes, my delight, tho' alter'd as thou art,
"Reduc'd by honeſt courage to this ſtrait;
"Thou art the golden treaſure of my heart,
"My long loſt huſband, and my wiſh'd for mate.

O lovely Maid.

O LOVELY maid, beſtow one ſmile
On him who ſighs for thee;
And you ſhall find him conſtant prove,
When he returns from ſea.

Remembrance of a kind adieu,
From you, my charming fair,
Shall weather me through every ſtorm,
And keep me from deſpair.

And tho' the waves around me foam,
And death appears at hand;
The hope of ſeeing thee again,
Shall be to me as land.

And if I ſhould be ſpar'd once more,
My deſtin'd port to make,
I'll there ſelect whate'er is ſcarce,
And keep them for your ſake.

And when my bark is laiden deep,
And ſails loos'd to the wind;
Then homeward bound my courſe I'll ſteer,
You, only you to find.

And if I find you then prove true,
My conſtant care ſhall be
To live and love but only you,
And bid adieu to ſea.

Mr. Couty.

BALLAD.

The Lady's Fall.

MARKE well my heavy doleful tale,
You loyal lovers all,
And heedfully bear in your breaſt,
A gallant lady's fall.
Long was ſhe woo'd, e'er ſhe was won,
To lead a wedded life,
But folly wrought her overthrow,
Before ſhe was a wife.

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Too ſoon alas! ſhe gave conſent
And yielded to his will,
Though he proteſted to be true,
And faithful to her ſtill.
She felt her body alter'd quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale,
Her lovely cheeks chang'd colour white,
Her ſtrength began to fail.

So that with many a ſorrowful ſigh,
This beauteous lady mild,
With grieved heart, perceiv'd herſelf
To have conceived with-child.
She kept it from her parent's ſight
As cloſe as cloſe could be,
And ſo put on her ſilken gown
None might her ſwelling ſee.

Unto her lover ſecretly
Her grief ſhe did bewray,
And walking with him hand in hand,
Theſe words to him did ſay:
"Behold," quoth ſhe, "a maid's diſtreſs,
"By love brought to thy bow,
"Behold I go with-child by thee,
"But none thereof doth know.

"The little babe ſprings in my womb
"To hear its father's voice,
"Let it not be a baſtard call'd,
"Since I made thee my choice:
"Come, come, my love, perform thy vow,
"And wed me out of hand;
"O leave me not in this extreme,
"In grief always to ſtand.

"Think on thy former promiſes,
"Thy oaths and vows each one;
"Remember with what bitter tears
"To me thou mad'ſt thy moan.
"Convey me to ſome ſecret place,
"And marry we with ſpeed;
"Or with thy rapier end my life,
"Ere further ſhame proceed."

"Alack! my deareſt love," quoth he,
"My greateſt joy on earth,
"Which way can I convey thee hence,
"Without a ſudden death?
"Thy friends are all of high degree,
"And I of mean eſtate;
"Full hard it is to get thee forth
"Out of thy father's gate."

"Dread not thy life to ſave thy fame,
"For if thou taken be,
"Myſelf will ſtep between the ſwords,
"And take the harm on me:
"So ſhall I 'ſcape diſhonor quite;
"And if I ſhould be ſlain,
"What could they ſay, but that true love
"Had wrought a lady's bane.

"And fear not any other harm;
"Myſelf will ſo adviſe,
"That I will ride away with thee
"Unknown to mortal eyes:
"Diſguiſed like ſome pretty page,
"I'll meet thee in the dark,
"And all alone I'll come to thee,
"Hard by thy father's park."

"And there," quoth he, "I'll meet my dear,
"If God ſo lend me life,
"On this day month without all fail
"I will make thee my wife."
Then with a ſweet and loving kiſs,
They parted preſently,
And at their parting, briniſh tears
Stood in each others eye.

At length the wiſhed day was come,
On which this beauteous maid,
With longing eyes, and ſtrange attire,
For her true lover ſtay'd:
When any perſon ſhe eſpy'd
Come riding o'er the plain,
She hop'd it was her own true love:
But all her hopes were vain.

Then did ſhe weep and ſore bewail
Her moſt unhappy fate;
Then did ſhe ſpeak theſe woefull words,
As ſuccourleſs ſhe ſate:
"O falſe, forſworn, and faithleſs man,
"Diſloyal in thy love,
"Haſt thou forgot thy promiſe paſt,
"And wilt thou perjur'd prove?

"And haſt thou now forſaken me
"In this my great diſtreſs,
"To end my days in open ſhame,
"Which thou might'ſt well redreſs?
"Woe worth the time I e'er believ'd
"That flattering tongue of thine;
"Would God that I had never ſeen
"The tears of thy falſe een."

And thus with many ſorrowful ſighs,
Homewards ſhe went again;
No reſt came to her watery eyes,
She felt ſuch privy pain.
In travail ſtrong ſhe fell that night,
With many a bitter throw;
What woeful pangs ſhe then did feel,
Doth each good woman know.

She called up her waiting maid,
That lay at her bed's feet,
Who, muſing at her miſtreſs' woe,
Began full faſt to weep.
"Weep not," ſaid ſhe, "but ſhut the doors,
"And windows round about,
"Let none bewray my wretched ſtate,
"But keep all perſons out."

"O miſtreſs call thy mother dear,
"Of women you have need,
"And of ſome ſkilful widwife's help,
"That better you may ſpeed."
"Call not my mother, for thy life,
"Nor fetch no women here,
"The midwife's help comes all too late,
"My death I do not fear."

With that the babe ſprang from her womb,
No creature being nigh,
And with one ſigh, which broke her heart,
This gallant dame did die.
The lovely little infant young,
The mother being dead,
Reſign'd its new received breath
To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,
Affrighted at the news,
And he for ſorrow ſlew himſelf,
Whom each one did accuſe.
The mother with her new-born babe,
Were both laid in one grave,
Their parents overcame with woe,
No joy henceforth could have.

Take heed, ye dainty damſels all,
Of flattering words beware,
And of the honour of your name
Have an eſpecial care.
Too true, alas! this ſtory is,
As many one can tell.
By others harms learn to be wiſe,
And you ſhall do full well.

Price, [Numb. 38] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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O Love, what the deuce.

O LOVE, what the deuce do you want in my bosom,
Get out of my sight and my heart let alone,
For had I a score I should certainly lose 'em,
As that I possess is no longer my own;
What means all this thumping, this flutt'ring and beating,
O good master Cupid pray be easy now,
I long ev'ry morn for the next village meeting,
Tho' it adds to my pain, but I cannot tell how.
Sing lira la, lira la, lira la, lira la, lira la, lira la, lira la la,
I can't for the life of me make out the reason,
Why love is the only thing ne'er out of season.

Och! when on the green we were all of us dancing,
'Twas there I first caught the effect of her eyes,
Each moment she'd seize to be privately glancing
Fond looks at a heart she had caught by surprise;
She shot thro' and thro' like a loud clap of thunder,
My heart a large hole in my bosom did burn,
And fled to her arms, then pray where is the wonder,
That her own, the dear creature, should send in return? *Sing lira la, &c.*

O Cupid you're surely of Irish extraction,
Oh help your poor countryman now at a pinch,
If you'll stand my friend in the heat of the action,
May I ne'er see Kilkenny again if I flinch!
I'm not one of those that are given to lying;
I promise no more than I'm able to give,
I hate all your nonsense, your kneeling and dying,
But I'll love her as long as she chuses to live.
Sing lira la, &c.

Oscar's Ghost.

O! see that form that faintly gleams!
'Tis Oscar come to cheer my dreams;—
On wings of wind he flies away;
O stay, my lovely Oscar, stay!

Wake, Ossian! last of Fingal's line,
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
Since gloomy Cairbar wrought his fall;
The roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

London Ladies.

LONDON ladies walk the streets
In gaudy silks and sattins,
The country girl has no such sweets,
She clacks along in pattens;
But what care I? my russet gown
Will bring me lovers plenty,
I've fun enough, tho' out of town,
And not yet turn'd of twenty.

When at Christmas in the hall,
The men and maids are hopping,
If by chance I hear 'em bawl,
Amongst 'em quick I pop in.
When all the men, Jem, John, and Joe,
Cry, "what good luck has sent ye?"
And kiss beneath the mistletoe,
The girl not turn'd of twenty.

One winter's night, at blindman's buff,
A game that's most bewitching,
As Jack (and Jack was blind enough)
Was poking round the kitchen,
A spat I gave him on the back,
Says I, "will that content you?"
He snatch'd, and catch'd me—"ah," cries Jack,
"My girl not turn'd of twenty!"

As in the dance I trip along,
Like me no female skipper,
No game can ever happen wrong,
Hot cockles, hunt the slipper.
Can ye, town ladies, tho' so fair,
And coxcombs compliment ye,
For joy and sport with me compare,
The girl not turn'd of twenty?

Jamie, come try me.

JAMIE, come try me,
Jamie, come try me,
If thou wouldst win my love
Jamie come try me.
If thou shouldst ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou wouldst win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should'st kiss me, love,
Who could espy thee?
If thou wilt be my love,
Jamie, come try me.
Jamie, come, &c.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

One Bottle more.

ASSIST me ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,
To ſing in the praiſes of old Ireland's iſle,
Where true hoſpitality opens the door,
And friendſhip detains us for one bottle more.
One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,
And friendſhip detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and ſincere,
For if but one bottle remain'd in our ſtore,
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

At Candy's, in Greek-ſtreet, I'll ſing of a ſet,
Of ſix Iriſh blades who together had met:
Four bottles a piece made us call for our ſcore,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
For friendſhip had grappl'd each man by the heart;
Where the leaſt touch you know makes an Iriſhman roar,
And the whack of ſhilella brought ſix bottles more.

Slow Phœbus had ſhone thro' our window ſo bright,
Quite happy to view his beſt children of light,
So we parted, with hearts neither ſorry nor ſore,
Reſolving next night to drink twelve botttles more.

Second Thoughts are beſt.

YOUNG Colin was as blithe a lad,
As ever trod the daiſy'd plain,
Each blooming virgin's heart was glad,
Whene'er he tun'd his ſylvan ſtrain:
"Ah! when," he cry'd, "will Kate comply,
"And make her lover truly bleſt?
"You've promis'd long"—O, yes ſays I,
'Tis true—but ſecond thoughts are beſt.

Now Lubin was a ſightly ſwain,
Well form'd to win a maiden's mind,
And all the laſſes of the plain,
Did vie to make the ſhepherd kind:
But, vain of conqueſt, female pride
Looks lightly on the prize poſſeſt;
So, when he woo'd, I ſtill reply'd,
No, Lubin, ſecond thoughts are beſt.

I found my vain coquetiſh art
Eclips'd the hope of future joy;
For, O! it ſtung me to the heart,
To ſee him with my rivals toy:
I therefore, bluſhing, ſmil'd conſent,
And yielding to his fond requeſt,
Well pleas'd, to church with Lubin went,
Convinc'd that—ſecond thoughts are beſt.

Donald, the young Highland Lad.

I KEN that Will's a bonny youth,
And often drives the laſſies mad;
But canna woo with muckle truth,
Like Donald, the young Highland lad.

Then Donald is a ſoldier too,
And looks ſae braw in tartan plaid;
O ne'er a laddy e'er can woo,
Like Donald, the young Highland lad.

And e'er wi' ſic a lover part,
I'll gang to war—like Donald clad,
And kill the man that aims a dart,
At Donald, the young Highland lad.

I dinna care what fowks may ſay,
I'll haſte to kirk wi' ſpirit glad,
Then o'er the graſſy mountains ſtray,
Wi' Donald, the young Highland lad.

The Soldier's Joy.

WHEN dread Bellona ſounds to arms,
And fills the world with loud alarms,
Pleas'd to the field the ſoldier hies,
While terror flaſhes from his eyes;
The foes in glittering ranks appear,
The trumpets ſound, the battle's near;
Then glory does each mind employ,
For glory is the ſoldier's joy.

But let the rage of battle ceaſe,
And the ſhrill trumpet ſound for peace;
Then tir'd, beneath the ſpreading ſhade
The ſoldier and his arms are laid;
No foe finds place within his mind,
To all alike he now is kind;
He is a friend where none annoy,
For friendſhip is a ſoldier's joy.

When crown'd with laurels home, he comes,
The trumpet mute, and mute the drums:
When virgins touch the trembling lyre,
And ſongs of tenderneſs inſpire;
When Venus leads her blooming train,
And love and beauty grace the plain,
No thoughts of war his mind employ,
For beauty is a ſoldier's joy.

When Bacchus crowns the roſy bowl,
And mirth makes happy every ſoul;
The ſportive tale, the ſong, the jeſt,
Alternate vibrate in his breaſt;
He joins with Bacchus, Momus too,
The bowl or bottle to purſue;
What can his happineſs deſtroy,
Since drinking is the ſoldier's joy?

Medley of Lovers.

WHEN the men a courting came,
Flatt'ring with their prittle prattle,
Of their fool'ties I made game,
Rallied with my tittle tattle:
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teazing of me,
Pleaſing of me,
Offering pelf,
Each ſilly elf,
Came cooing, wooing, and bowing to me.

The divine, with looks demure,
Talk'd of tythes and eating plenty;
Shew'd the profits of his cure,
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty.
Cooing to me, &c.

The learned ſerjeant of the law,
Shew'd his parchments, briefs, and papers;
In his deeds, I found a flaw,
So diſmiſs'd him in the vapours.
Cooing to me, &c.

Phyſic now diſplays his wealth,
With his noſtrums—but the fact is,
I reſolved to keep my health,
Nor die a martyr to his practice.
Cooing to me, &c.

But at laſt a ſwain bow'd low,
Candid, handſome, tall and clever,
Squeez'd my hand—I can't tell how,
But he won my heart for ever.
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teazing of me,
Pleaſing of me,
Offering pelf,
Each ſilly elf;
I ſent all other wooers from me.

Chevy Chase.

The fine heroic song of Chevy Chase *has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befal.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away;
These tidings to earl Douglas came,
In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport:
The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow men bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant grey-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear.

And long before high-noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain:
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their back-sides all with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer:
Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come
"His men in armour bright,
"Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
"All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
"Fast by the river Tweed."
"Then cease your sport," earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed:

"And now with me, my countrymen,
"Your courage forth advance;
"For never was there champion yet
"In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
"But if my hap it were,
"I durst encounter man for man,
"With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
"That hunt so boldly here,
"That, without my consentdo chase,
"And kill my fallow deer."

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy, he;
Who said, "we list not to declare,
"Nor shew whose men we be:

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
"The chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"E'er thus I will out-braved be,
"One of us two shall die:
"I know thee well, an earl thou art,
"Lord Piercy, so am I.

"But trust me, Piercy, pity 'twere,
"And great offence to kill
"Any of these, our harmless men,
"For they have done no ill;

"Let thou and I the battle try,
"And set our men aside:"
"Accurst be he," lord Percy said,
"By whom it is denied."

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame;

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
"And I stood looking on:
"You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone:

"I'll do the best that do I may,
"While I have strength to stand;
"While I have pow'r to wield my sword
"I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full three-score Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Douglas had the bent;
A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O, Christ! it was great grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Until their blood, like drops of rain,
They, trickling down, did feel.

" Yield thee, lord Percy," Douglas ſaid,
" In faith I will thee bring,
" Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
" By James our Scottiſh king.

" Thy ranſom I will freely give,
" And thus report of thee;
" Thou art the moſt courageous knight,
" That ever I did ſee."

" No, Douglas," quoth earl Percy then,
" Thy proffer I do ſcorn;
" I will not yield to any Scot
" That ever yet was born."

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
" Fight on, my merry men all;
" For why, my life is at an end;
" Lord Percy ſees me fall."

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, " earl Douglas, for thy life
" Would I had loſt my land.

" O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed
" With ſorrow for thy ſake;
" For ſure, a more renowned knight
" Such miſchance ne'er did take."

A knight among the Scots there was,
Which ſaw earl Douglas die,
And in his wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a ſpear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And paſt the Engliſh archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through earl Percy's body then
He thruſt his hateful ſpear;

With ſuch vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain;
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was ſlain:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the ſhaft he ſet,
The grey-gooſe wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did laſt from break of day,
'Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rung the ev'ning bell,
The battle ſcarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was ſlain,
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was ſlain,
Whoſe proweſs did ſurmount.

For Whitherington needs muſt I wail,
As one in doleful dumps:
For when his legs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his ſtumps.

And with earl Douglas there was ſlain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliffe, too,
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in likewiſe
Did with earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Engliſh men,
Went home but fifty three:
The reſt were ſlain in Chevy Chaſe
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their huſbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas ſuddenly
Was with an arrow ſlain.

" O heavy news," king James did ſay,
" Scotland can witneſs be,
" I have not any captain more
" Of ſuch account as he."

Like tidings to king Henry came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Percy, of Northumberland,
Was ſlain in Chevy Chaſe.

" Now God be with him," ſaid our king,
" Sith 'twill no better be,
" I truſt I have within my realm
" Five hundred good as he.

" Yet ſhall not Scot nor Scotland ſay,
" But I will vengeance take,
" And be revenged on them all,
" For brave lord Percy's ſake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, on Humbledown;
In one day, fifty knights were ſlain,
With lords of high renown.

And of the reſt, of ſmall account
Did many hundreds die:
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy Chaſe,
Made by the earl Percy.

God ſave the king, and bleſt the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe.

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The Knife Grinder.

KNIVES, penknives to grind, my good maſter;
Sweet miſtreſſes, ſciſſors to grind;
See, faſter, and faſter, and faſter,
Whurr, whurr, ſpins the wheel;
Fitz, fitz, ſparkles the ſteel;
And I ſet them to your mind.

Maids, pretty maids, come to the grinder,
Say, who to the girls can be kinder
Than he, who can grind, and can ſing?
Your carving, and mincing, and chopping knives bring.
See, faſter, &c.

Come, bring carpenters hatchets, for chipping;
I ſet tailors' ſhears for nice ſnipping;
Likewiſe, ſhoemakers heels, cutlers knives,
As ſharp and as keen as the tongues of their wives.
See, faſter, &c.

Pretty Poll and honeſt Jack.

WHEN whiſtling winds are heard to blow,
In tempeſts o'er the earth,
The ſeaman's oft daſh'd to and fro,
Yet chearly takes his birth;
And as he fearleſs mounts the ſhrouds:
Awhile the veſſel ſwings;
Tho' ſkies are mantled o'er with clouds,
The gallant ſailor ſings;
'Tis pretty Poll and honeſt Jack,
My girl and friend on ſhore,
Will hail me at returning back,
So let the billows roar.

Now bending o'er the rocking yard,
While ſeas in mountains riſe,
He takes a ſpell, however hard,
And danger e'er deſies:
The ſtorm once o'er, the gallant tar,
Lets fancy freely roam,
And though from many a friend afar,
Thus ſings of friends at home:
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

On burning coaſts, or frozen ſeas,
Alike in each extreme,
The gallant ſailor's e'er at eaſe,
And floats with fortune's ſtream:
To love and friendſhip ever true,
He ſteers life's courſe along;
And whereſoever ſailing to,
Fond hope elates his ſong.
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

We Soldiers Drink.

WE ſoldiers drink, we ſoldiers ſing,
We fight our foes, we love our king,
Are ever briſk and jolly;
We know no care in peace or war,
We aſk no wealth but fame and health,
A knapſack and a Dolly.

When mirth invites, we ſeldom think,
When honor calls, we never ſhrink,
But ſcorning melancholy,
Alert and gay, we march away,
To foreign parts, with cheerful hearts—
A knapſack and a Dolly.

If doom'd to fall, the good and brave
Will dew with tears the ſoldier's grave;
Thus ſadneſs is a folly;
His dauntleſs ſword, fame will record;
His comrade dear, will prize and cheer,
His knapſack and his Dolly.

Then come, my noble heroes, come,
With ſprightly fife, and echoing drum;
With minds elate and jolly;
Let's take the field, nor ever yield
To fortune's frowns, till conqueſt crowns,
Our knapſack and our Dolly.

Hark! the hollow Woods.

HARK! the hollow woods reſounding,
Echo to the bugle horn;
Swift the buck with vigour bounding
Leaps the brake and clears the thorn.

Ev'ry art he now is trying,
Shafts await his eager flight,
High he leaps, the hounds full crying,
Now he's vaniſhed from our ſight.

Hark, the leafy woods reſounding,
Echo to the bugle horn,
Swift the buck with vigour bounding,
Leaps the brake and clears the thorn.

Twanging bows with death purſuing,
See, he rears, he turns his head,
Bays the dogs, but nought from ruin,
Nought can ſave, he falls, he's dead.

Sound the horn, huzza, in chorus,
We are free from care, my boys,
Rural pleaſures lie before us,
Health gives length and ſtrength to joys.

PUBLISHED at N° 10, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

A New Hunting Song.

HARK, hark to the ſound of the ſweet winding horn,
It invites to the chace, and awakens the morn;
Hark, hark, &c.
Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
While Echo enraptur'd, repeats the blithe ſtrain.
Diana leads forward, &c.

While Bacchus deprives us of reaſon and wealth,
The ſports of the field give both pleaſure and health;
Such innocent paſtimes enſure us all joys,
Where no baſeneſs diſturbs, no malice deſtroys.
Diana leads forward, &c.

Poor Nan of Wapping.

ATTEND, ye thoughtleſs, young and gay,
Nor ſcorn my tale of ſorrow;
The woes which others feel to day,
May be your own to-morrow:
Then ſpare the fame of her I name,
Seduc'd by falſe perſuaſion;
Perhaps you might have done the ſame,
Had you the ſame temptation.

Poor Nan of Wapping long was fam'd
For ſweetneſs and for beauty;
Her parents love ſhe juſtly claim'd,
Her ſoul was fraught with duty:
Her gentle mind to fraud was blind,
By eaſy faith excited;
She thought to find in all mankind
The heart and tongue united.

'Twas hard her unſuſpecting heart,
A prey to guile ſhould leave her;
But ev'ry fraud and ſpecious art
Were practis'd to deceive her:
With ſolemn oaths a perjur'd youth,
To his embraces won her;
And judging by her own, his truth,
She loſt her peace and honor.

For ſome ſhort period ſhe enjoy'd
All luxury could render:
No ſingle check to curb her pride,
She ſhone in guilty ſplendor:
Surrounded by the vain and gay,
No ſerious friend appearing,
'Till conſcience came in dread array,
And claim'd an awful hearing!

'Twas then the helpleſs fair bewail'd
The breach of moral duties;
She ſaw her lover's heart aſſail'd,
By more ſucceſsful beauties:
At length appal'd, he ſpoke her fate,
And inſtant claim'd ſubmiſſion;
Then left poor Nan to mourn, too late,
Her hapleſs loſt condition.

Thus ſpurn'd by him, whoſe faithleſs heart
From virtue had ſeduc'd her;
And who, to crown the villain's part,
To begg'ry now reduc'd her.
Her former friends their aid deny'd,
To ſooth her boſom's throbbing;
E'en pity view'd with tearleſs eye,
The woes of Nan of Wapping.

Her parents next ſhe ſought for aid,
But they had long departed;
For with their child their comforts fled—
They dy'd, both broken hearted:
Tranfix'd ſhe ſtood, bewail'd her birth,
Her feeble arms extended;
She heav'd a ſigh, then ſunk to th' earth,
Where all her woes were ended.

The Faithful Tar.

THE ſails unfurl'd, the ſhip unmoor'd,
Her courſe to ſteer—all hands on board,
Propitious ev'ry gale;
Fair Betſey on the beach deplores
Her ſailor bound to diſtant ſhores,
But nought her tears avail.

"O! cruel fate—ye pow'rs above,
"Why thus bereft of him I love!
"Who on the reſtleſs deep,
"The boiſt'rous tide muſt ceaſeleſs brave,
"And meet, perchance, a wat'ry grave,
"Whilſt I but live to weep."

Twelve months elaps'd, when he return'd,
Her conſtant heart with rapture burn'd,
'Twas freed from ev'ry care:
And Henry's love, his heart, his ſoul,
Were true, as needle to the pole,
When abſent from his fair.

In wedded bliſs they taſte delight,
No winds diſturb, nor ſtorms affright
The lovely Betſey's breaſt.
For now he makes a firm decree,
No more to truſt the raging ſea—
With her completely bleſt.

Charming Sally.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plain,
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the ſwains,
And rivals all the fair.
The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
While ſummer ſeaſons roll;
But Sally's ſmiles can, all the year,
Give pleaſure to the ſoul.

When from the Eaſt, the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her preſence bids the god of day,
With emulation glow:
Freſh beauties deck the painted ground,
And birds ſweet notes prepare;
The playful lambkins ſkip around,
And hail their ſiſter fair.

The lark but ſtrains his liquid throat,
To bid the maid rejoice,
And mimicks, while he ſwells his note,
The ſweetneſs of her voice:
The fanning zephyrs round her play,
While Flora ſheds perfume,
And ev'ry flow'ret ſeems to ſay,
I bud for Sally's bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale;
Her beauty and unſpotted fame,
Make vocal ev'ry vale;
The ſtream meandring thro' the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
Is tun'd to Sally's praiſe.

No more ſhall blithſome laſs or ſwain
To mirthful wake reſort,
Nor ever May-morn on the plain
Advance in rural ſport;
No more ſhall guſh the purling rill,
Nor muſic wake the grove,
Nor flocks look ſnow-like on the hill,
When I forget to love.

Tom Clueline.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave,
Scarcely the veſſel's ſides could lave,
When in the mizen-top, his ſtand,
Tom Clueline taking, ſpied the land:
Oh! what reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native ſoil;
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the ſighs of zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eye,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve:
"Oh! what avails" cried ſhe "my pain,
"He's ſwallow'd in the greedy main;
"Ah! never ſhall I welcome home,
"With tender joy, my honeſt Tom."

Now high upon the faithful ſhroud,
The land awhile that ſeem'd a cloud,
While objects from the miſt ariſe,
A feaſt preſents Tom's longing eyes:
A ribbon near his heart which lay,
Now ſee him on his hat diſplay
The given ſign, to ſhew that fate
Had brought him to his bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff whoſe heights command
A proſpect of the ſhelly ſtrand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blamed,
Sudden with rapture ſhe exclaimed—
"But ſee, Oh! heaven, a ſhip in view,
"My Tom appears among the crew;
"The pledge he ſwore to bring ſafe home,
"Streams on his hat—'tis honeſt Tom."

What now remains were eaſy told,
Tom comes—his pockets lin'd with gold;
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To ſerve his king—he ſtays at home:
Recounts each toil, and ſhews each ſcar,
While Kitty and her conſtant tar
With rev'rence teach, to bleſs their fates,
Young honeſt Toms and bonny Kates.

New Friend and Pitcher.

IN fortune's arms the rich are poor,
Uneaſy, ſtriving ſtill to hitch her;
Give me but health, I aſk no more,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

A friend ſo rare—a girl ſo fair,
With ſuch, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

Let fortune's inſects fly my door,
And in her ſun-ſhine ſportive nitch her;
May thoſe be rich who think me poor,
With my ſweet girl, a friend and pitcher.

A friend ſo rare, &c.

The Heart which Love has wounded.

THE heart which love has wounded,
By fear and death confounded,
One only thought alarms;
It mocks the raging ocean,
The ſtormy wind's commotion,
Or din of hoſtile arms.

It's wonted cares are baniſh'd,
It's early terrors vaniſh'd,
It pants with fear unknown;
Throbs with too fierce pulſation,
To warm the dull vibration,
That trembles with its own.

Love and Deſpair.

NO more the feſtive train I'll join,
Adieu, ye rural ſports, adieu!
For what, alas! have griefs like mine,
With paſtimes or delights to do?
Let hearts at eaſe ſuch pleaſures prove;
But I am all deſpair and love.

Ah, well-a-day! how chang'd am I!
When late I ſeiz'd the rural reed,
So ſoft my ſtrains, the herds hard by,
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed:
But now my ſtrains no longer move,
They're diſcord all, deſpair and love.

Behold around my ſtraggling ſheep,
The faireſt once upon the lea;
No ſwain to guide, no dog to keep,
Unſhorn they ſtray, nor mark'd by me:
The ſhepherds mourn to ſee them rove,
They aſk the cauſe, I anſwer love.

Neglected love firſt taught my eyes
With tears of anguiſh to o'erflow;
'Tis that which fill'd my breaſt with ſighs,
And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe:
Love has occaſion'd all my ſmart,
Diſpers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

Sympathy.

FOR tenderneſs faſhion'd in life's early day,
A parent's ſoft ſorrows to mine led the way;
The leſſon of pity was caught from her eye,
And e'er words were my own, I ſpoke in a ſigh.

The nightingale plunder'd the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the ſuffering grove,
To youth as it ripen'd gave ſentiment new,
The object ſtill changing, the ſympathy true.

Soft embers of paſſion ſtill reſt in a glow—
A warmth of more pain may this breaſt never know!
Or, if too indulgent the bleſſing I claim,
Let the ſpark drop from reaſon that wakens the flame.

The Shepherd's Wiſh.

LET others praiſe the lofty maid,
Or paint the titled fair;
Give me, ye gods! the rural laſs,
Who tends her fleecy care;

Whoſe auburn treſſes ſweetly flow
Around her lovely waiſt;
Whoſe cheeks, like bluſhing roſe-buds glow,
In ſome lone deſart plac'd;

Whoſe lips, untaught in falſehood's wiles,
Diſdain not to impart,
With artleſs modeſty and truth,
The language of the heart;

Whoſe native plains her wiſhes bound;
Whoſe flock is all her ſtore:
Give me, ye gods! a nymph like this—
My ſoul deſires no more.

How ſweet to Love.

HOW ſweet a torment 'tis to love!
And ah! how pleaſant is the pain!
I would not, if I could, remove,
And now put off the am'rous chain.
Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,
And me of liberty beguile,
I, like a martyr, love my cauſe,
And on my fair tormentor ſmile!

The Fairies Farewell.

FAREWELL rewards and fairies!
Good houſewives now may ſay;
For now foul ſluts in dairies,
Do fare as well as they:
And though they ſweep their hearths no leſs
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanlineſs
Finds ſix-pence in her ſhoe?

Lament, lament old abbies,
The fairies laſt command;
They did but change prieſts babies,
But ſome have chang'd your land:
And all your children ſtol'n from thence,
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as changlings ever ſince,
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of ſleep and ſloth,
Theſe pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciſs to milking 'roſe,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witneſs thoſe rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain;
We footed in queen Mary's days
On many a graſſy plain.
But ſince of late Elizabeth
And later James came in,
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profeſſion:
Their ſongs were *Ave-Maries*,
Their dances were proceſſion.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the ſeas,
Or further for religion fled,
Or elſe they take their eaſe.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure:
And whoſo kept not ſecretly
Their mirth, was puniſh'd ſure:
It was a juſt and chriſtian deed
To pinch ſuch black and blue:
O how the common-wealth doth need
Such juſtices, as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A regiſter they have,
Who can preſerve their charters;
A man both wiſe and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in ſtore, con twenty thanks
To William for the ſame.

To William Churne, of Staffordſhire
Give laud and praiſes due,
Who every meal can mend your cheer
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
And pray you for his noddie:
For all the fairies evidence
Were loſt, if it were addle.

Gentle River.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY DR PERCY.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy ſtreams are ſtain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd ſhore.

All beſide thy limpid waters,
All beſide thy ſands ſo bright,
Mooriſh chiefs and chriſtian warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were ſlain:
Fatal banks, that gave to ſlaughter
All the pride and flower of ſpain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo
Full of wounds and glory dy'd;
There the fearleſs Urdiales
Fell a victim by his ſide.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' the ſquadrons ſlow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Cloſe behind, a renegado
Loudly ſhouts with taunting cry;
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
"Doeſt thou from the battle fly?"

"Well I know thee, haughty chriſtian,
"Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
"Oft I've in the liſts of glory
"Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,
"Well thy blooming bride I know,
"Seven years I was thy captive,
"Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our prophet grant my wiſhes,
"Haughty chief, thou ſhalt be mine:
"Thou ſhalt drink that cup of ſorrow,
"Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he ſends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Mooriſh javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Inſtant ſunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeleſs on the ground.

With a thouſand Moors ſurrounded,
Brave Saavedra ſtands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout reſiſts the Paynim bands;
From his ſlaughter'd ſteed diſmounted,
Firm intrench'd behind him ſtands.

Furious preſs the hoſtile ſquadron,
Furious he repels their rage;
Loſs of blood at length infeebles:
Who can war with thouſands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'erſhadows,
Cloſe beneath it's foot retir'd,
Fainting ſunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

Price, [Numb. 40] One Penny.

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Brown Beſs.

THEN farewell thoſe days of glory,
At my grief you well may gueſs;
Oft have I declar'd my ſtory,
How I lov'd my poor Brown Beſs.

Thirty-eight long years in clover,
My fond arms ſhe us'd to bleſs;
Ten long years and more are over,
Since I've hugg'd my poor Brown Beſs.

Her ſkin, tho' not ſo ſoft and fair, as
Some nice dames, I muſt confeſs,
Yet as much good time and care, has
Been employ'd on poor Brown Beſs.

Faithful ſtill to ev'ry duty,
For parade whene'er I'd dreſs,
Neat and clean, a poliſh'd beauty,
Ever came my poor Brown Beſs.

But, alas! thoſe times are paſt, now
Age and wounds my frame poſſeſs;
Death I find approaching faſt now,
So farewell, my poor Brown Beſs.

In one requeſt, ah! don't oppoſe me,
Ere the turf my corps ſhall preſs;
Ere the coffin quite encloſe me,
By my ſide, place poor Brown Beſs.

The Seaman's Home.

O YOU, whoſe lives on land are paſs'd,
And keep from dang'rous ſeas aloof;
Who careleſs liſten to the blaſt,
Or beating rains upon the roof;
You little heed how ſeamen fare—
Condemn'd the angry ſtorm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his ſtation on the deck;
And now laſh'd o'er the veſſel's ſide,
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck;
Yet, while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean is his only home.

Still freſher blows the midnight gale,
" All hands, reef top-ſails," are the cries;
And, while the clouds the Heav'ns conceal,
Aloft, to reef the ſail, he flies!
In ſtorms ſo rending, doom'd to roam,
The ocean is the ſeaman's home.

You Shan't, Sir.

JOHNNY met me t'other day,
Blithe young ſoldier Johnny;
" Whither going," he did ſay,
" Pretty laſs, ſo bonny?
" Stop a while, and let us talk,"—
" No," ſays I, " I can't, ſir,
" Then," ſays he, " with you I'll walk—
" No," ſays I, " you ſhan't, ſir."

Johnny dropp'd his hand with ſpeed,
And he kiſs'd me ſweetly;
Yes, he truly did, indeed,
Oh, he did it neatly:—
Still he cry'd—" come, let us woo,"—
" No," ſays I, " I can't, ſir,"
" Then," ſays he, " I'll gang with you"—
" No," ſays I, " you ſhan't, ſir."

" Come, my dear, be kind," ſays he,
" Soothe a lover's ſorrow;
" And to church repair with me,
" Bonny laſs, to-morrow;
" Say you will, and eaſe my woe"—
" No," ſays I, " I can't, ſir,"
" Then," ſays he, " to war I'll go,"—
" No," ſays I, " you ſhan't, ſir."

Within this Breaſt.

WITHIN this breaſt the record lies,
Of all the vows, the vows he made,
His lips, but more his tell-tale eyes,
His inmoſt ſoul betray'd;
How could I ſhun the pleaſing pain,
When all my doubts were flown?
Beſides, my bluſhes told the ſwain,
My heart was not my own.

The Recruiting Party.

WITH mingled ſounds of drum and fife,
We follow the recruiting life;
And as we march through every fair,
Make girls admire, and bumpkins ſtare.

With bumpers full we ply Sir Clown,
Or elſe produce the well-tim'd crown;
And liſting firſt the ſturdy elves,
We gain their ſweet-hearts for ourſelves.

Dibdin.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Whiskey.

AIR—"*One Bottle more.*"

RAISE your hearts and your voices, assist me to sing;
While Whiskey's the word, let the elements ring!
The soother of sorrow, the solace of care,
Is Whiskey; for what can with Whiskey compare?

However distinguish'd, still Whiskey for me,
Be it Native, Staulrinky, Raw-chaw, or Sweet-pea.
The Gob-warming syrup, the Liquor of Life,
Or Creter, to comfort man, maiden or wife.

Adieu to French brandy, French treaties, and France,
May their threaten'd invasion be a-la-distance,
May they still wonder why when in fight we're so fir'd!
Nor taste of the *spirit* with which we're inspir'd.

Holland's gin, like its makers, of *taste* is devoid,
Insipid as big-breech'd, mynheer Jan-van-Zloy'd.
British beer makes me blithe, French liqueurs make me sick,
I'm devoted to Whiskey, to Whiskey I'll stick.

To ladies, to coxcombs, and creatures at court,
I resign Calcavella, Madeira, and Port;
O give me but Whiskey, contented I'll sing,
Hibernia for ever, and *God save the King!*

Hail! Malt, thou great mother of whiskey and ale,
Without thee, how dull, and how poor each regale;
Have I nought in my house, save potatoes and salt,
And a gob-warming draught, O I'll ne'er be at fault

For punch and potatoes what land can compare
With Hibernia? or where find ye maidens more fair?
What land where you've eating and sheeting so rare:
How are you, Jack Bull, can yourself beat us there?

Then join me, convivials! Sir Bacchus resign,
Your post of prime Prince over pipes of Port wine:
Henceforth let the grape to the barley-corn bow;
Here's success to the farmer and speed to the plough!

Come, Volunteers, come.

COME, volunteers, come
To the head of the drum,
And all you can muster along with you bring;
Leave masters and mothers,
And fathers and brothers;
Nor think of a duty but that to your king.

Thou'rt active, young neighbour,
Then throw off thy labour,
And swop thy base pillow for bed of renown;
Dick, Harry, and Hugh,
Won't you do so too?
Ten guineas I'll give you, d'y see, and a crown.

Good linen, and cloaths,
With hats, shoes, and hose,
For a gentleman soldier fit every thing;
To my quarters then come,
Beer, brandy, and rum,
Swig your bellies full, and sing God save the king.

The happy Shepherdess.

O WHY should we sorrow, who never knew sin!
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain!
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair;
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!

Castle Manor.

PARTNERS of my toils and pleasures,
To this happy spot repair,
See how justly Fortune measures
Favours to the true and fair.
With chorusses gay,
Proclaim holiday,
In praise of the lord of the manor;
And happy the song
If it trains old and young,
In the lessons of Castle Manor.

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If it trains old and young,
In the lessons of Castle Manor.

SOPHIA.

When a mutual inclination,
Once a glowing spark betrays,
Try with tender emulation,
Which shall first excite the blaze.
I plighted my truth
To a generous youth,
I found him at Castle Manor;
To one only be kind,
And leave fashion behind,
'Tis the lesson of Castle Manor.

PEGGY.

Brisk and free, but true to duty,
Sure I've play'd an honest part,
Would you purchase love and beauty,
Be the price a faithful heart.
Should a knave full of gold,
Think Peg's to be sold,
Let him meet me at Castle Manor;
A bed in the mire,
To cool his desire,
Is the lesson of Castle Manor.

TRUEMORE.

Gallants learn from Truemore's story,
To associate in the breast,
Truth and honour, love and glory,
And to fortune leave the rest.
My ambition was fame,
From beauty it came,
From beauty at Castle Manor;
'Tis an honour to arms,
To be led by its charms,
Like the soldier of Castle Manor.

ANNETTE.

If I trip in my expression,
Critics lend a patient ear,
If coqueting be transgression,
Sisterhood be not severe.
To love while we live,
And all faults to forgive,
Is the lesson of Castle Manor;
As friends to our cause
Bestow your applause,
And welcome to Castle Manor.

The Lark's shrill Note.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow harvest free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

Lovely Nan.

SWEET is the ſhip that under ſail
Spreads her white boſom to the gale;
Sweet, oh ſweet's the flowing can;
Sweet to poiſe the lab'ring oar
That tugs us to our native ſhore,
When the Boatſwain pipes—the barge to man:
Sweet ſailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But oh, much ſweeter than all theſe,
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan!

The needle, faithful to the north,
To ſhew of conſtancy the worth,
A curious leſſon teaches man,
The needle, time may ruſt, a ſquall
Capſize the binacle and all,
Let ſeamanſhip do all it can:—
My love, in worth, ſhall higher riſe,
Nor time ſhall ruſt, nor ſqualls capſize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboas I was penn'd,
For ſerving of a worthleſs friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran:
No ſhip performing quarantine,
Was ever ſo deſerted ſeen:
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man:
But though falſe friendſhip's ſails we're furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loſs, who hazard ran;
I love to take an honeſt part,
Love beauty, and a ſpotleſs heart,
By manners love to ſhew the man:
To ſail through life, by honour's breeze,
'Twas all along of loving theſe,
Firſt made me dote on lovely Nan.

Dibdin.

Edward and Emma.

From Thompſon's Celadon and Amelia.

THE dreadful ſtorm was over;
The moon led on the night;
And on each tree and tow'r,
Pour'd wide her ſilver light:
I ſaw a mourner ſtand,
With fix'd and weeping eye;
He preſs'd my trembling hand,
And heav'd a heartfelt ſigh—

"Oh, ſtranger we lov'd true,—
"But all thoſe days are o'er;
"The forked lightning flew;
"My true love is no more—
"To yon ſequeſter'd glade,
"Ah! turn thy melting eye!
"See there; my lovely maid,
"My Emma, breathleſs lie!

"I lov'd my Emma dear,
"Nor did I plead in vain!
"She heard my vows ſincere,
"And deign'd to love again—
"To-morrow ſhe had nam'd,
"To eaſe me of my pain:
"Each ſoft delay I blam'd:
"Ah! wretched, wretched ſwain!

"Eternal powers above,
"Accept a lover true!
"Great God, that kill'dſt my love,
"Oh! kill her Edwin too!"
No more, alas! he ſpoke:
No more he made his moan;
His tender heart was broke:
I heard his laſt ſad groan.—

The Boy and the Mantle.

IN Carliſle dwelt king Arthur,
A prince of paſſing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beſet with many a knight.

And there he kept his Chriſtmas
With mirth and princely chear,
When, lo! a ſtrange and cunning boy
Before him did appear.

A kirtle, and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With broaches, rings, owches
Full daintily bedone.

He had a ſarke of ſilk
About his middle meet;
And thus with ſeemly courteſy,
He did king Arthur greet:

"God ſpeed thee, brave king Arthur,
"Thus feaſting in thy bower,
"And Guenever, thy goodly queen,
"That fair and peerleſs flower.

"Ye gallant lords, and lordlings,
"I wiſh you all take heed,
"Leſt, what you deem a blooming roſe,
"Should prove a canker'd weed."

Then ſtraitway from his boſom
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous ſhape and hue.

"Now have thou here, king Arthur,
"Now have thou here of me,
"And give unto thy comely queen,
"All ſhapen as you ſee.

"No wife it ſhall become,
"That once has been to blame."
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Sly glanced at his dame.

And firſt came lady Guenever,
The mantle ſhe muſt try.
This dame, ſhe was new fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When ſhe had ta'en the mantle,
And all was with it clad,
From top to toe it ſhiver'd down,
As tho' with ſheers beſhred.

One while it was too long,
Another while too ſhort,
And wrinkled on her ſhoulders
In moſt unſeemly ſort.

Now green, now red, it ſeemed,
Then all of ſable hue.
"Beſhrew me," quoth king Arthur,
"I think thou beeſt not true."

Down ſhe threw the mantle,
No longer would ſhe ſtay;
But ſtorming like a fury,
To her chamber flew away.

She curs'd the whore-ſon weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curs'd the froward imp,
Who thither had it brought.

"I had rather live in deſarts
"Beneath the green-wood tree:
"Than here, baſe king, among thy grooms,
"The ſport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near:
"Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
"I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward ſtep came on,
And boldly to the little boy
With fearleſs face is gone.

When ſhe had ta'en the mantle,
With purpoſe for to wear,
It ſhrunk up to her ſhoulder,
And left behind her bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd, and laugh'd, and ſhouted,
To ſee that pleaſant ſport.

Down ſhe threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber ſlunk away.

Then forward came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed;
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed:

"And all the time of Chriſtmas
"Plum-porridge ſhall be thine,
"If thou will let my lady fair
"Within the mantle ſhine."

A ſaint this lady ſeemed,
With ſtep demure, and ſlow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace does go.

When ſhe the ſame had taken,
That was ſo fine and thin,
It ſhrivell'd all about her,
And ſhew'd her dainty ſkin.

Ah! little did her mincing,
Or his long prayers beſtead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a taſſel and a thread.

Down ſhe threw the mantle,
With terror and diſmay,
And, with a face of ſcarlet,
To her chamber hied away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come near:
"Come, win this mantle, lady,
"And do me credit here.

"Come, win this mantle, lady,
"For now it ſhall be thine,
"If thou haſt never done amiſs,
"Since firſt I made thee mine."

The lady gently bluſhing,
With modeſt grace came on,
And now to try the wond'rous charm,
Courageouſly is gone.

When ſhe had ta'en the mantle,
And put it on her back,
About the hem it ſeemed
To wrinkle and to crack.

"Lye ſtill," ſhe cry'd, "O mantle!
"And ſhame me not for nought,
"I'll freely own whate'er amiſs,
"Or blameful, I have wrought.

"Once I kiſs'd ſir Cradock,
"Beneath the green-wood tree:
"Once I kiſs'd ſir Cradock's mouth,
"Before he married me."

When thus ſhe had her ſhriven,
And her worſt fault had told,
The mantle ſoon became her,
Right comely as it ſhould.

Moſt rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering ſhone:
And much the knights of Arthur's court
Admir'd her, every one.

Then towards king Arthur's table
The boy he turn'd his eye:
Where ſtood a boar's head garniſhed
With bayes and roſemary.

When thrice he ov'r the boar's head
His little wand had drawn,
Quoth he, "there's ne'er a cuckold's knife,
"Can carve this head of brawn."

Then ſome their whittles rubbed
On whetſtone, and on hone:
Some threw them under the table,
And ſwore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
Of ſteel and iron made;
And in an inſtant thro' the ſkull
He thruſt the ſhining blade.

He thruſt the ſhining blade,
Full eaſily and faſt:
And ev'ry knight in Arthur's court
A morſel had to taſte.

The boy brought forth a horn,
All golden was the rim:
Said he, "no cuckold ever can
"Set mouth unto the brim.

"No cuckold can this little horn
"Lift fairly to his head:
"But or on this, or that ſide,
"He ſhall the liquor ſhed."

Some ſhed it on their ſhoulder,
Some ſhed it on their thigh;
And he that could not hit his mouth,
Was ſure to hit his eye.

Thus he that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man:
But Cradock lifted eaſily,
And won the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn, and mantle
Were this fair couple's meed:
And all ſuch conſtant lovers,
God ſend them well to ſpeed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus did ſpightful ſay,
"Sir Cradock's wife moſt wrongfully
"Hath borne the prize away.

"See yonder ſhameleſs woman,
"That makes herſelf ſo clean;
"Yet from her pillow taken
"Thrice five gallants have been.

"Prieſts, clerks, and wedded men
"Have her lewd pillow preſs'd:
"Yet ſhe the wond'rous prize forſooth
"Muſt bear from all the reſt."

Then beſpeak the little boy,
Who had the ſame in hold:
"Chaſtize thy wife, king Arthur,
"Of ſpeech ſhe is too bold:

"Of ſpeech ſhe is too bold,
"Of carriage all too free;
"Sir king, ſhe hath within thy hall
"A cuckold made of thee.

"All frolic, light and wanton,
"She hath her carriage borne:
"And given thee for a kingly crown
"To wear a cuckold's horn."

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OR

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The Jolly Toper.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd ſot,
Who never yet thought of a treaſon or plot:
A bottle that's mellow's the chief of my cares,
And I guzzle each night, 'till I'm carried up ſtairs.

On the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy, and wiſe,
We are only informed, that "under he lies;"
'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,
So I now drown the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may name me for, blockhead, or e'en what they will;
But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wiſdom, nor ſkill,
Can their owners preſerve from a church-yard, or prieſt,
Why, I'll live as I like it—for method's a jeſt.

On the leſſon of Nature it is that I think,
For ſhe taught me to love, and ſhe taught me to drink;
To my pleaſures full power ſhe taught me to give;
And I'll ſtick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money, good ſtore on't, and ſpend it I muſt;
Be roaring and merry, but honeſt and juſt,
That, cold in my coffin, my landlord may ſay,
He's gone, and he's welcome—there's nothing to pay.

Poor Orra think of Yanko dear.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in "THE ISLANDERS."

POOR Orra think of Yanko dear,
Do he be gone for ever;
For he no dead, he ſtill live here,
And he from here go never:
Like on a ſand me mark him face,
The wave come roll him over;
De mark he go, but ſtill de place
'Tis eaſy to diſcover.

I ſee forenow de tree, de flow'r,
He droop like Orra, ſurely;
And den by'm bye dere come a ſhow'r,
He hold him head up purely:
And ſo ſome time me think me die,
My heart ſo ſick, he grieve me;
But in a lillie time me cry
Good deal, and dat relieve me.

The God of Love.

HOW ſweet the roſy bluſh of morn,
How charming is the ſpring!
When dews beſpangle ev'ry thorn,
And ſky-larks ſweetly ſing:
Come, then, Florella, let us haſte,
Each happy hour to prove;
The fragrance of the morn to taſte,
And hail the god of love.

The lambs are ſporting on the plain,
The kids their gambols try:
And ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry ſwain,
With mirth old care defy:
With chaplets crown'd they dance along,
Each moment to improve;
And raiſe the ſoft enchanting ſong,
To pleaſure and to love.

Ah! let not fear thy breaſt invade,
That ſeat of downy peace;
For all I wiſh, my charming maid,
Thy joy is to increaſe:
The pow'rs above my vows ſhall hear,
Which time cannot remove;
That I will conſtant be, my dear,
To honour and to love.

When War's Alarms.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in "THE CAMP."

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
My poor heart with grief did ſigh;
Each fond remembrance brought freſh ſorrow on me,
'Woke e'r yet the morn was nigh:
No other could delight him;
Ah! why did I e'er ſlight him;
Coldly anſw'ring his fond tale;
Which drove him far, amid the rage of war,
And left ſilly me, thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forſaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For e're the lark to-morrow ſhall awaken,
I will ſeek my abſent love:
The hoſtile country over
I'll fly to ſeek my lover,
Scorning every threat'ning fear;
Nor diſtant ſhore,
Nor cannon roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

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The old Woman of Seventy-two.

WHEN I was young, tho' now am old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown so false and bold,
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are, truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two?

When I was fair—tho' now so so,
No hearts were giv'n to rove,
Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,
But all was faith and love;
Now what can a woman do?
For men are, truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two.

The Silver Ton'd Trumpet.

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to arms,
Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms;
Tho' honour commanded, yet love fill'd my mind;
For how could I leave the dear creature behind?
Yet the rage of the battle with courage I try'd,
Surviv'd, while the heroes fell fast by my side;
Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

Now olive-rob'd peace kind advances again,
And her blessings dispenses wide over the plain;
Return'd to Eliza, we join'd in the throng,
Where is heard the soft pipe, or the heart-lifting song;
Each rural amusement with rapture we try,
While the beams of contentment are form'd in the eye:
Love stood my protector, &c.

What mortal like me so transcendently blest,
When clasp'd by the charmer with joy to her breast?
The laurel of conquest I give to the wind—
'Tis nought without true love and honor combin'd;
But when thus united, how noble the name!
What envy must wait on so happy a fame?
Love stood my protector, &c.

Ever Welcome.

COME, ye party jangling swains,
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains;
Friends to country, friends to court,
Nothing here shall spoil our sport.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Little gaudy fluttering misses,
Smiling hopes of future blisses;
Laughing dames, and virgins gay,
Sprightly widows, come away!
Ever welcome, &c.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring;
In one varying scene we show,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Mirth inspiring, beauty warming;
Rage and party malice flies,
Peace returns and discord dies.
Ever welcome, &c.

Gaffer Grey.

HO! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Grey,
And why dost thou nose look so blue?
"'Tis the weather is cold,
"And I'm very old,
"And my doublet is not very new, well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer Grey!
And warm thy old heart with a glass;
"Nay, but money I've none,
"And my credit's all gone,
"Then say how may that come to pass? well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Grey,
And knock at the jolly priest's door,
"He has often supplied me,
"And never denied me,
"But—I dare not go there any more, well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Grey,
For candour and justice rever'd;
"He will fasten his locks,
"And hint that the stocks
"For vagrants and rogues are prepar'd, well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Grey,
And the season will open his store;
"His fat beeves and his beer,
"And his merry new year,
"Are all for the honest, tho' poor, well-a-day!"

The wicked and idle in youth, Gaffer Grey!
Must expect to be poor when they're old;
"Alas, the hard fate,
"To feel when too late,
"The truth I have ever been told, well-a-day!"

Jockey of Aberdeen.

WITH tuneful pipe, and merry glee,
Young Jockey won my heart;
A bonnier lad you ne'er could see,
All beauty without art.

In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen,
A lad so blithe and gay;
His glancing eyn, and comely mein,
Has stole my heart away.

Young Jemmy courts with artful song,
But vain is a' his love;
My Jockey blithe has lov'd me long,
To him I'll constant prove.
In Aberdeen, &c.

No more shall I of sorrow know,
Nor ever more complain,
Nor fear my mammy's threats, I trow,
Now Jockey is mine ain.
In Aberdeen, &c.

Cease a while ye Winds to blow.

CEASE awhile ye winds to blow,
Cease ye roaring streams to flow;
Hush'd be every other noise,
I want to hear my lover's voice.
Cease, &c.

Here's the brook, the rock, the tree,
Hark! a sound! I think 'tis he!
'Tis not he, yet night comes on,
Where's my lovely wand'rer gone.
Cease, &c.

Loud I'll speak to make him hear,
'Tis I who calls my true love dear;
The time is come, why this delay?
Alas! my wand'rer's lost his way.
Cease, &c.

We'll drink, and we'll never have done, Boys.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glaſs then around with the ſun, boys.
Let Apollo's example invite us,
For he's drunk ev'ry night,
That makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a chriſtian's diverſion,
Unknown both to Turk and to Perſian,
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heatheniſh rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee,
While the brave Britons ſing,
And drink health to their king,
And a fig for their Sultan and Sophy.

The dying Thruſh.

A DYING thruſh young Edwy found,
As flutt'ring in a field of ſnow;
Its little wings with ice were bound,
A while its heart forgot to glow:
In eager haſte he homeward ran,
The quiv'ring charge to me reſign'd—
"Oh! ſave it, Celia, if you can,
"Protect it from the wintry wind."

My boſom preſt the trembling thing,
And bade its little priſ'ner live;
But, ah! that boſom felt a ſting,
The panting warbler ne'er could give:
With ſweet concern, young Edwy cry'd,
"Can Celia ſave the dying thruſh?"
"Perhaps" I ſaid—and fondly ſigh'd,
Which ſhame tranſported to a bluſh.

He cry'd, "my Celia, why that ſigh?
"And why that bluſh, the bird is free?
"But pity beams in Celia's eyes,
"Ah! let it, fair one, beam on me:"
My heart approv'd his pleaſing claim,
Tho' fain to hide the rebel ſtrove;
For pity bore a dearer name,
'Twas now converted into love.

Young Phillis.

YOUNG Phillis was the brighteſt laſs,
Ah! who ſo ſprightly fair as ſhe?
None tripp'd ſo light the verdant graſs;
None caroll'd with ſo ſweet a glee.

But mark the dire reverſe of fate,
Each rural nymph and ſhepherd gay,
Young Colin came, a youth complete,
Like April ſmiling, freſh as May.

His cheek diffus'd the peach's bloom,
His lip the ripen'd ſtrawb'rries 'glow;
And when his ruſtic voice he'd tune,
Like wood-lark's, liquid notes would flow.

Now Phillis feels a lambent flame
Encreaſe with every ardent gaze;
She ſighs, ſhe breathes, young Colin's name,
And fans her paſſion to a blaze.

And now full heavy droops her head;
How chang'd, how pale; ah, well-a-day,
Now ev'ry youthful charm is fled,
And like the ſpring all paſs'd away.

In tears ſhe left the ſportive plain,
With grief ſhe left the willow grove,
Where friendly death ſoon eas'd her pain,
And dying ſhe confeſs'd her love.

Edwin and Ella.

SEE, beneath yon bower of roſes,
Sweetly ſleeps the heav'nly maid,
'Tis my gentle love repoſes,
Softly tread the ſacred ſhade.

Mark the loves that play around her,
Mark my Ella's graceful mien,
See the wood-nymphs all around her,
Hailing Ella, beauty's queen.

Flutt'ring Cupids round defending,
Soft expand their ſilken wings;
From the zephyr's breath deſcending,
Ev'ry ſweet that round her ſprings.

Swift obedient to thy duty,
Fancy from thy airy throne,
Whiſper to the ſleeping beauty,
Edwin lives for her alone.

The Laſs of fair Wone.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

BESIDE the parſon's bower of yew
Why ſtrays a troubled ſpright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly ſhines
Thro' curtains of the night?

Why ſteals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire ſo blue,
That lights a ſpot where grows no graſs,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

The parſon's daughter once was good,
And gentle as the dove,
And young and fair,—and many came
To win the damſel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
Beyond the winding ſtream,
The windows of a ſtately houſe
In ſheen of evening gleam,

There dwelt, in riot, rout, and roar,
A lord ſo frank and free;
That oft, with inward joy of heart,
The maid beheld his glee.

Whether he met the dawning day,
In hunting trim ſo fine?
Or tapers, ſparkling from his hall,
Beſhone the midnight wine.

He ſent the maid his picture, girt
With diamond, pearl, and gold;
And ſilken-paper, ſweet with muſk,
This gentle meſſage told:

"Let go thy ſweethearts, one and all;
Shalt thou be baſely woo'd,
That worthy art to gain the hearts
Of youths of noble blood?

The tale I would to thee bewray,
In ſecret muſt be ſaid:
At midnight hour I'll ſeek thy bower;
Fair laſs, be not afraid.

And when the am'rous nightingale
Sings ſweetly to his mate,
I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:
Be kind, nor make me wait."

In cap and mantle clad he came,
At night, with lonely tread;
Unſeen, and ſilent as a miſt,
And huſh'd the dogs with bread.

And when the am'rous nightingale
Sung ſweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

The words he whiſper'd were ſo ſoft,
They won her ear and heart:
How ſoon will ſhe, who loves, believe!
How deep a lover's art!

No lure, no ſoothing guiſe, he ſpar'd,
To baniſh virtuous ſhame;
He call'd on holy God above,
As witneſs to his flame.

He claſp'd her to his breaſt, and ſwore
To be for ever true:
"O yield thee to my wiſhful arms,
Thy choice thou ſhalt not rue."

And while ſhe ſtrove, he drew her on,
And led her to the bow'r
So ſtill, ſo dim—and round about
Sweet ſmelt the beans in flow'r.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breaſt
And pleaded every ſenſe;
And there the glowing breath of luſt
Did blaſt her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began
Their fallow blooms to ſhed,
Her ſparkling eyes their luſtre loſt;
Her cheek, its roſes fled:

And when ſhe ſaw the pods increaſe,
The ruddi'r cherries ſtain,
She felt her ſilken robe grow tight,
Her waiſt new weight ſuſtain.

And when the mowers went afield,
The yellow corn to ted,
She felt her burden ſtir within,
And ſhook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hiſt
Along the ſtubble field;
Then could the damſel's piteous plight
No longer be conceal'd.

Her ſire, a harſh and angry man,
With furious voice revil'd:
"Hence from my ſight! I'll none of thee—
I harbour not thy child."

And faſt, amid her flutt'ring hair,
With clenched fiſt he gripes,
And ſeiz'd a leathern thong, and laſh'd
Her ſide with ſounding ſtripes.

Her lily ſkin, ſo ſoft and white,
He ribb'd with bloody whales;
And thruſt her out, tho' black the night,
Tho' ſleet and ſtorm aſſails.

Up the harſh rock, on flinty paths,
The damſel had to roam;
On tott'ring feet ſhe grop'd her way,
And ſought her lover's home.

"A mother thou haſt made of me,
Before thou mad'ſt a wife:
For this, upon my tender breaſt,
Theſe livid ſtripes are rife:

Behold."—And then, with bitter ſobs,
She ſank upon the floor—
"Make good the evil thou haſt wrought;
My injur'd name reſtore."

"Poor ſoul; I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd;
Thy terrors I lament.
Stay here; we'll have ſome further talk—
The old one ſhall repent—"

"I have no time to reſt and wait;
That ſaves not my good name:
If thou with honeſt ſoul haſt ſworn,
O leave me not to ſhame;

But at the holy altar be
Our union ſanctified;
Before the people and the prieſt
Receive me for thy bride."

"Unequal matches muſt not blot
The honours of my line:
Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
To harbour thee as mine?

What's fit and fair I'll do for thee;
Shalt yet retain my love—
Shalt wed my huntſman—and we'll then
Our former tranſports prove."

"Thy wicked ſoul, hard hearted man,
May pangs in hell await!
Sure, if not ſuited for thy bride—
I was not for thy mate.

Go, ſeek a ſpouſe of nobler blood,
Nor God's juſt judgments dread,—
So ſhall, e're long, ſome baſe-born wretch
Defile thy marriage-bed.—

Then, traitor, feel how wretched they
In hopeleſs ſhame immerſt;
Then ſmite thy forehead on the wall,
While horrid curſes burſt.

Roll thy dry eyes in wild deſpair—
Unſcoth'd thy grinning woe:
Thro' thy pale temples fire the ball,
And ſink to fiends below."

Collected then, ſhe ſtarted up,
And, thro' the hiſſing ſleet,
Thro' thorn and bri'r, thro' flood and mire,
She fled with bleeding feet.

"Where now," ſhe cry'd, "my gracious God!
What refuge have I left?"
And reach'd the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot ſhe feebly crawl'd
Beneath the bow'r unbleſt;
Where with'ring leaves and gath'ring ſnow,
Prepar'd her only reſt.

There rend'ring pains and darting throes
Aſſail'd her ſhudd'ring frame;
And from her womb, a lovely boy
With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a ſilver pin
With haſty hand ſhe drew,
And preſt againſt its tender heart,
And the ſweet babe ſhe ſlew.

Soon as the act of blood was done,
Her ſoul its guilt abhorr'd:
"My Jeſus! what has been my deed?
Have mercy on me, Lord!"

With bloody nails, beſide the pond,
Its ſhallow grave ſhe tore:
"There reſt in God; there ſhame and want
Thou can'ſt not ſuffer more:

Me vengeance waits. My murder'd child,
Thy wound ſhall bleed afreſh,
When ravens from the gallows tear
Thy mother's mould'ring fleſh."—

Hard by the bow'r her gibbet ſtands:
Her ſkull is ſtill to ſhow;
It ſeems to eye the barren grave,
Three ſpans in length below.

That is the ſpot where grows no graſs;
Where falls no rain nor dew:
Whence ſteals along the pond of toads
A hov'ring fire ſo blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
Her ghoſt is ſeen to glide;
Purſue and try to quench the flame,
And pine the pool beſide.

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'Twas neither Shape nor Feature.

Sung by Mr. Johnston in the Opera of "*The Flitch of Bacon.*"

NO, 'twas neither shape nor feature,
Made me own your sov'reign sway:
Even these proudest gifts of Nature,
Could have triumph'd but a day!
Could have triumph'd but a day!

Beauty's graces, tho' inviting,
Scarce the ravish'd sense will bind;
But, with virtue, charms uniting
Steal love's fetters o'er the mind.
Steal love's fetters o'er the mind.

Sequel to "No, 'twas neither Shape nor Feature."

YES, 'twas friendship did unite us;
'Twas that sacred bond of peace;
Heav'n decreed should still delight us,
When love's passion did decrease.
When love's passion did decrease.

Love delights, when youth is blooming;
But when age has drawn the veil:
Then 'tis friendship, power assuming
Gives a charm can never fail.
Gives a charm can never fail.

Julia Westray.

Lovely Virgins.

LOVELY virgins, in your prime,
Mark the silent flight of time;
Fortune's gifts should she disclose,
Quickly chuse what she bestows:
Youth and beauty soon decay,
Love and youth fly swift away.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,
You can find no pleasure there;
Fleeting joys you'll seek in vain,
Joys that ne'er return again;
Transient joys you'll seek in vain,
Joys that ne'er return again.

Ev'ry minute thus improve,
Fleeting those of joy and love;
Wisely think the young and gay,
But the tenants of a day;
Wisely think the young and gay,
But the tenants of a day.

'Midst Silent Shades.

'MIDST silent shades and purling streams,
The god of love supinely dreams
In rosy and fantastic chains,
He leads deluded nymphs and swains;
But if the trumpet's loud alarms,
Excite to deeds of manly arms;
As the tremendous sounds arise,
The coward boy in terror flies;
On silken wings he cuts the air,
Scar'd at the thunder of the war.

Dear Mary, adieu.

FAREWELL to Old England, thy white cliffs adieu!
Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you?
Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul!
As well might my messmates determine to bale
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
As divert my firm mind from its fond thought of you;
Farewell to Old England, dear Mary, adieu!
Farewell, &c.

Dear Mary, adieu! can that love go to wreck,
Where ev'ry plank bears your sweet name on the deck?
Nay, many love knots on the tops I have made,
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have play'd:
Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me,
My mind is more happy in sighing to thee;
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you;
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu!
For the hope, &c.

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar;
'Tis his compass, his helm; 'tis his guide and his star;
'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails;
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales:
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day;
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes adieu! into—welcome return.
And changes, &c.

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The Roaſt Beef of Old England.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where ſad deſpair with famine ever dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,
As home he ſteer'd his carcaſs, that way took:
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-loin,
On whom he often wiſh'd, in vain, to dine:
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With roſy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye,
Who, when he firſt beheld the greaſy load,
His benediction on it he beſtow'd;
And as the ſolid fat his fingers preſs'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight addreſs'd.

AIR—"*A lovely Laſs to a Friar came.*"

Oh rare roaſt beef! lov'd by mankind,
If I wa' doom'd to have thee,
When dreſs'd and garniſh'd to my mind,
And ſwimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury ſave thee.

Renown'd Sir-loin, oft times decreed
The theme of Engliſh ballad;
On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchmens' palates:
Then how much doth thy taſte exceed
Soup-maigre, frogs, and ſallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-ſtarv'd ſoldier, ſhirtleſs, pale and lean,
Who ſuch a ſight before had never ſeen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping ſtood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the Britiſh food;
His morning's meſs forſook the friendly bowl,
And in ſmall ſtreams along the pavement ſtole.
He heav'd a ſigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then, in plaintive tones, declar'd his grief.

AIR—"*Foote's Minuet.*"

Ah, ſacre Dieu, vat do I ſee yonder,
Dat look ſo tempting red and vite;
Begar, it is de roaſt beef from Londre;
Oh! granta me von letel bite.
But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies;
In kind compaſſion unto my pleading,
Return and let me feaſt my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow guard, of true Hibernian clay,
Whoſe brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honeſt means to gain his daily bread.
Soon as the well-known proſpect he deſcry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR—"*Ellen-a-Roon.*"

Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
So taking thy ſight is,
My joy, that ſo light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing.
Ah, hard-hearted Louis,
Why did I come to you?
The gallows, more kind, would have kept me from ſtarving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground, hard by, poor Sawney ſate,
Who fed his noſe, and ſcratched his ruddy pate;
But when old England's bulwark he eſpy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aſide;
With lifted hand he bleſs'd his native place,
Then ſcrubb'd himſelf, and thus bewail'd his caſe:

AIR—"*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*"

How hard, oh! Sawney is thy lot,
Who was ſo blithe of late,
To ſee ſuch meat as can't be got,
When hunger is ſo great!
O the beef! the bonny, bonny beef,
When roaſted nice and brown;
I wiſh I had a ſlice of thee,
How ſweet it would gang down!

Ah! Charley had'ſt thou not been ſeen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'el had pick'd thine ey'n
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, ſee! my Muſe, to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty ſocially unite;
Where ſmiling Freedom guards great George's throne
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
Tho' Britain's fame in loftı'ſt ſtrains ſhould ring,
In ruſtic fable give me leave to ſing.

AIR—"*The Roaſt Beef of Old England.*"

As once on a time, a young frog pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boaſted the ſize he could quickly attain.
O the roaſt beef of Old England,
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Then eagerly ſtretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who ſtood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "ſon to attempt it you're ſurely to blame."
O the roaſt beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, and for glory a thirſt,
An effort he ventur'd more ſtrong than the firſt,
'Till ſwelling and ſtraining too hard, made him burſt
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
The Ox is Old England, the Frog is Monſieur;
Who's puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To ſee the Sir-loin ſmoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burſt, like the frog in the fable.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

The Bacchanalian.

BACCHUS, jolly god of glaſſes,
Having goblets, bumpers, bowls,
By whom the night ſo joyous paſſes,
With true Bacchanalian ſouls;
Grant me all the ardent wiſhes,
That true Bacchanals e'er crave,
Whilſt alive to drink like fiſhes,
And when dead a winy grave.

Bind my brows with juicy bunches,
In each hand ordain a flaſk,
Free from dull inſipid dunces,
Let me only love my caſk;
From Cupid's ſecret pow'r defend me,
Let no foppiſh arts be mine,
With good fellows but defend me,
And a caſk of mellow wine.

With a belly like a barrel
Bleſs me, and a ruby noſe,
Make me ne'er to ſwear or quarrel,
But preſerve myſelf from blows;
Let me ſwim my days in ſherry,
Ever free from care or pain,
And when dead, my carcaſs bury
In a river of champaign.

The bonny Laſs in yon Town.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye ſee the e'ening ſun upon?
The deareſt maid's in yon town
That e'ening ſun is ſhining on.
Now haply down yon gay green ſhaw,
She wanders by yon ſpreading tree;
How bleſt ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her ee;
How bleſt ye birds that near her ſing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the ſpring,
The ſeaſon to my Jamie dear.

The ſun blinks blythe on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes ſae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And reareſt pleaſure is my Jean:
Without my fair not a' the charms,
O' Paradiſe could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary ſky;
My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And ſhe a lovely little flow'r,
That I wad tent and ſhelter there.

O ſweet is ſhe in yon town,
The ſinging ſun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His ſetting beam near ſhone upon.

Topers' Leſſons.

BACCHUS one day gaily ſtriding
On his never failing tun,
Sneaking empty pots deriding,
Thus addreſs'd each toping ſon:

Praiſe the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid ſhrine;
All things noble, gay, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Ancient heroes, crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble riſe to me;
Poets write the flaming ſtory,
Fir'd by my divinity.

If my influence is wanting,
Muſic's charms but ſlowly move;
Beauty too, in vain is panting,
Till I fill the ſwains with love.

If you crave a laſting pleaſure,
Mortals this way bend your eyes;
From my ever flowing treaſure,
Charming ſcenes of bliſs ariſe,

Here's the ſoothing balmy bleſſing,
Sole diſpeller of your pain;
Gloomy ſouls from care releaſing,
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

Ah ſure a Pair.

AH ſure a pair was never ſeen
So juſtly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling ſo in mien,
The maid in every graceful feature.

O how happy are ſuch lovers,
When kindred beauties each diſcovers!
For ſurely ſhe was made for thee,
And thou to bleſs this charming creature.

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the taſk of duty,
The boys with all their father's ſenſe,
The girls with all their mother's beauty.

O how charming to inherit
At once ſuch graces and ſuch merit!
Thus while you live, may fortune give
Each bleſſing equal to your merit!

Sheridan.

Lazy Jonny.

WHY, my ſwain, ſo blithe and clever,
Do you leave me all in ſorrow?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you ſaid you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks ſo bonny,
Love has flying wings, I well know,
Not for ling'ring lazy Jonny.

What can he be now a doing?
Is he with the laſſes maying?
He had better here be wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truely where he's roving,
That I may no longer ſorrow;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me ſo to-morrow.

Does ſome fav'rite rival hide thee?
Let her be the happy creature;
I'll not plague myſelf to chide thee;
Nor diſpute with her a feature.
But I can no longer tarry,
Nor will kill myſelf with ſorrow;
I may loſe the time to marry,
If I ſtay beyond to-morrow.

Think not, ſhepherd, thus to brave me,
If I'm yours, away no longer,
If you won't, ſome one will have me,
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forſake you,
Whine not to deſpair and ſorrow;
Bleſt another lad may make ye,
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

O, I hae ſeen the Roſes blaw.

O! I hae ſeen the roſes blaw,
The heather bloom, the broom and a',
The lily ſpring as white as ſnaw,
With a' their native ſplendor:
Yet Mary's ſweeter on the green,
As freſh an' fair as Flora queen,
Mair ſtaitly than the branching bean,
And like the ivy ſlender.
In nature like a ſummer day,
Tranſcendent as a ſunny ray,
Her ſhape and air is frank and gay,
Wi' a' that's ſweet an' tender.

While lavrocks ſing their chearfu' lays,
An' ſhepherds bruſh the dewy breas,
To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,
Amang the ſhades I wander.
My captive breaſt, (by fancy led)
Adores the ſweet, the lovely maid,
We ilka ſmile and charm array'd,
To make a heart ſurrender.
I love her mair than bees do flow'rs,
Or birds the ſpreading leafy bow'rs;
Her preſence yields me what the ſhow'rs
To hills and vallies render.

Cou'd I obtain my charmer's love,
Mair ſtable than a rock I'd prove;
Wi' a' the meekneſs of a dove,
To ilka pleaſure hand her:
If ſhe wad like a ſhepherd lad,
I'd change my cane for crook an' plaid,
Upon the hill tune up the reed,
An' wi' a ſang commend her.
For her I'd live a life remote,
Wi' her I'd love a ruſtic cott,
There bleſs kind fortune for my lot,
And ilka comfort lend her.

Cupid's Revenge.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN UPON THE MARRIAGE OF KING HENRY VI.

A KING once reign'd beyond the ſeas,
As we in ancient ſtories find,
Whom no fair face could ever pleaſe;
He cared not for womankind:

He deſpis'd the ſweeteſt beauty,
And the greateſt fortune too;
At length he married to a beggar;
See what Cupid's dart can do!

The blinded boy that ſhoots ſo trim,
Did to his cloſet-window ſteal;
And drew a dart, and ſhot at him,
And made him ſoon his pow'r to feel.

He that never cared for women,
But did females ever hate,
At length was ſmitten, wounded, ſwooned,
For a beggar at his gate.

For mark what happen'd on a day;
As he look'd from his window high,
He ſpy'd a beggar all in grey,
With two more in her company:

She his fancy ſoon enflamed,
And his heart was grieved ſore;
What! muſt I have her, court her, crave her?
I, that never lov'd before?

This noble prince of high renown,
Did to his chamber ſtrait repair,
And on his couch he laid him down,
Oppreſs'd with love-ſick grief and care.

Ne'er was a monarch ſo ſurpriz'd;
Here I lye her captive ſlave!
But I'll to her, court her, woo her;
She muſt heal the wound ſhe gave.

Then to his palace-gate he goes;
The beggars crave his charity;
A purſe of gold to them he throws;
With thankful hearts away they hie.

But the king he call'd her to him,
Tho' ſhe was but poor and mean:
His hand did hold her, while he told her,
She ſhould be his ſtately queen.

At this ſhe bluſhed ſcarlet red,
And on this mighty king did gaze!
Then ſtrait again as pale as lead;
Alas, ſhe was in ſuch amaze!

Hand in hand they walk'd together;
And the king did kindly ſay,
That he'd reſpect her: ſtrait they deck'd her
In moſt ſumptuous rich array.

He did appoint the wedding-day;
And likewiſe then commanded ſtrait
The noble lords and ladies gay
Upon his gracious queen to wait.

She appear'd a ſplendid beauty,
All the court did her adore;
And in a marriage, with a carriage,
As if ſhe'd been a queen before.

Her fame thro' all the realms did ring,
Altho' ſhe came of parents poor:
She, by her ſov'reign lord the king,
Did bear one ſon, and eke no more.

All the nobles were well pleaſed,
And the ladies frank and free,
For her behaviour always gave her
Title to her dignity.

At length the king and queen were laid
Together in a ſilent tomb;
Their royal ſon their ſceptre ſway'd,
Who govern'd in his father's room.

Long in glory did he flouriſh,
Wealth and honour to increaſe;
Still poſſeſſing ſuch a bleſſing,
That he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

Gentle Herdſman.

GENTLE herdſman, tell to me,
Of courteſy I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walſingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the town of Walſingham
"The way is hard for to be gone;
"And very crooked are thoſe paths
"For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thrice,
And the way never ſo ill,
'Twere not enough for mine offence;
It is ſo grievous and ſo ill.

"Thy years are young, thy face is fair,
"Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts are green;
"Time hath not given thee leave, as yet,
"For to commit ſo great a ſin."

Yes, herdſman, yes, ſo wouldſt thou ſay,
If thou kneweſt ſo much as I,
My wits, and thoughts, and all the reſt,
Have well deſerved for to die.

I am not what I ſeem to be,
My clothes and ſex do differ far,
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to grief and irkſome care

For my belov'd, and well-belov'd,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my tears will nought avail,
Moſt dearly I bewail him ſtill.

He was the flower of noble knights,
None ever more ſincere could be;
Of comely mien and ſhape he was,
And tenderly he loved me.

When thus I ſaw he lov'd me well,
I grew ſo proud his pain to ſee,
That I, who did not know myſelf,
Thought ſcorn of ſuch a youth as he.

And grew ſo coy and nice to pleaſe,
As women's looks are often ſo,
He might not kiſs my hand forſooth,
Unleſs I willed him ſo to do.

Thus being wearied with delays,
To ſee I pitied not his grief,
He got him to a ſecret place,
And there he dyed without relief.

And for his ſake theſe weeds I wear,
And ſacrifice my tender age:
And every day I'll beg my bread,
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I faſt and pray,
And ever will do till I die;
And get me to ſome ſecret place,
For ſo did he, and ſo will I.

Now, gentle herdſman, aſk no more,
But keep my ſecrets I thee pray;
Unto the town of Walſingham
Show me the right and ready way.

"Now go thy ways, and God before!
"For he muſt ever guide thee ſtill:
"Turn down that dale, the right hand path,
"And ſo, fair Pilgrim, fare thee well!"

Price, [Numb. 43] One Penny.

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OR

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The publiſher is happy at having it in his power to preſent the following lines, written by GRAY, *which have not appear'd in any edition of that celebrated author's works.*

THYRSIS, when we parted, ſwore
Ere the ſpring he would return,
Ah! what means yon vi'let flow'r,
And the buds that deck the thorn?
'Twas the lark that upward ſprung,
'Twas the nightingale that ſung.

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haſte?
Weſtern gales and ſkies ſerene
Speak not always winter paſt.
Ceaſe, my doubts, my fears to move;
Spare the honour of my love.

Whither, my Love.

WHITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou gone?
Let not thy abſence cloud this happy dawn?
Say, by thy heart can falſehood e'er be known,
Ah! no, I judge it by my own.

The heart he gave with ſo much care,
Which treaſur'd in my breaſt I wear;
Still for its maſter beats alone,
I'm ſure the ſelfiſh thing's his own.

When Yanko, Dear.

WHEN Yanko, dear, fight far away,
Some token kind me ſend;
One branch of olive, for dat ſay,
Me wiſh the battle end:

De poplar tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care;
Me ſend no laurel, for me know
Of dat he find him ſhare.

De ivy ſay my heart be true,
Me droop, ſay willow tree;
De torn, he ſay, me ſick for you,
De ſun flow'r tink of me:

Till laſt me go weep wid de pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead;
Ie come, and I de myrtle twine,
In chaplet for him head.

The Jew's Deſcription.

GIVE Iſaac the nymph who no beauty can boaſt,
But health and good humour, to make her his toaſt,
If ſtrait, I don't mind whether ſlender or fat,
Or ſix feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown it is laſting, more pleaſing if fair;
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples ſhou'd ſee,
Let her ſmile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her, &c.

Let her locks be the reddeſt that ever were ſeen,
And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green;
For in eyes, tho' ſo various the luſtre and hue,
I ſwear I've no choice, only let her have two.

Only let, &c.

'Tis true I'd diſpenſe with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only deſire—ſhe mayn't have a beard.

She mayn't, &c.

Sheridan.

A Tar's Sympathy.

I'VE known what 'tis to face a foe,
Where Death has laid his hundreds low,
What 'tis fatigues to undergo,
That might appall our nature;
Yet never was a truth more clear,
That man's in danger, leaſt in fear,
Whoſe heart can ſhed a generous tear,
T'relieve a fellow creature.

I've ſeen ſtout hearts of whom one wave
Has in a moment made a grave,
Whoſe lives not all the world could ſave;
Theſe things affect our nature,
But not ſo much as when the heart,
Some ray of comfort to impart,
Swells up a generous tear to ſtart,
T'relieve a fellow creature.

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Beauty's Votary.

TO beauty born, a willing ſlave,
A merry happy man;
I ſlight the nymph I cannot have,
And doat on thoſe I can.

This conſtant maxim ſtill I hold,
To baffle all deſpair;
The froward ugly are and old,
The kind are young and fair.

The women wou'd no more perplex,
Were men reſolv'd and free;
Soft ſmiles become the charming ſex,
No pouting Miſs for me.
This conſtant maxim, &c.

In wedlock's bands if e'er I join,
Good humour be my guide;
Let dimple ſmiles and love be mine,
I laugh at female pride.
This conſtant maxim, &c.

To-day and To-morrow.

LET thoſe who would wiſh to hear reaſon,
Attend to the leſſon I give,
Since To-day is for pleaſure the ſeaſon,
O ſeize the dear moment and live;
'Tis a maxim we all muſt remember,
While the ſun ſhines, be ſure to make hay;
Which reminds us from June to December,
We ought to make much of To-day.

Away then with care and with ſorrow,
And all which may burden the mind;
He who pleaſure puts off till To morrow,
Loſes that which he wiſhes to find.
The preſent for mirth is the hour,
The preſent the time to be gay:
With haſte let us take then the flower,
Which can only be gather'd To-day.

Our condition as quickly may vary,
As the wind, or the tide, or the moon,
Our ſchemes and our projects miſcarry,
Nay e'en Death may o'ertake us as ſoon.
Then ſince, life is no more than a bubble,
Enjoy all its gifts whilſt you may;
To-morrow may enter with trouble,
Then at leaſt be ſecure of To-day.

The Tobacco Pipe.

PRETTY tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour;
Object of my hot deſire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy ſnowy taper waiſt,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy lovely ſwelling creſt,
With my bended ſtopper preſt;
And the ſweeteſt bliſs of bliſſes,
Breathing from thy balmy kiſſes:
Happy thrice, and thrice again—
Happieſt he of happy men!

Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns;
When again the crickets gay,
(Little crickets full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleaſure for a noſe divine,
Incenſe of the god of wine!
Happy thrice, and thrice again—
Happieſt he of happy men!

The deſpairing Damſel.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd!
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſhful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembl'd o'er the brook.

AIR.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
"And nine long tedious days;
"Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
"Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
"Ceaſe, ceaſe thou troubled ocean,
"And let my lover reſt;
"Ah! what's thy troubled motion
"To that within my breaſt?

"The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
"Views tempeſts with deſpair;
"But what's the loſs of treaſure
"To loſing of my dear?
"Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
"Where gold and di'monds grow,
"You'd find a richer maiden,
"But none that lov'd you ſo.

"How can they ſay that Nature
"Has nothing made in vain;
"Why, then, beneath the water,
"Do hideous rocks remain?
"No eyes thoſe rocks diſcover,
"That lurk beneath the deep,
"To wreck the wand'ring lover,
"And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a willow drooping,
She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

Gay.

The happy Return.

TWELVE months are paſs'd, ſince on this ſtrand,
In ſad diſtreſs we parted,
And as the boat forſook the land,
The oar my hand deſerted,
My eyes on yours were fondly bent,
And ſeem'd their tears to borrow,
And ſure from you a look was ſent,
That well repaid my ſorrow.

To bear me quickly from the ſhore,
The crew our grief ſurveying:
With lengthen'd ſtroke ſtill kept the oar,
In well-tim'd meaſure playing;
'Till diſtance and approaching night,
Your lovely image ſhaded,
Yet ever in ideal ſight,
Your beauty roſe unfaded.

Oft when the midnight watch I've kept,
And ſeas were round us ſwelling;
I fear'd alone the ſtorm that ſwept
Too rudely o'er your dwelling.
But now, my love, no more your breaſt
Shall beat with ſad emotion,
I'll ſtrive to make each moment bleſt,
Nor tempt again the ocean.

Nappy Ale.

WHILST ſome in epic ſtrains delight,
Whilſt others paſtorals invite,
As taſte or whim prevail;
Aſſiſt me, all ye tuneful Nine!
Support me in the great deſign,
To ſing of nappy ale.

Some folks of cyder make a rout,
And cyder's well enough, no doubt,
When better liquors fail;
But wine, that's richer, better ſtill—
E'en wine itſelf (deny't who will)
Muſt yield to nappy ale.

Rum, brandy, gin with choiceſt ſmack
From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack,—
All theſe will nought avail;
To cheer a truly Britiſh heart,
And lively ſpirits to impart,
Like humming, nappy ale.

Oh! whether thee I cloſely hug
In honeſt can, or nut-brown jug,
Or in the tankard—hail!
In barrel or in bottle pent,
I give the gen'rous ſpirit vent,—
Still may I feaſt on ale.

But chief when to the chearful glaſs,
From veſſel pure thy ſtreamlets paſs,
Then moſt thy charms prevail;
Then, then I'll bet, and take the odds
That nectar, drink of heathen gods,
Was poor, compar'd to ale.

Give me a bumper—fill it up,
See how it ſparkles in the cup—
Oh! how ſhall I regale:
Can any taſte this drink divine
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
Or aught, to nappy ale.

Inſpir'd by thee the warrior fights,
The lover wooes, the poet writes,
And pens the pleaſing tale;
And ſtill in Britain's iſle confeſt,
Nought animates the patriot's breaſt
Like gen'rous nappy ale.

Inſpir'd by thee, ſhall Criſpin ſing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
And balance Europe's ſcale;
While his rich landlord lays out ſchemes
Of wealth, in golden South-ſea dreams,
Th' effects of nappy ale.

O bleſt potation! ſtill by thee,
And thy companion, Liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail;
Then let us crown the can, the glaſs,
And ſportive bid the minutes paſs,—
In quaffing nappy ale.

Julia.

SOFT muſic! let my humble lay
Thy ſweeteſt accents move,
While in deluſive hope I ſtray,
To Julia and to love.

That when to court the willing ſtrain,
She tunes her graceful art,
Each trembling tone may breathe again,
The ſigh that rends my heart.

And ſhould thy plaintive murmurs ſteal
A ſympathetic tear,
In fond emotion then reveal,
Antonio ſent thee here.

Phyſicians may talk.

PHYSICIANS may talk of our ills,
And parſons look wonderous grave;
I hate all their ſermons and pills,
Deſign'd for the fool and the knave.
Then each take his glaſs,
Fill'd up to the brim;
And toaſt his dear laſs
Intended for him.

For never did Bacchus of old
Repent of his quaffing good wine;
Nor Momus (for ſo we are told)
At mirth or good humour repine.
Then each take, &c.

Dull ſouls the beſt liquor decline,
And think they're undone if they taſte;
While we, my boys, live on good wines
And think we're undone if we waſte.
Then each take, &c.

BALLAD.

Aliſia.

TO yon dark grove Aliſia flew,
Juſt at th' appointed hour,
To meet the youth whoſe boſom true
Confeſs'd her beauty's pow'r.

All that fair virtue cou'd beſtow,
Or fairer virtue give,
Did on his face unrival'd glow,
And in his boſom live.

But not the charm of beauty's flow'r,
Or virtue's fairer charm,
Could in her father's ſoul the pow'r
Of avarice diſarm.

He bade the youth his manſion fly,
And ſcorn'd his ardent vow:
And when the tears flow'd from his eye,
He bade them faſter flow.

Aliſia with a bleeding mind
Beheld the injur'd youth;
And vow'd in holy wedlock join'd,
To crown at length his truth.

As ſhe forſook her native ſeat,
"Farewell, ye fields ſo fair;
"May bleſſings ſtill my father meet!"
She ſaid—and dropt a tear.

Th' oppreſſion of a parent's hand,
A parent dead to ſhame,
In her meek breaſt by virtue fann'd,
Ne'er quench'd the filial flame.

Now ſafe ſhe reach'd th' appointed ground,
Tho' love was all her guide;
But abſent when the youth ſhe found,
She look'd around and ſigh'd.

Each breeze that ruſtled o'er the tree,
Sooth'd for a ſpace her ſmart;
She fondly cried—"Oh, that is he!"
While quickly beat her heart.

The pleaſing images of hope
Night's terrors now deform;
While on her mind drear ſcen'ries ope,
And raiſe the mental ſtorm.

On ſome rude ſtone ſhe low'd her head,
All helpleſs and forlorn;
Now ſtarting from her rugged bed,
She wiſh'd the ling'ring morn.

With heavy heart I now unfold
What th' abſent youth befell;
Who fierce beſet, by ruffians bold,
Oppreſs'd with numbers, fell:

At length the morn diſclos'd its ray,
And calm'd Aliſia's fear;
She reſtleſs took her various way,
Thro' wilds unknowing where.

Thus as ſhe wander'd, wretched maid,
To mis'ry doom'd! ſhe found
A naked corſe along the ſhade,
And gaſh'd with many a wound.

Struck to the ſoul at this dread ſcene,
All motionleſs ſhe ſtood!
To view the raven, bird obſcene!
Drink up the clotting blood.

What horrors did her breaſt invade,
When as ſhe nearer drew?
The features that the raven fed,
Her lover gave to view.

With ſhrieks ſhe rent th' affrighted air;
To tears had fond recourſe;
With frantic hand now tore her hair,
Now ſunk upon the corſe.

Then throwing round a troubled glance,
With madneſs' ray inflam'd;
Beheld ſome travellers advance,
To whom ſhe thus exclaim'd:

"Ye baſe, inhuman train, away!
"What urg'd you to this deed?
"You've turn'd my gentle love to clay,
"And bade me ſorrow wed."

"Hark! hark! the raven flaps her wings—
"She drinks his blood again—
"Ah! now ſhe feeds on my heart-ſtrings,"—
"Oh Jeſu! ſoothe my pain."

This ſcene of woe what cou'd create
The travellers admir'd;
While ſhrinking at the blow of fate,
She with a groan expir'd.

Richard and Eliza.

IN Britain's happy iſle, there liv'd,
Near Avon's ſilver ſtream,
A paragon of conſtancy,
And Richard was his name.

His manly form, his well-turn'd limbs,
His heart without diſguiſe,
His graceful mien, his ſun-brown'd cheeks,
Gave luſtre to his eyes.

No gorget glitter'd on his breaſt,
No plume adorn'd his head,
The ruſſet brown was all his dreſs;
With toil he earn'd his bread.

Near to his cot, a widow dwelt,
Contentment bleſs'd each meal,
Fortune had plac'd her lower than
The hero of my tale.

This youth with care, at morn and eve,
Her little garden till'd,
He ſet, he ſow'd, tranſplanted, prun'd,
And ev'ry ſpot he fill'd.

A child ſhe had whoſe op'ning charms,
Juſt ſeeming to unfold,
A beauteous maid, her perſon form'd
In nature's choiceſt mould.

Young Richard's care, at firſt, was nought
But ſweet humanity;
Eliza's charms at length diſcloſ'd,
His heart no longer free.

Nature and Fortune often jar,
And ſeldom they concur
To bleſs one maid; it now appear'd
Exemplified in her.

Fortune was envious to this maid,
And ſtrove to keep her poor;
But Nature gave with lib'ral hand,
A part of all her ſtore.

Such beauteous bloom as crowns the day,
When vernal mornings break,
Suffuſing ſpeads its orient bluſh,
So bloom'd her damaſk cheek.

Young Richard's worth, his anxious wiſh
Obeying her command,
His care to ſerve a parent dear,
Her heart could not withſtand.

At length the happy day was fix'd,
Theſe lovers to unite;
In church their names were duly call'd,
Their hands and hearts to plight.

When lo! ſad news to Richard's heart,
Too true alas! 'twas ſaid,
That beauty's foe had ſeiz'd upon
The fair and lovely maid.

Altho' this noxious dire diſeaſe
Had never touch'd his form,
No reaſons urg'd could him perſuade
To leave the maid forlorn.

Dread, fatal ſymptoms ſoon appear'd,
Then ſpoke the dying maid,
"O, Richard," as ſhe graſp'd his hand,
"Live for my mother's aid."

"She ſhall be mine!" the youth replied,
"A tender ſon I'll be,
"I'll ſtrive to mitigate her woes,
"But ſoon muſt follow thee."

Each morn and eve was Richard found
Near his Eliza's grave,
His cheeks grew wan, his aſpect pale,
'Till life he wiſh'd to leave.

A god-like, true philanthropiſt,
Whoſe gentle, gen'rous mind
Would reaſon down his fruitleſs griefs,
And make him more reſign'd.

He call'd religion to his aid,
Eliza's laſt requeſt,
His thoughts, his wiſh, his future hopes
Of happineſs and reſt.

"You much miſtake," the youth reply'd,
"This world I will not leave,
"Till I perform my ſacred vow
"To her in yonder grave."

"That done, no earthly charm ſhall ſooth
"My aching, broken heart,
"My ſprite ſhall join Eliza's, where
"We meet, no more to part."

Time's lenient hand could not avail,
Nor ev'n this friendly guide,
He ſoar'd unto that ſtate where ſtood
His love beatified.

The very day he was of age,
To the next town he goes,
And in due form bequeath'd his all,
To eaſe her mother's woes.

He hied then to Eliza's grave,
"I come, my love," he cry'd;
A few ſhort days he linger'd there,
Then pining, droop'd, and dy'd.

J. B.

Belfaſt.

Price, [Numb. 44] One Penny.

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The Laſs of low Degree.

HOW ſlow the ling'ring moments wear!
Ye hours, in pity ſpeed your flight,
Till Cheviot's hills, ſo freſh and fair,
Again ſhall meet my longing ſight!
Oh! then what rapture 'twill afford
Once more thoſe ſcenes belov'd to ſee,
Where Percy's heart firſt told its lord,
He lov'd the laſs of low degree!

No ſounding titles grac'd my name,
No bounteous kinſman ſwell'd my dower;
But Percy ſought no high-born dame,
But Percy ſought not wealth or power.
He ſought a fond, a faithful heart,
He found the heart he ſought, in me;
He ſaw her pure and free from art,
And lov'd the laſs of low degree.

Thou dear Seducer of my Heart.

From the Iriſh of "*Vourneen Deeliſh Valma Chree.*"

THOU dear ſeducer of my heart,
Fond cauſe of ev'ry ſtruggling ſigh!
No more can I conceal Love's ſmart,
No more reſtrain the ardent eye.
What though this tongue did never move
To tell thee all its maſter's pain,
My eyes, my looks, have ſpoke my love;
My charmer, ſhall they ſpeak in vain?

My fond imagination warm,
Preſents thee at the noon-tide beam;
And ſleep gives back thy angel form,
To claſp thee in the midnight dream:
Elvina, tho' no ſplendid ſtore
I boaſt a venal heart to move;
Yet, charmer, I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulſe of my beating heart,* ſhall all
My hopes of thee and peace be fled!
Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall?
Unpity'd wilt thou ſee me dead?
I'll make a cradle of my breaſt,
Thy image all its child ſhall be,
My throbbing heart ſhall rock to reſt
Thoſe cares which waſte thy life and me.

* This is a literal Tranſlation of *Cuſhla ma Chree.* It conveys a tenderneſs ſcarcely to be found in any modern Language.

Love's a gentle, gen'rous Paſſion.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous paſſion,
Source of all ſublime delight,
When with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unite,
Two fond hearts, &c.

What are titles, pomp and riches,
If compar'd with true content!
That falſe joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.
When obtain'd, &c.

Lawleſs paſſion brings vexation,
But a chaſte and conſtant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the bliſsful ſtate above.
Of the bliſsful, &c.

No Conſtancy in Man.

The following Song was written by *Henry Lawes*, the Friend of *Milton*, and the Compoſer of the original Muſic of *Comus*.

BEGONE, begone thou perjur'd man,
And never more return,
For know that thy inconſtancy
Has chang'd my love to ſcorn;
Thou has awak'd me, and I can
See clearly—there's no truth in man.

My love to thee was chaſte and pure,
As is the morning dew,
And 'twas alone like to endure
Had'ſt thou not prov'd untrue;
But I'm awak'd, and now I can
See clearly—there's no truth in man.

Thou may'ſt perhaps prevail upon
Some other to believe thee,
And ſince thou can'ſt love more than one,
Ne'er think that it ſhall grieve me;
For th'haſt awak'd me, and I can
See clearly—there's no truth in man.

By thy apoſtacy I find
That love is plac'd amiſs,
And can't continue in the mind
Where virtue wanting is:
I'm now reſolv'd, and know there can
No conſtant thought remain in man.

PUBLISHED at N°. 10, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

The Marine Medley.

As originally written by G. A. Stevens.

AIR—"*Come, and liſten to my ditty.*"

NOW ſafe moor'd, with bowl before us,
Meſſmates heave a hand with me,
Lend a brother ſailor chorus,
While he ſings our lives at ſea:
O'er the wide wave-ſwelling ocean,
Toſs'd aloft, or tumbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion,
When our time's come, we muſt go.

AIR—"*Life is chequered.*"

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,
By top-ſail ſheets and haul-yards ſtand,
Down top-gallants, down be hauling,
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand;
Now ſet the braces,
Don't make wry faces,
But the lee top-ſail ſheets let go,
Starboard here,
Larboard there,
Turn your quid,
Take a ſwear,
Yo! yo! yo!

FIRST AIR AGAIN.

Oh, ye landmen, idly lying
All along ſide beauty's charms,
Safe in ſoft beds, ſeas defying,
Free from all but love's alarms.
While on billows, billows rolling,
Death appears in every form,
On no ladies laps we're lollnig,
No kind kiſs can calm the ſtorm.

But loud peals on peals are claſhing,
Through rift rocks the ſhrill wind ſhrieks;
In our eyes fierce lightnings flaſhing,
Scorch the ſails, and ſtench the decks.
Burſting clouds upon us pouring,
Black o'erſpread the face of day,
Burying ſeas in whirlpools roaring,
Fiery flies the ſparkling ſpray.

High the toſſing tempeſt heaves us,
Tow'rds the Pole aloft we go,
While the clouds ſeem to receive us,
Dreadful yawns the gulph below.
In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,
Down we ſink from ſight of ſky,
By the ſwell as inſtant up thrown,—
Hark! what means yon diſmal cry!

The fore-maſt's gone, yells ſome ſad tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—
A leak beneath the cheſs-tree's ſprung out—
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the laniards cut in pieces,
Come, my hearts, be ſtout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increaſes—
Four feet water's in the hold.

Worſe and worſe, the wild winds tearing,
Warring waves around us foam,
For the worſt, while we're preparing,
Nature ſinks, and ſighs for home.
There, our babes, perhaps are ſaying,
In their little liſping ſtrain,
As round mothers' knees they're playing,
"Daddy ſoon will come again."

AIR—"*Early one morning a jolly young tar.*"

If we muſt die, why die we muſt,
'Tis a birth in which all muſt belay mun,
When our debt's due, for Death won't truſt,
Then all hands be ready to pay mun.
As to life's ſtriking its flag, never fear,
Our cruize is out, that's all my brother,
In this world we've luff'd it up, thus, and no near,
So let's ſhip ourſelves now for another.

FIRST AIR AGAIN.

Overboard the guns be throwing,
To the pumps come ev'ry hand,
See, her mizen-maſt is going,
On the lee beam lies the land.
Riſing rocks appear before us,
Hopeleſs, yet for help we call,
Ev'ry ſea breaks fatal o'er us,
To the ſtorm's fell pow'r we fall.

Now diſmay, with aſpect horrid,
Swells each ſleepleſs eye with tears:
And deſpair, with briſtly forehead,
On each bloodleſs face appears.
Sadly ſtill we wait the wave, boys!—
O'erwhelming ſeas roll mountains high;
The ſwell comes on, our wat'ry grave, boys—
Hark! what means yon doleful cry!

The leak we've found, it cannot pour faſt,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury fore-maſt,
She rights, ſhe rights, boys, wear off ſhore.
Now, my hearts, we're ſafe from ſinking,
We'll again lead ſailors lives;
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.

Paſtora.

AIR—"*Tweed Side.*"

'TWAS in that gay time of the year,
When flowers enamel the green;
And birds with ſweet notes glad the ear,
And flocks in gay paſtures are ſeen.

Where Flora's fair favourite ſprung,
A ſhepherd reſponding reclin'd,
And while of his love thus he ſung,
A myrtle ſuſtain'd him behind.

"Paſtora! oh! where art thou fled?
"Paſtora! thou beauteous maid!
"Thy face was with graces o'erſpread.
"Thy looks were in ſweetneſs array'd.

"Go mourn all ye woods, groves, and bow'rs,
"Ye riv'lets and fountains lament!
"Forſake the ſad green, O ye flow'rs,
"Or, at leaſt, for a time loſe your ſcent!

"Ye ſhepherds to ſorrow incline!
"Ye ſweet feather'd ſongſters don't ſing;
"Let Phœbus forget now to ſhine,
"And winter with ſadneſs ſwift bring.

"Ye nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
"With ſadneſs your faces o'erſpread,
"Let nothing but ſadneſs remain,
"For, oh!—my Paſtora is—dead!

"Sure Nature her aim wrong did take,
"An angel ſhe ſure was deſign'd;
"And Fate, to correct the miſtake,
"To form her immortal, inclin'd.

"O! let me once more ſpeak her name;
"Paſtora! accept my laſt ſigh!
"To bleſs me in this world you came,
"And bleſs'd by your favour, I—die.

Here awa Willie.

HERE awa, there awa, here awa, Willie!
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame.
Lang have I ſought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
Whate'er betide us; nought ſhall devide us,
Love now rewards all my ſorrows and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie!
Here awa, there awa, here away hame.
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes when Willie's at hame.

Bow the Head, thou Lily Fair.

BOW the head, thou lily fair,
Bow the head in mournful guiſe,
Sickly turn thy ſhining white,
Bend thy ſtalk and never riſe.
Shed thy leaves thou lovely roſe,
Shed thy leaves, ſo ſweet and gay;
Strow them wide on the cold earth,
Quickly let them fade away.

For, alas! the gentle knot
So ſoftly that did bind
My Emma, and her ſwain,
Cruel Death has now untwin'd.
Her head with half-clos'd eyes
Bends upon her breaſt of ſnow;
Cold and faded are thoſe cheeks
That wont with red to glow.

Mute is that harmonious voice,
That breath'd the ſounds of love;
And lifeleſs are thoſe limbs,
That with ſuch grace did move;
And I of bliſs bereft,
Lone and ſad muſt ever moan;
Dead to all the world can give,
Alive to grief alone.

Tink'ring Tom.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' ſtreets his trade did cry,
He ſaw his lovely Sylvia paſſing by;
In duſt cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waiſt:
Tom, with uplifted hand, th' occaſion bleſt,
And thus, in ſoothing ſtrains, the maid addreſt.

"O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
"To pick up duſt, you ſteal our heart:
"You take up duſt, and ſteal our heart;
"That mine is gone, alas! is true,
"And dwells among the duſt with you,
"And dwells among the duſt with you.

"Ah! lovely Sylvia, eaſe my pain;
"Give me my heart, you ſtole, again;
"Give me my heart, out of your cart;
"Give me my heart, you ſtole, again."

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting roll'd her ſparkling eyes about;
She heav'd her ſwelling breaſt, as black as ſloe,
And look'd diſdain on little folks below:
To Tom ſhe nodded, as the cart drew on;
And then reſolv'd to ſpeak, ſhe cry'd "ſtop, John!"

"Shall I who ride above the reſt,
"Be by a paltry croud oppreſt?
"Ambition now my ſoul does fire;
"The youths ſhall languiſh and admire,
"And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
"Shall long to ride in my duſt cart,
"And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
"Shall long to ride in my duſt cart."

Away to the Field.

AWAY to the field, ſee the morning looks gay,
And ſweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day;
The hounds are all eager the ſport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be tied to the chaſe.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew,
While the ſeaſon invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chaſe to purſue.

How charming the ſight when Aurora firſt dawns,
To ſee the bright beagles ſpread over the lawns,
To welcome the ſun now returning from reſt,
Their matins they chaunt as they merrily queſt.
Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each boſom with tranſport it fills,
To ſtart juſt as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous from valley to valley reſounds
The ſhout of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
Borne by their ſwift courſers no danger they fear,
And gives to the winds all vexation and care.
Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chaſe, quits the joys of the town,
And ſcorn the dull pleaſure of ſleeping in down;
Uncertain their toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours ſtill is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark, &c.

OLD BALLADS.

Edwin and Ethelinde.

"ONE parting kiſs, my Ethelinde,"
Young Edwin fault'ring cried,
"I hear thy father's haſty tread,
"Nor longer muſt I 'bide.

"To-morrow's eve, in yonder wood,
"Beneath the well-known tree,
"Say, wilt thou meet thine own true love,
"Whoſe heart's delight's in thee."

She claſp'd the dear beloved youth,
And ſigh'd, and dropt a tear,
"Whate'er betide, my only love,
"I'll ſurely meet thee there."

They kiſs, they part, a lift'ning page,
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew pale with frowns,
And rage diſtain'd his cheek,
"Heavens! ſhall a vaſſal ſhepherd dare
"My daughter's love to ſeek.

"But know, raſh boy, thy bold attempt
"Full ſorely ſhalt thou rue:
"Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
"Shalt thou thy lover view."

The dews of evening faſt did fall,
And darkneſs ſpread apace,
When Ethelinde, with weeping breaſt,
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye ſhe look around,
No Edwin there was ſeen;
"He was not won't to break his faith;
"What can his abſence mean?"

Her heart beat thick at ev'ry noiſe,
Each ruſtling thro' the wood,
And now, ſhe travers'd quick the ground,
And now ſhe liſtning ſtood.

Enlivening hope and chilling fear,
By turns her boſom ſhare,
And now, ſhe calls upon his name,
Now, weeps in ſad deſpair.

Mean time the day's laſt glimm'ring fled,
And black'ning all the ſky,
A hideous tempeſt dreadful roſe,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde, aghaſt, diſmay'd,
Beholds with dread affright
The threat'ning ſky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

" Where art thou now, my Edwin dear?
" Thy friendly aid I want;
" Ah me! my boding heart foretells
" That aid thou canſt not grant."

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with ſtorms,
Confus'd and loſt ſhe roves,
Now looks to heav'n with eager pray'r,
Now calls on him ſhe loves.

At length, a diſtant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her ſight,
Thro' brakes ſhe guides her fainting ſteps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this ſequeſter'd wild;
Calm goodneſs ſat upon his brow,
His words were ſoft and mild.

He op'd his hoſpitable door,
And much admiring view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form,
Daſh'd by the tempeſt rude.

" Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
" To this warm ſhelter'd cell;
" Here reſt ſecure thy wearied feet;
" Here peace and ſafety dwell."

He ſaw the heart-wrung ſtarting tear,
And gently ſought to know,
With kindeſt pity's ſoothing looks,
The ſtory of her woe.

Scarce had ſhe told her mournful tale,
When ſtruck with dread they hear
Voices confus'd, with dying groans,
The call approaching near.

" Help, father, help," they loudly cry,
" A wretch here bleeds to death;
" Some cordial balſam quickly give,
" To ſtay his parting breath."

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gaſh'd with many a wound,
When, woeful ſight, 'twas Edwin's ſelf
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief, poor Ethelinde
Beſide his body falls;
" Lift up thy eyes, my Edwin dear,
" 'Tis Ethelinde that calls."

That much-lov'd ſound recalls his life,
He lifts his cloſing eyes,
And feebly murm'ring out her name,
He gaſps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid awhile, in dumb deſpair,
She gaz'd on Edwin dead;
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm ſpirit fled.

Eaſy John, the contented Cuckold,

OR THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

AS I was ſearching the records
Of ancient nobles, dukes and lords,
A pleaſant jeſt came to my ſight,
The which I am reſolv'd to write.

When queen Elizabeth did reign,
Her loving ſubjects did complain,
That witches had ſo much encreas'd,
As did much harm to man and beaſt;

Eſpecially in Lancaſhire;—
Which when our gracious queen did hear,
She ſent her judges forth with ſpeed
To try them for each wicked deed.

Old women with their lantern jaws,
Altho' they had no other cauſe,
Were all arraign'd for witches them,
For being threeſcore years and ten.

In Lancaſhire there liv'd a man,
Whom all folks called Eaſy John;
He had a little teat* or two,
Which underneath his arm-pit grew:

So, fearing that he was a witch,
His loving wife he did beſeech,
That ſhe'd be pleas'd to let him go,
To ſee if he was a witch or no.

She gave conſent; he went his way,
And travell'd hard both night and day,
O'er hill and dale he weary paſt,
Until he came to court at laſt.

They made him room; for why, they thought
He had ſome information brought;
" Speak up, good man, and do not fear;
" What you deſire we will hear:"

" Full fourſcore miles and more I came,
" Until my feet are almoſt lame;
" So pray tell me, before I go,
" If you think I'm a witch, or no."

The judges laughed heartily,
And th' crier made him this reply,
" You are," ſaid he, and kick'd his breech,
" More like an old cuckold than a witch."

" I thank you all" the old man cry'd,
" Henceforth I ſhall reſt ſatisfy'd,
" Since I am no witch at all,
" But an old cuckold, and that is all.

" I'll home to honeſt Joan, my wife,
" The joy and comfort of my life;"
She met him with a merry cheer,
Crying, " your welcome home, my dear:

" Pray what did thoſe learn'd judges ſay;
" Are you a witch or no, I pray?"
" As ſoon as e'er they ſaw my face,
" The told me in a little ſpace,

" That I was no witch at all,
" But an old cuckold, and that was all."
" Sure, huſband, theſe learn'd judges are
" As bad as any witches here;

" Or how could they ſo cunning be,
" To know that I had cuckol'd thee?"
" Ah, wife, they may ſay what they pleaſe,
" Henceforth I'll ſet my mind at eaſe;

" So bring me a jug of good ale, for why,
" I am no witch, and ſo what care I?"

* A Teat under the Arm was called a *Witch-pap*, and was held as a ſure Mark that the Wearer was a Witch.

Price, [Numb. 45] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preſerving, in the Engliſh Language; forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Whack, my dear Whack.

ARRAH Paddy's my name, and as comely a lad
As ever ſung Whack at the end of a ſong,
Then give me a buſs, it will make my heart glad,
And I'll love and ſing Whack, honey, all the day long,

Yes, Whack, my dear, Whack, Whack, my dear, Whack,
Whack, my dear, Whack, my dear, all the day long,
Love and Whack is the ſame in an Iriſhman's ſong.

Botheration be eaſy I'm dying for love of ye,
I can't ſleep for grumbling out the old ſong,
I've a pain in heart, yet that pain it ſo pleaſes me,
I love, dream, and cry Whack, my dear, all the night long.

Yes, Whack, my dear, &c.

In the land of Kilkenny the laſſes ran after me,
Plaguing and pulling me all the day long,
And the good wives and widows were always a teazing me,
To play the laſt ſtave of my good Iriſh ſong.

That is, Whack, my dear, &c.

Bleſt were the Hours.

BLEST were the hours in which I ſtray'd,
When evening gales refreſh'd the grove,
Beneath a poplar's pleaſing ſhade,
I liſten'd to his vows of love:
But when the moon reveal'd her beams,
I ſigh'd to bid my love adieu;
I ſaw his image in my dreams,
It told me, all his vows were true.

Ye pleaſing viſions, ſweet and fair,
Ah happy dreams, where are you now?
All vaniſh'd and diſſolv'd in air,
Juſt like the faithleſs ſhepherd's vow.
The roſy morn, the evening pale,
I heed not now, theſe hours are paſt,
And the once pleaſing ſummer's gale
Is cheerleſs as the wintry blaſt.

Dear Mary, to thee.

THO' the Muſes ne'er ſmile by the light of the ſun,
Yet they viſit my cot when my labour is done,
And whilſt on my pillow of ſtraw I recline,
A wreath of ſweet flow'rets they ſportively twine;
But in vain the fair damſels weave chaplets forme,
Since my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

Dear Mary, &c.

Full oft I reflect on my indigent ſtate,
But reflection and reaſon are ever too late;
They tell me I ſigh for too beauteous a fair,
And fill my ſad boſom with doubt and deſpair,
Then Hope kindly ſmiling averts their decree,
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

Dear Mary, &c.

When the ſhrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light dance,
With tranſport I ſee my dear Mary advance,
Then ſuch grace ſhe diſplays, while ſhe trips 'mid the throng,
That each ſhepherd, with rapture, to her tunes his ſong,
But by none ſhe's belov'd with ſuch truth as by me,
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

Dear Mary, &c.

Hark! 'tis I.

SUNG IN "THE MAID OF THE MILL."

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover,
After walking three long miles;
One kind look, at leaſt, diſcover,
Come, and ſpeak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah! you little cunning vixen!
I can ſee your roguiſh ſmiles.

Addſlids! my mind is ſo poſſeſt,
'Till we're ſped I ſhan't have reſt;
Only ſay the thing's a bargain,
Here, an you like it,
Ready to ſtrike it,
There's at once an end of arguing:
I am her's, ſhe is mine;
Thus we ſeal, and thus we ſing.

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The County of Limerick Buck Hunt.

BY your leave, Larry Grogan,
Enough has been ſpoken,
It's time to give over your ſonnet, your ſonnet;
Come liſten to mine, ſir,
Much truer than thine, ſir,
For theſe very eyes were upon it, upon it.
It is of a buck ſlain
This very campaign,
To let him live longer, 'twere pity, 'twere pity;
For head and for branches,
For fat and for haunches,
Exceeded the mayor of a city, a city.

A counſel aſſembled,
(Who'd think but he trembled)
Of lads of good ſpirit, well mounted, well mounted,
Each his whip and cap on,
And ſpurs made at Rippon,*
The number full twenty, well counted, well counted,
But in legs he confiding,
All efforts deriding;
He thought himſelf ſafe as in bed, ſir, in bed, ſir,
With a bounce off he goes,
And toſs'd up his noſe;
But Ringwood cry'd "lord help your head, ſir, your head, ſir."

Off ſcores we went bounding,
Sweet horns were ſounding,
Each youth fill'd the air with a whoop and a halloo;
Dubourg, were he there,
Such ſweet muſic to hear,
Would leave his Cremona† and follow, and follow,
Knockdarky, Knockainy,
And hills twice as many;
We ſcamper'd o'er ſtone walls, o'er hedges, o'er ditches;
He ſkimm'd o'er the grounds,
But to baffle our hounds,
Was ne'er yet in any buck's breeches, buck's breeches

Four hours he held out,
Moſt ſurpriſingly ſtout,
'Till at length to his fate he ſubmitted, ſubmitted;
His throat being cut up,
The poor culprit put up,
To the place whence he came was remitted, remitted
A place moſt enchanting,
Where nothing was wanting,
That poor hungry huntſmen could wiſh for, could wiſh for,
Of delicate fare,
(Tho' numbers were there)
Yet for ev'ry man was a diſh for, a diſh for.

We fell to with fury,
Like a long famiſh'd jury,
Nor ſtaid we for grace to our dinner, our dinner,
The butler a ſweating,
The knives all a whetting,
The edge of each ſtomach was keener, was keener.
The bumpers went round,
With a beautiful ſound,
Clink, clink, like ſweet bells, went the glaſſes, the glaſſes,
We diſpatch'd Queen and King,
And each other fine thing,
To bumper the beautiful laſſes, ſweet laſſes.

* A Town famous for making Spurs.

† A Place in Italy where the beſt Fiddles are made—here put for the Fiddle of the celebrated Mr. Dubourg.

There was ſweet Sally Curry,
And Singleton Cherry,
Miſs Croker, Miſs Bligh, and Miſs Pritty, Miſs Pritty,
With lovely Miſs Pierce,
That ſubject of verſe,
Who ſhall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty;
With numberleſs more,
From fifteen to a ſcore,§
O had you but ſeen them together, together,
Such charms you'd diſcover,
You'd pity the Louvre‡
And look on St. James' as a feather, a feather.

The man of the houſe,
And his beautiful ſpouſe,
May they live to give claret and veniſon, veniſon.
And may honeſt Ned,
There's no more to be ſaid,
Ne'er want the beggar's old beniſon, beniſon.
Long proſper that county,
The ſtore-houſe of plenty,
Where thus we indulge and make merry, make merry
For jovial as we are
We puff away all care,
To poor buſy Robin and Fleury, and Fleury.¶

§ Alluding to the Age of the Ladies.

‡ The Beauties at the Court of France and England.

¶ Sir Robert Walpole and Cardinal Fleury,—one the Prime Miniſter of the Court of England, the other of that of France, at the time this Ballad was wrote.

DUET.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How ſweet is the ſound of the echoing horn!
When the antling ſtag is rouz'd by the ſound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly ſweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
But ſtill we purſue—and now come in view
Of the glorious game.

O, ſee! how again he rears up his head,
And, ſwinged with fear, he redoubles his ſpeed:
But, oh! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies—
That his eyes loſe the huntſmen, his ears loſe the cries,
For now his ſtrength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants, till, with well-ſcented hounds
ſurrounded, he dies.

Tontaron, ſounds the Horn.

HARK, hark, how the foreſt reſounds with the chace,
The muſical hounds and the merry ton'd horn,
Health, roſy health, blooms afreſh in each face,
And Aurora's bright beams the gay meadows adorn.
What muſic abounding,
While echo reſounding,
Tontaron, tontaron, tontaron, ſounds the horn.

For ages long paſt has the chace been renown'd,
By the wiſeſt, the nobleſt, the greateſt rever'd,
And thoſe who've in battle with conqueſt been crown'd,
At firſt in the chace have with honour appear'd.
With muſic abounding,
While echo reſounding,
Tontaron, tontaron, tontaron, ſounds the horn.

Then boys, let's away, when the ſeaſon invites,
And bruſh by the dews of the ruddy fac'd morn,
To ſhare in theſe noble and healthful delights,
Which the hunters with vigour and glory adorn.
Sweet muſic abounding,
While echo reſounding,
Tontaron, tontaron, tontaron, ſounds the horn.

The World, my dear Myra.

THE world, my dear Myra, if full of deceit,
And friendſhip's a jewel we ſeldom can meet;
How ſtrange does it ſeem, that in ſearching around,
This ſource of content is ſo rare to be found?
Oh, Friendſhip! thou balm, and rich ſweetner of life,
Kind parent of eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and power,
But empty deluſion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a friend
On whom we may always with ſafety depend?
Our joys, when extended, will always increaſe;
And griefs, when divided, are huſh'd into peace;
When fortune is ſmiling what crouds will appear
Their kindneſs to offer, and friendſhip ſincere;
Yet change but the proſpect, and point out diſtreſs;
No longer to court you they eagerly preſs.

Ianthe, the lovely.

IANTHE, the lovely, the joy of the ſwain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again,
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,
Their pleaſure was equal and equal their care,
No time nor enjoyment, their fondneſs withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd, ſtill fonder they grew.

A paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the plain,
Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the ſwain,
Some ſwore 'twere a pity their loves to invade,
That the lovers alone for each other was made,
But all have conſented, that none ever knew
A nymph yet ſo kind, or a ſhepherd ſo true.

Love ſaw them with pleaſure, and vow'd to take care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair,
What either did want, he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love,
Said 'twas all that to bleſs them, his god-head could do,
That they ſtill might be kind, and ſtill might be true.

I am a poor Shepherd undone.

I AM a poor ſhepherd undone,
And cannot be cured by art;
For a nymph as bright as the ſun,
Has ſtole away my heart;
And how to get it again
There's none but ſhe can tell,
To cure me of my pain,
By ſaying ſhe loves me well.
And, alas, poor ſhepherd! alack and a well-a-day,
Before I was in love, Oh! every month was May.

If to love ſhe ſhould not incline,
I told her I'd die in an hour,
To die, ſays ſhe, 'tis in thine,
But to love 'tis not in my power;
I aſk'd her the reaſon why
She could not of me approve;
She ſaid 'twas a taſk too hard
To give any reaſon for love.

And alas, &c.

She aſk'd me of my eſtate,
I told her a flock of ſheep,
The graſs whereon they graze,
Where ſhe and I might ſleep;
Beſides a good ten pounds,
In old King Harry's groats,
With hooks and crooks abound,
And birds of ſundry notes.

And alas, &c.

The Scold.

THE plague of one's life
Is ſurely a wife;
Who ſtill is fomenting of evil:
From morning to night,
All is wrong, nothing right,
A ſcold is ſure worſe than the devil.

When I firſt gave a kiſs,
I thought that each bliſs
Was center'd in ſweet pretty Mary;
But now I am wed,
O! I wiſh I was dead;
Her temper I find the contrary.

Let me ſay what I will,
Her tongue won't lay ſtill,
Like the clack of a mill it is going;
If I ſtop up my ears,
In a rage ſhe appears,
And more hot then her paſſion is glowing.

If I go, or I ſtay,
At home, or away,
Each ſerves her alike for a riot;
Tho' a foe to all ſtrife,
Such a devil's my wife,
She never will let me be quiet.

BALLAD.

The Bridal Bed.

IT was a maid of low degree
Sat on her true love's grave,
And with her tears moſt piteouſly
The green turf ſhe did lave;
She ſtrew'd the flow'r, ſhe pluck'd the weed,
And ſhow'rs of tears ſhe ſhed:
"Sweet turf," ſhe cry'd, "by fate decreed
"To be my bridal bed!

"I've ſet thee, flow'r, for that the flow'r
"Of manhood lyeth here;
"And water'd thee with plenteous ſhow'r
"Of many a briny tear."
And ſtill ſhe cry'd, "O ſtay, my love,
"My true love, ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee.

"I pluck'd thee, weed, for that no weed
"Did in his boſom grow;
"But ſweeteſt flow'rs, from virtue's ſeed,
"Did there ſpontaneous blow:
"But ah! their beauteous tints, no more
"Their balmy fragrance ſhed,
"And I muſt ſtrew this meaner flow'r,
"To deck my bridal bed.

"Sweet turf, thy green more green appears,
"Tears make thy verdure grow;
"Then ſtill I'll water thee with tears,
"That thus profuſely flow.
"Oh ſtay for me, departed youth,
"My true-love, ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee.

"This is the flow'ry wreath he wove,
"To deck his bride, dear youth!
"And this the ring with which my love
"To me did plight his troth;
"And this dear ring I was to keep,
"And with it to be wed——
"But here, alas! I ſigh and weep.
"To deck my bridal bed."

A blithſome knight came riding by,
And as the bright moon ſhone,
He ſaw her on the green turf lie,
And heard her piteous moan;
For loud ſhe cry'd, "Oh ſtay my love,
"My true-love, ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee."

"Oh ſay," he cry'd, "fair maiden, ſay,
"What cauſe doth work thy woe,
"That on a cold grave thou doſt lay,
"And faſt thy tears o'erflow."
"Oh! I have cauſe to weep for woe,
"For my true-love is dead;
"And thus, while faſt my tears o'erflow,
"I deck my bridal bed."

"Be calm, fair maid," the knight reply'd,
"Thou art too young to die;
"But go with me, and be my bride,
"And leave the old to ſigh"—
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, "Oh ſtay, my love,
"My true-love ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deckt my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee."

"Oh leave," he cry'd, "this grief ſo cold,
"And leave this dread deſpair,
"And thou ſhalt flaunt in robes of gold,
"A lady rich and fair:
"Thou ſhalt have halls and caſtles fair;
"And when, ſweet maid, we wed,
"Oh thou ſhalt have much coſtly gear,
"To deck thy bridal bed."

"Oh hold thy peace, thou cruel knight,
"Nor urge me to deſpair;
"With thee my troth I will not plight,
"For all thy proffers fair:
"But I will die with my true-love—
"My true-love ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee,

"Thy halls and caſtles I deſpiſe,
"This turf is all I crave;
"For all my hopes, and all my joys,
"Lie buried in this grave:
"I want not gold, nor coſtly gear,
"Now my true-love is dead;
"The fading flow'r and ſcalding tear
"Shall deck my bridal bed."

"Oh! be my bride, thou weeping fair,
"Oh! be my bride, I pray;
"And I will build a tomb moſt rare,
"Where thy true-love ſhall lay:"
But ſtill with tears, ſhe cry'd, "my love,
"My true-love, ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee.

"My love needs not a tomb ſo rare,
"In a green grave we'll lie;
"Our carved works—theſe flow'rets fair,
"Our canopy—the ſky.
"Now go, ſir knight, now go thy ways—
"Full ſoon I ſhall be dead—
"And then return, in ſome few days,
"And deck my bridal bed.

"And ſtrew the flow'r, and pluck the thorn,
"And cleanſe the turf, I pray;
"So may ſome hand thy turf adorn,
"When thou in grave ſhalt lay.
"But ſtay, oh thou whom dear I love,
"My true-love, ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee."

"No, maid, I will not go my ways,
"Nor leave thee here alone;
"Nor while deſpair upon thee preys,
"Neglect thy woeful moan:
"But I will ſtay and ſhare thy woe,
"My tears with thine I'll ſhed;
"And help to pluck the flow'r, and ſtrew
"O'er thy ſad bridal bed."

Now from the church came forth the prieſt,
His midnight chaunt was done,
And much the hapleſs maid he preſt
To ceaſe her piteous moan:
For ſtill ſhe cry'd, "Oh ſtay my love,
"My true-love, ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee."

"Oh! kneel with me," he cry'd, "dear maid,
"Oh! kneel in holy prayer;
"Haply, kind heaven may ſend thee aid,
"And ſooth thy dread deſpair."
"I blame not heav'n," the maid reply'd,
"But mourn my true-love dead;
"And on his green grave I will 'bide,
"For 'tis my bridal bed."

The hapleſs maid knelt down, for fear
That holy prieſt ſhould blame;
But ſtill with every hallow'd prayer,
She ſigh'd her true-love's name;
And ſoftly cry'd, "Oh ſtay, my love,
"My true-love, ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee."

"Enough, enough, thou ſore-try'd dear!"
The weeping knight exclaim'd;
"Enough I've try'd thee, matchleſs fair,
"And be the tryal blam'd:
"I am thy love, thy own true-love,
"And I am come to wed;
"Nor ſhall this turf thy green grave prove,
"Nor be thy bridal bed.

"I am a knight of noble name,
"And thou of low degree;
"So like a ſhepherd poor I came,
"To prove thy conſtancy."
But ſhe, with woe forlorn, ſtill cry'd,
"My true-love, ſtay for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee."

Again, "enough, thou ſore-try'd maid!"
The knight in tears exclaim'd;
"See at thy feet thy true-love laid,
"Of all his guile aſham'd.
"Forgive me, maid—my love now prove—
"And let us inſtant wed;
"And thou with tears of joy, my love,
"Shalt deck thy bridal bed."

"And art thou him?" exclaim'd the maid,
"And doſt thou live?" ſhe cry'd:
"Too cruel love!"—ſhe faintly ſay'd—
Then wrung his hand—and dy'd—
"Stay," cry'd the knight, all woe-begone,
"Nor ſtay, my love, for me;
"Stay till I've deck'd our bridal bed,
"And I will follow thee."

In vain the prieſt, with holy lore,
By turns did ſooth and chide;
The knight, diſtracted, wept full ſore,
And on the green turf dy'd—
And underneath (may heav'n them ſave!)
The lovers both were laid;
And thus, in truth, the green tuft grave
Became their bridal bed.

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Johnny with his Shoulder-Knot.

JOHN tript up the ſtairs by night,
Heigh-ho! to Betty got;
John tript up the ſtairs by night,
Slyly without candle light;
'Cries Bet, "who's there?"
"'Tis I, my dear,
"Johnny with his ſhoulder knot?"

What did fooliſh Betty do?
Heigh-ho! ſhe knew not what;
What did fooliſh Betty do?
Lifts the latch, and in he flew;
'When he kiſs'd,
Could ſhe reſiſt
Johnny and his ſhoulder knot?

Madam Maudlin ſoon found out,
Heigh-ho! poor Betty's lot;
Madam Maudlin ſoon found out,
"What's this," ſays ſhe, "you've been about?"
Betty cries,
And wipes her eyes,
"The deuce was in his ſhoulder knot!"

Megan-oh! oh! Megan-Ee!

Sung in *The Caſtle-Spectre.*

SLEEP you, or wake you, lady bright,
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!
Now is the fitteſt time for flight.
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!
Know, from your tyrant father's power,
Beneath the window of your tower,
A boat now waits to ſet you free:
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!

Tho' deep the ſtream, tho' high the wall,
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!
The danger, truſt me, love, is ſmall:
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!
To ſpring below then never dread:
My arms to catch you ſhall be ſpread;
And far from hence you ſoon ſhall be.
Sing Megan-oh, &c.

Fair Emma huſh'd her heart's alarms:
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!
She ſprang into her lover's arms;
Sing Megan oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!
Unhurt ſhe fell; then ſwift its way
The boat purſu'd without delay,
With Emma plac'd on Edgar's knee.
Sing Megan-oh! &c.

Ben Bowſprit, of Wapping.

BEN Bowſprit I am, and a true bonny boy:
Pull away! pull away! ſo funny;
And was always the firſt for to pipe, hands a-hoy,
When the ſignal was out to be ſunny.
I can weather all ſeas, like a good jolly dog,
With the beſt he that ever went hopping;
But the ocean for me, is the ocean of grog,
Pull away! pull away! pull away!
Pull—I ſay,
What d'ye think of Ben Bowſprit, of Wapping?

My grand-father bulg'd with a freighting of flip,
Pull away! pull away! ſo friſky!
Old Davy contriv'd my dad's cable to ſlip,
One day when o'erladen with whiſkey.
My wife's chriſtian name it was Brandy-fac'd Nan,
The Native, to Nick ſent her hopping;
So the family cauſe I'll ſupport while I can,
Pull away, &c.

Avaſt, don't ſuppoſe I have launch'd out a lie,
Pull away! pull away! ſo groggy!
Don't you ſee in the ſervice I've bung'd up one eye,
And t'other I own is rather foggy;
Then to ſtand on I've ſcarcely a leg left, d'ye mind,
And ſhould Death t'other day-light be ſtopping,
The worſt you can ſay is, I've drunk till I'm blind,
Pull away, &c.

Dibdin, jun.

Ever remember me.

Compoſed by STORACE, for his Opera of '*The Pirates.*'

WHEN you ſhall hear the ſound of joy,
Beating the floor with ruſtic dance,
Silent the liſt'ning ear employ,
But do not yet too quick advance;
Slowly, ſoftly, ſoftly creep,
Untill yon light you ſee,
And while the anxious watch you keep,
Still ever remember me.

Careful the winding path explore,
Leſt in the tangled break you ſtray,
Then think of her whom you adore,
To chear the dark and weary way;
And ſoftly, ſlowly, ſoftly creep,
Until yon light you ſee,
And while the anxious watch you keep,
Still ever remember me.

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Colin's Complaint.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.*

AIR.—"*Grim King of the Ghosts.*"

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head;
The wind that blew over the plain
To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

"Alas! silly swain that I was,"
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
"When first I beheld that fair face,
"'Twere better by far I had dy'd;
"She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue,
"When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
"I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
"Was nightingale ever so sweet?

"How foolish was I to believe
"She could doat on so lowly a clown;
"Or that her fond heart would not grieve
"To forsake the fine folks of the town!
"To think that a beauty so gay,
"So kind and so constant would prove;
"To go clad like our maidens in gray,
"And live in a cottage on love!

"What tho' I have skill to complain,
"Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd!
"What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
"The virgins sit weeping around?
"Ah! Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
"Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
"Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
"Whose music is sweeter than thine.

"And you my companions so dear,
"Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
"Whatever I suffer, forbear,
"Forbear to accuse the false maid;
"Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
"'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
"'Twas her's to be false and to change,
"'Twas mine to be constant and die.

"If while my hard fate I sustain,
"In her breast any pity be found,
"Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
"And see me laid low in the ground.
"The last humble boon that I crave,
"Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
"And when she looks down on my grave,
"Let her own that her shepherd was true.

"Then to her new love let her go,
"And deck her in golden array,
"Be finest at every fine show,
"And frolic it all the long day;
"While Colin, forgotten and gone,
"No more shall be heard of, or seen,
"Unless, when beneath the pale moon,
"His ghost shall glide over the green."

* The Author, in this beautiful and pathetic Ballad, alludes to his own situation with the Countess Dowager of *Warwick*, and to his successful rival, Mr. *Addison*.

Answer to Colin's Complaint.

YE winds, to whom Colin complains
In ditties so sad and so sweet,
Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
He's wretched, to shew he has wit:
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is some pretty new art;
Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face;
Can tremble and alter his tale:
But Colin is ever at peace—
The willow my rover prefers
To the breast where he once begg'd to lie,
And the streams that he swells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
And my heart would soon beat him to rest,
Let the swain that is slighted despair;
But Colin is only in jest.
No death the deceiver designs;
Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame?
But Colin makes passion his sport;
Beware of so fatal a game:
My voice of no music can boast,
Nor my person of ought that is fine;
But Colin may find, to his cost,
A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep;
And die in the much favour'd brook,
Where thou but pretendest to weep:
Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
In sonnets so smooth and divine;
Perhaps I may rise from my grave,
To hear such soft music as thine.

Of the violet, daisy and rose,
The hearts-ease, the lily, and pink,
Let thy fingers a garland compose,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink:
How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,
How much my fond soul did admire
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
That all your small subjects obey'd;
And still you reign'd king of this heart,
Whose passion you falsely upbraid:
How often, my swain, have I said,
That thy arms were a palace to me?
And how well I could live in a shade,
Tho' adorn'd with nothing but thee?

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
Tho' never so fine and so gay;
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy breast and a bed of new hay:
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love;
Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
And as constant a nymph I will prove.

Anacreon's Advice.

QUAFF with me the purple wine,
With me, in ſocial pleaſures join,
Crown with me thy flowing hair,
Love with me the blooming fair,
And dance off heavy care;
Wine inſpires the patriot ſoul,
Makes the rigid fair one ſigh,
Freedom lies within the bowl,
Love and Friendſhip's ſocial tie.
Then let us laugh, be gay and free,
Hence with dull ſobriety.

Muſic is the Voice of Love.

SOFTLY ſweet the minutes glide,
With tuneful Damon by my ſide;
His ſongs delight the liſtening grove,
For muſic is the voice of love.

When moon-beams glitter o'er the ſtream,
How ſweet his ſong when love's the theme:
His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,
For muſic is the voice of love.

If other maids admire his lays,
While ſoft and ſweet he ſings my praiſe;
The tender tale I muſt approve,
For muſic is the voice of love.

Adieu to Bacchus.

ADIEU! ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought ſo tedious grown,
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee, thro' yonder ſilent grove,
See, yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu?

The ſole confuſion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inſpire:
I ſcorn the madneſs you approve,
And value reaſon next to love.

Mary's Death at Sandy's Tomb.

LOUD toll'd the ſtern bell-man of night,
When Mary, dejected and ſad,
To the turf had directed her flight,
Wherein her cold lover lay clad.

"How long, my lov'd Sandy," ſhe cry'd,
"Muſt my heart in lone anguiſh complain?
"How long till in death we're ally'd,
"And fate cannot part us again?

"Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb,
"Come, Mary, it cries, come away;
"To partake of thy lover's ſad doom,
"And reſt thee beſide his cold clay.

"I hear the kind call, and I come,
"Ye friends and companions, adieu!
"I haſte to my Sandy's dark tomb,
To die on his boſom ſo true.

"I hear the kind call, and obey;
"Ah! Sandy, receive me," ſhe cry'd;
Then breathing a ſigh o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-ſtone—and dy'd.

An Apology for not ſinging.

YE aſk for a ſong, and, indeed, I'm quite ſorry
I cannot oblige the good company here,
For ſhould I begin, you would find, in a hurry
The gueſts would depart, and the coaſt would be clear.

They could not ſit ſtill, for to have their ears peſter'd
With ſuch horrid notes, but away they would run,
To ſome lonely deſert, or valley ſequeſter'd,
And give that the preference, fifty to one.

Yet ſince you are all ſo deſirous to hear me,
I now will comply, and endeavour my beſt,
But I ſure ſhall be laugh'd at by thoſe who ſit near me,
And thoſe afar off will but make me their jeſt.

"*A ſhepherd attended his flocks on the mountain,*"
O dear! that's too high for my voice by a tone.
"*A ſhepherdeſs ſat by the ſide of a fountain,*"
And this is too low, I ſhall never get down.

But (with your permiſſion) I'll try at another,
"*When Echo's ſhrill voice made the woodlands to ring,*"
Oh! this is (if poſſible) worſe than the other;
So I beg you'll excuſe me, for faith I can't ſing.

BALLAD.

The Fair Maniac.

THE night was dark, the blaſt blew cold,
And loud the tempeſt roar'd;
Blue lightnings flaſh'd from pole to pole,
The ſtormy torrent pour'd;
Mankind, both high and low, in bed,
Were ſhelter'd ſafe and warm;
Save one diſtracted maid, who fled
'Mong all the thickeſt ſtorm.

And ever and anon ſhe ſped
Where moſt the tempeſt pour'd,
And where the thunders overhead
With loudeſt terror warr'd:
Thro' loneſome dell, or dreary glade,
Or kirk-yard graves among,
She wander'd wild, and thus, poor maid,
With mad-like glee ſhe ſung:

'Beat, beat ye winds; ye torrents pour;
"Fight, warring clouds above;
"Flaſh, lightings, flaſh; loud thunders roar;
"But hurt not my true love:
"For him I ſeek both night and day,
"For him bewilder'd rove;
Ye lightnings, light me on my way,
"In ſearch of my true love.

"For him I bear the ſummer's burn,
"And brave the wintry wind;
"And day and night for him I mourn,
"For he has prov'd unkind;
"Ye torrents ruſh, ye thunders roar,
"Flaſh, flaſh, thou angry ſky;
"For I ſhall ſee my love no more,
"And I for him will die.

"The cold, cold night is dark and drear,
"And I can't find my love;
"Ah me!—I've ſearch'd both far and near;
"Where, wanderer, canſt thou rove?
"But I'll purſue and ſtop thy ſpeed—
"And, for thy ſcorn to me,
"I'll make thy heart like mine to bleed,
"And then I'll die with thee."

A valiant knight was riding by,
All in the ſtormy rain;
He heard the hapleſs damſel ſigh,
And bitterly complain.
She frantic o'er the wild heath ſprung,
And frantic cry'd aloud;
Then ſtop'd the knight, and thus ſhe ſung,
While he all wond'ring ſtood:

"Oh turn, ſir knight, thy milk-white ſteed,
"And hear my mournful ſong;
"And then in valiant knightly deed
"Return and right my wrong:
"I lov'd a knight, and lov'd him true,
"And conſtant love he ſwore;
"But he's prov'd falſe, and I muſt rue—
"And I muſt ſtill deplore

"He lives at yonder glitt'ring tow'r,
"He lives nor thinks of me;
"Oh knight, I'd bleſs thy valour's pow'r,
"Could I the traitor ſee:
"Then turn, ſir knight, thy milk-white ſteed,
"The way it is not long;
"And may thy beſt love be thy meed,
"If thou wilt right my wrong!"

"Yes, I will right thy wrong, fair maid,"
The gentle knight reply'd;
"But I can ſee no tow'r diſplay'd,
"The darkſome night doth hide."
"Oh yes, on yonder hill," ſhe cry'd,
"That faithleſs knight doth dwell;
"'Twas thro' the lightnings gleam I ſpy'd
"The glitt'ring tow'r full well."

"If on my ſteed, poor maid, thou'lt ride,
"My ſteed ſhall carry thee."
"Yes, knight, I'll go," the maid reply'd,
"The combat for to ſee."
And now they rode with haſty ſpeed
And ſoon they reach'd the hill,
And ſoon they reach'd the tow'r decreed,
Their purpoſe to fulfill.

"Arouze! arouze! thou faithleſs knight,
"Arouze thou ſtony breaſt."
"Who dares," he cry'd, "in this dread night,
"Who dares diſturb my reſt?"
"It's thy true love, whom thou didſt ſlight,
"That calls thee from thy bed:
"Arouze! arouze! thou faithleſs knight,
"Arouze to fight or wed!"

The knight aroſe and op'd the gate,
And ſaw his love ſtand there—
Her face, that was ſo fair of late,
Was ſtain'd with many a tear:
Her lips, once red as autumn fruit,
Were pallid now and coarſe;
Her voice, once ſweet as ſilver lute,
Was now as raven's hoarſe.

A faded wreath was on her brow,
Her gown all rude and rent:
Her hair, that once ſo bright did flow,
Was all with dew beſprent.
"I am thy own true love, dear knight,
"And I am come to wed,
"In bridal garments all bedight,
"My garland on my head.

"To holy kirk, love, we'll repair,
"As bride and bridegroom gay;
"The lightnings that around us glare,
"Shall chear us on the way:
"Of green, green graſs, ſo ſoft with dew,
"We'll make our bridal bed;
"Of hemlock fair, and night-ſhade blue,
"A pillow for our head.

"The thunders, that ſo loudly roar,
"Shall be our muſic, love;
"And we will ſing while rain doth pour,
"So merr'ly we will rove:
"And when I'm dead, with bridal ring
"Let me be laid full low;
"And o'er the green turf dance and ſing,
"My heart ſhall leave its woe!"

The knight he trembled ſad and ſore,
Seeing his true love ſtand;
She ſprang and kiſt him o'er and o'er,
But he puſh'd back her hand.
"Oh fight," ſhe cry'd, "my ſtranger knight,
"Oh fight, for thou art ſtrong;
"Lo! he returns my love with ſpight,
"Revenge a maiden's wrong."

"Go, get," he cry'd, "thy ſword and ſhield,
"And get thy helm and ſpear;
"For I will make thy proud heart yield,
"To 'venge this damſel dear."
"Yes, I will get my ſword and ſhield;
"And I will get my ſpear,
"For there's no knight to whom I'll yield,
"No knight whom I will fear."

Then fought thoſe knights all in the fields,
They fought for many an hour;
They broke their ſpears, they cleav'd their ſhields,
Their blood in ſtreams did pour.
And thrice they ſtop'd, with toil o'erſpent,
To wipe their bleeding brow;
And thrice they drank with one conſent,
Where purling ſtream did flow.

And while they fought with hardy wroth,
The mad maid ſat and ſung,
"Fight on, fight on, my champions both,
"The woodland hills among:
"And he that lives ſhall have my troth,
"I'll twine our hearts in one;
"Fight on, fight on, my champions both,
"Till the bloody victory's won.

"I'll weave a ſhroud for him that's ſlain,
"And faſt my tears ſhall flow;
"Fight on, my knights, to ſooth my pain,
"For my heart's ſick with woe:
"I'll ſing and pray for him that's ſlain,
"And mourn both day and night;
"'Tis my heart's blood your ſhields doth ſtain,
"My woes---for which you fight."

Full long they fought, until o'ercome,
The faithleſs knight did fall:
"Wrong'd maid," he cry'd, "thy cauſe hath won;
"Come hear my dying call."
Then up ſhe ſprang in frantic mood,
And kiſs'd his pale, pale cheek;
And, frantic, drank the ſmoaking blood
That from his wounds did reek.

"Oh this flows from that heart," ſhe cry'd,
"That lov'd me once ſo dear;
"Now, in a ruſhing crimſon tide,
"It pays me tear for tear."
Then from the gaping wounded ſide
His quiv'ring heart ſhe tore,
And to the knight, with frantic pride,
The bloody prize ſhe bore.

"This is the ſtony heart," ſhe cry'd,
"That caus'd my tears to flow,
"And made me roam the land ſo wide,
"In all the pangs of woe:"
Then to the dead knight did ſhe hie,
And laid her by his ſide;
She kiſs'd the heart, and with a ſigh—
The hapleſs mad maid dy'd.

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OR

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The poor little Gipſey.

A POOR little Gipſey—I wander forlorn;
My fortune was told long before I was born,
So fortunes I tell, as forſaken I ſtray,
And in ſearch of my love I am loſt on my way:
Spare an halfpenny, ſpare an halfpenny,
Spare a poor little Gipſey an halfpenny.

I fear from this line you have been a ſad man,
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;
Beware, leſt repentance too late cauſe you pain,
And attend to the leſſon I give in my ſtrain.
Spare an halfpenny, &c.

Thro' wilds and thro' foreſts as wearied I roam,
Long abſent from friends, from parents, and home,
Tho' ſad is my heart, and tho' ſore are my feet,
Yet I ſing on my way thus to all that I meet,
Spare an halfpenny, &c.

Puſh about the Jorum.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at gamiorum;
The flame to cool,
My golden rule,
Is—puſh about the jorum.

With fiſt on jug,
Coifs, who can lug?
Or ſhew me that glib ſpeaker,
Who her red rag
In gibes can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor. *O'Hara.*

Since I'm born a mortal Man.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,
And my being's but a ſpan,
'Tis a march that I muſt make,
'Tis a journey I muſt take:
What is paſt I know full well,
What is future, who can tell?
Teazing Care then ſet me free,
What have I to do with thee?
All my ſhort liv'd hours ſhall ſhine,
Thus replete with mirth and wine.

We be Soldiers three.

WE be ſoldiers three;
Pardonnez moi, Je vous en prie;
Lately come forth of the low country,
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee;
Pardonnez, &c
To all good fellows, where'er they be;
With never, &c.

And he that will not pledge me in this,
Pardonnez, &c.
Pay for the ſhot, whatever it is,
With never, &c.

Charge it again, boys, charge it again,
Pardonnez, &c,
As long as there is any ink in my pen,
With never, &c.

In the dark and lonely Bow'r.

IN the dark and lonely bow'r,
At the ſilent midnight hour,
Let me, let me, all alone,
Ruminate on pleaſures gone.
Ah! days of bliſs, delightful days,
Could I thoſe days of bliſs reſtore,
When ſick with love, and vain with praiſe,
I, ſighing, heard whate'er he ſwore.

Sadly ſolemn be the ſtrain,
Suited to a heart in pain;
Mirth and pleaſure I forego,
Welcome ſorrow, welcome woe:
Too long in folly's court I ſtray'd,
A fond and witleſs maid I ween;
Ah, faithleſs ſwain! how oft he ſaid,
No nymph ſo fair he e'er had ſeen.

Beauty fades, and youth expires,
And mirth's airy train retires,
Wiping tears from pity's eye,
Waiting loves are hovering nigh:
Let virgin-hands freſh flow'rs ſupply,
To ſtrew a hapleſs virgin's bier;
Ah, perjur'd ſwain, can you deny
To drop a ſad relenting tear!

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The Garreteer.

HAPPY the man whose life's dull cares
To low ambition gives:
And mounting up five pair of stairs,
In lofty garret lives.

While tumults vex our earthly ball,
Our streets, while noisy cries,
The Garreteer escapes them all,
Commercing with the skies.

No wrangling mob, thus heard from far,
Disturb his tranquil soul;
The rattling coach, and rumbling car,
Like distant thunders roll.

Proud as a sultan on his throne,
His vassals at his feet:
Above the world, the bard looks down,
On all that man thinks great.

Whilst dust or smoke beneath him rolls,
He snuffs th' ætherial breeze;
And broils his steak upon the coals,
Or calmly toasts his cheese.

The spider in the bard's blest dome,
His web with safety hides;
Where mops or brooms dare never come,
"That come to all" besides.

The wheezing dun, one flight of stairs,
Who mounts to seize his prey,
To storm his citadel despairs,
And growling turns away.

The Cambrian thus on Penmanmaur,
Or Snowden's lofty side,
Amidst his craggy rocks secure,
The Roman power defy'd.

Kate.

'TWAS near a sea-beat rock reclin'd,
The beauteous love-lorn Kate;
She had no friend to sooth her mind,
But mourn'd her hapless fate.

Her only love was out at sea,
Far from his native shore;
In tears she wept her sorrows free,
Lest he return no more.

Thus would she sigh the live-long day,
For dangers he may prove;
While sorrow mar'd her lonely way,
With firm unshaken love.

Tho' Hope oft' bade her cares to cease,
And check'd the falling tear;
Yet, ah! in vain, the hour of peace
Appear no longer near.

So droops the primrose in the vale,
So fades the new-blown rose,
When tempests and rude winds assail,
Their sweets no more disclose.

Then farewel, Kate, let pity cheer,
And sooth thee with address;
So may each future day appear
One scene of happiness.

While I quaff the Rosy Wine.

WHILE I quaff the rosy wine,
With enliven'd wit I shine,
With enliven'd wit I shine,
Singing then the muses' praise,
Double fire inspires my lays,
Double fire inspires my lays.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
I feel, I feel the pow'r divine
Free me from all Sorrow's sway,
I puff, like winds, my care away.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
All my faculties refine:
My temper grows serene and fair,
And like the summer ev'ning's air.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
Crowns of od'rous flow'rs I twine;
Singing to the echoing grove,
The pleasures of that life I love.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
To soft passions I incline;
My mistress then my song employs,
And all love's pleasing, painful joys.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
Every past delight is mine,
Youth does again my veins inspire,
I lead the dance, and join the choir.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
I its force to reason join,
And steel my breast against that fall,
The common fate that waits us all.

Come here, fellow Servants.

COME here, fellow servants, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.
Are only dependants, no better than we.

Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow servant, and there fellow servant;
and all in a livery,
'Tis here, fellow servant, and there fellow servant;
and all, all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery dreft,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile, is blest;
What is he? i'faith, but a servant at best.
Both high and low, &c.

Nature made all alike, no distinctions she craves,
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its knaves;
For we all servants, but they are all slaves.
Both high and low, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to his shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser looks down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.
Both high and low, &c.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in arms,
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.
Both high and low, &c.

Then we'll drink, like our betters, and laugh, sing, and love;
And when sick of one place, to another we'll move,
For with little and great, the best joy is to rove.
Both high and low, &c.

Garrick.

The Country Club.

Written by Dibdin, for his Entertainment called 'The Sphinx.'

NOW we're all met here together,
In ſpite of wind or weather,
To moiſten well our clay:
Before we think of jogging,
Let's take a chearful nogging;
Where's the waiter,—ring away;
Where's the glees and the catches,
The tobacco pipes and matches?
And plenty of brown ſtout?
And plenty of brown ſtout?
Yet the glaſſes e'er we ſtart 'em,
Let's proceed *ſecundum artem*,
Let the clerk all the names read out.

[*The following is to be ſpoken.*]

Gentlemen of the Quizical Society, pleaſe to anſwer your names.—Farmer Scroggins! Why I be here.—Doctor Horſeleech! Here.—Parſon Paunch! Here.—TaylorTit. Here. (So he goes on for about twenty) at laſt you hear—are you all aſſembled? All, all, all, all.

So, here's to you Mr. Wiggins,
Here's to you Mr. Figgins,
So put the beer about,
Put the beer about, put the beer about.

Come, tell us what the news is,
Who wins, and who loſes;
Of the times what people do ſay?
Hard, hard the landlord racks us;
Then we've ſuch a load of taxes,
Indeed! well, and how goes hay?
Why now there's maſter Wiſeman,
He told the Exciſeman,
That the cauſe of this pother and rout;
—Order, order, and ſobriety!
The rules of the ſociety?
Let the ſecretary read 'em out.

Every member of this ſociety that ſpills his liquor in his neighbour's pocket, ſhall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this ſociety that ſinges his neighbour's wig with his pipe, ſhall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this ſociety that refuſes to laugh at a good joke, ſhall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this ſociety who reproaches his neighbour with coming to diſtreſs by unavoidable misfortunes, ſhall forfeit two-pence.—Mr. Preſident, I move that this forfeit be a ſhilling—and I ſecond the motion. Are you all agreed? I am—unanimouſly. A noble reſolution. D'ye think ſo?

Why, then, here's to you Mr. Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
So put the beer about.

And, now, the potent liquor
Not even ſpares the vicar,
But in all their noddles mounts;
While, among this ſet of queerers,
All talkers, and no hearers:
Each his favourite tale recounts.
The ſoldier talks of battle,
The grazier ſells his cattle,
Converſation to provoke:
Till the juice of the barrel
Begets ſome curious quarrel,
And the company's loſt in ſmoke.

Upon my ſoul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife, it was all in the way of buſineſs. Nay, but doctor, 'twere a curſed unneighbourly thing of you; (not that the woman were any ſitch great thing) but to put a body to ſitch an expence—Why you don't tell me ſo! Killed fifteen with your own hand! Fifteen, by my laurels! D'ye hear that butcher? Hear it? yes; but I'll lay un what he dares, he has not killed ſo many as I have by hundreds. Powder my whiſkers! Come, come, gentlemen, ſays the bellows-maker, no *breezes!* Let me exhort you to *temperance*, ſays the parſon. *Amen*, ſays the clerk. That's right, ſaid the undertaker, let us *bury* all animoſity. Now that's what I like, ſaid the fidler, I like to ſee *harmony* reſtored. D'ye though? you like to ſee harmony reſtored? Why then,

Here's to you, Mr. Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
So put the beer about.

Tibby Fowler.

TIBBY Fowler, o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her,
Filthy elf, 'tis for her pelf,
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puing at her,
Courting her, and canna get her.

Ten cam' eaſt and ten cam' weſt,
Ten cam' rowing o'er the water;
Twa cam' down the lang dyke ſide,
There's twa and thirty wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

There's ſeven but, and ſeven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty heed about the door,
There's ane and forty wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

She's got pandles in her lugs,
Cockel'd ſhells wad ſet her better;
High heel'd ſhoon and filler tags,
And a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

Be a laſſie e'er ſae black,
And ſhe hae the dame o' filler;
Set her upo' Tintock-tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Wooing at her, &c.

Be a laſſie e'er ſae fair,
An ſhe want the penny filler;
A flie may fell her in the air,
Before a man be even'd till her.
Wooing at her, &c.

Fickle Strephon.

Sung in 'The Shepherd's Lottery.'

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
Declar'd his fix'd paſſion, and dy'd for—in ſong,
He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,
By her own dear appoinment, this goddeſs of love.
Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each—can a lover do more?

He waited, and waited, then changing his ſtrain,
'Twas fury, and rage, and deſpair, and diſdain!
The ſun was commanded to hide his dull light,
And the whole courſe of nature was alter'd downright,
'Twas his hapleſs fortune to love and adore,
But never to change—can a lover do more?

Cleora, it hap'd, came by accident there,
No roſe-bud ſo tempting, no lily ſo fair;
He preſs'd her white hand, next her lips he eſſay'd:
Nor would ſhe deny him, ſo civil the maid!
Her kindly compliance his peace did reſtore,
And dear Amaryllis was—thought of no more.

Nathos and Darthula.

BY J. TAIT.

The hint of this poem (attempted in the ballad ſtile) is taken from one of the leſſer poems of Oſſian.

ON Morven's hills, where valour roſe
The prudence of the ſoil,
The youthful Nathos, dread of foes,
Enjoy'd the martial toil.

Great in the field, his fiery ſpear
Commanded prompt regard;
In days of peace the ſprightly chear,
With ſocial ſoul he ſhar'd.

Impartial heroes prais'd his truth,
Approved his growing fame,
The artleſs virgins lov'd the youth,
And nurs'd the am'rous flame.

But chief for fair Darthula's charms
His feeling boſom beat;
For her he bore the toil of arms,
And mock'd the battle's heat.

With ev'ry grace the virgin ſhone
Unrival'd on the plain—
What wonder if the youth was won
And hugg'd the pleaſing chain!

In calm content they paſs'd the day,
When war had ceas'd to rage,
Now told the laughing ſtory gay,
Now heard the tale of age.

But Cairbar, Erin's bloody king,
Beheld with envious eye;
He bad the hoſtile clangour ring,
And num'rous armies riſe.

The gallant Nathos heard the ſound
That threaten'd dreadful woe;
He call'd his warlike chiefs around,
And, pointing to the foe,

"Behold," he cried, "the hoſtile crew
"That come to try our might,
"In endleſs lines they riſe to view,
"And tire the burden'd fight;

"But ſhall their numbers damp our fire?
"Shall Morven's heroes yield?
"Shall we forego each great deſire,
"And tamely quit the field?

"No—like our fathers, let us riſe,
"Like them, ruſh furious on;
"Haſte, let us ſnatch the glorious prize
"Of conqueſt fairly won."

His words inflam'd each warrior's ſoul,
Their breaſts with tranſport glow'd.
A loud applauſe run thro' the whole,
By dauntleſs hearts beſtow'd.

Darthula ſaw the morning ſcene,
Her griefs were mix'd with joy,
She could not leave the beſt of men,
Nor warlike ſchemes annoy.

For well ſhe knew the claſh of ſwords
Was grateful to his ear;
Yet love's deluſive parting words
Might touch his heart too near.

In penſive poſture long ſhe ſtood,
Revolving in her mind,
Whether to join the godlike crowd,
Or lonely pine behind.

At laſt ſhe burſt the martial ranks,
Array'd in warlike pride;
Swift as a ſtream that ſcorns its banks,
They parted on each ſide.

Low at her Nathos' feet ſhe fell,
"And muſt we part?" ſhe ſaid;
"Muſt you the hoſtile crew expel,
"And leave your helpleſs maid?

"But glory calls, and valour ſues,
"Haſte then, the call obey;
"Tho' fond regard my heart ſubdues,
"I ne'er ſhall aſk your ſtay.

"But can I live when you are gone,
"On Morven's lonely plain?
"Shall I poſſeſs the halls alone,
"And ſing the mournful ſtrain?

"No—like a youth of mighty force,
"I'll follow where you go;
"With willing heart purſue your courſe,
"Nor heed the num'rous foe.

"If prayers or tears the Fates can move,
"Succeſs ſhall ſmile around;
"If Nathos fall, Darthula's love
"Shall watch the fatal wound."

With mute attention Nathos heard
Darthula's fond requeſt;
Her love the dreadful proſpect chear'd
And warm'd the hero's breaſt.

"Yes, you ſhall go, my faithful fair,
"To horror's fav'rite ſcene;
"If you are near, I'll mock deſpair,
"And ſcorn the might of men."

With rapid haſte the field they ſought
Where Erin's monarch lay;
With fatal force the armies fought,
And Nathos' fell a prey.

The ſad Darthula's care was vain,
In vain was ev'ry art:
No earthly pow'r could eaſe his pain,
Or heal his bleeding heart.

As o'er his wounds Darthula wept,
And bath'd them with a tear,
The breaſt-plate from her boſom leapt,
She toſs'd away the ſpear.

Grim Erin's monarch ſeiz'd the ſpoil,
With triumph's cruel joy;
He view'd the nymph with ſcornful ſmile,
Ambitious to deſtroy.

With haughty words he ſought her love,
So oft refus'd before;
With threaten'd woe he try'd to move,
But ſhe diſdainful bore.

"Since Nathos falls, with him I'll die,
"No other boon I crave;
"Since life can nought of bliſs ſupply,
"I'll court his ſilent grave.

"There ſhall the conſtant lovers meet,
"And all their paſſion tell,
"Shall ſtrew with ſhrubs and flow'rets ſweet
"His tomb, who lov'd ſo well.

"But ſee! his ſhade delays its flight,
"And chides my tedious ſtay;
"I come, my love—my ſole delight!"
She ſpoke—and dy'd away.

[Numb. 48]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

I canno' like ye.

Sung in the Opera of 'Marian.'

I CANNO' like ye, gentle ſir,
Altho' a laird ye be;
I like a bonny Scotiſh lad,
Wha brought me fra' Dundee.

Haud away! haud away!
Wi' Jamie o'er the lea
I gang'd along wi' free gude will,
He's a' the world to me!

I'ſe gang'd wi' Jamie fra' Dundee,
To cheer the loneſome way;
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,
He's frolic as the May.

Haud away! &c.

The lavrock mounts to hail the morn,
The lintwhite ſwells her throat;
But neither are ſa ſweet, ſa clear,
As Jamie's tuneſu' note.

Haud away! &c.

By the Oziers ſo dank.

Sung in the Opera of 'Marian.'

BY the oziers ſo dank,
As we ſat on the bank,
And look'd at the ſwell of the billow,
This baſket he wove,
As a token of love;
Alas! 'twas the branch of the willow.

Now ſad all the day,
Thro' the meadows I ſtray,
And reſt flies at night from my pillow!
The garland I wore,
From my ringlets I tore,
Alas! muſt I wear the green willow?

The bleak Wind.

Sung in 'The Highland Reel.'

THE bleak wind whiſtles o'er the main,
The ſeaman trolls his jovial ſong,
He'll ſee his faithful maid again,
And blyth his tall ſhip rolls along.
From the maſt-head the cliff he ſpies,
His joys in pleaſing thoughts expand;
The tempeſt roars, the billows riſe;
In vain he tacks to make the land:
Relentleſs breakers guard the coaſt,
His hope, his ſhip, himſelf, is loſt!

The Plough-Boy.

Sung in the Opera of 'The Farmer.'

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy,
As ſimple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy,
I whiſtl'd o'er the lea;
But now a ſaucy footman,
I ſtrut in worſted lace,
And ſoon I'll be a butler,
and wag my jolly face.

When ſteward I'm promoted,
I'll ſnip a tradeſman's bill,
My maſter's coffers empty,
My pockets for to fill;
When lolling in my chariot,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
That whiſtle'd o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections,
But when I've made the pelf,
I'll ſtand poll for the parliament,
And then vote in myſelf:
Whatever's good for me, ſir,
I never will oppoſe;
When all my *ayes* are ſold off,
Why then I'll ſell my *noes*.

I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph,
With ſpeeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs,
Then I'll ſit down a peer,
In court and city honours,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
That whiſtl'd o'er the lea.

Sighing never gains a Maid.

Sung in the 'The Doctor and the Apothecary.'

SIGHING never gains a maid,
I'll tell you what is better far:—
Call good humour to your aid,
And play the laſs a tune upon the ſweet guittar.

If a heart has Nature dealt her,
Muſic's charms will ſurely melt her;
But ſhould the gipſey anſwer no,
Sing, tol, de, rol, and let her go.

The Vicar and Moſes.

AT the ſign of the horſe,
Where old Spin-text of courſe,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy,
Quite pleaſant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical ſot.
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

The evening was dark,
When in came the clerk,
With reverence due and ſubmiſſion;
Firſt ſtrok'd his cravat,
Then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preſerr'd his petition:

"I'm come, ſir," ſay he,
"To beg, look, d'ye ſee,
"Of your reverence's worſhip and glory,
"To inter a poor baby,
"With as much ſpeed as may be,
"And I'll walk with the lantern before you."

"The body we'll bury,
"But pray what's the hurry?"
"Why, lord, ſir, the corpſe it does ſtay;"
"You fool, hold your peace,
"Since miracles ceaſe,
"A corpſe, Moſes, can't run away."

Then Moſes he ſmil'd,
Saying, "ſir, a ſmall child,
"Cannot long delay your intentions;"
"Why that's true, by Saint Paul,
"A child that is ſmall,
"Can never enlarge its dimenſions.

"Bring Moſes ſome beer,
"And me ſome, d'ye hear,
"I hate to be call'd from my liquor;
"Come, Moſes, the king—
"It's a ſcandalous thing,
"Such a ſubject ſhould be but a vicar."

Then Moſes he ſpoke,
"Sir, 'twas twelve the clock ſtruck,
"Beſides there's a terrible ſhower;"
"Why Moſes, you elf,
"Since the clock has ſtruck twelve,
"I'm ſure it can never ſtrike more.

"Beſides, my dear friend,
"This leſſon attend,
"Which to ſay and to ſwear I'll be bold,
"That a corpſe, ſnow or rain,
"Can't endanger, that's plain,
"But perhaps you or I may take cold."

Then moſes went on,
"Sir, the clock has ſtruck one,
"Pray, maſter, look up at the hand;
"Why it ne'er can ſtrike leſs,
"'Tis a folly to preſs
"A man for to go that can't ſtand."

At length hat and cloak,
Old Orthodox took,
But firſt cramm'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt off a gill,
For fear they ſhould chill,
Then ſtagger'd away ſide by ſide.

When come to the grave,
The clerk hum'd a ſtave,
Whilſt the ſurplice was wrap'd round the prieſt;
So droll was the figure
Of Moſes and Vicar,
The pariſh ſtill talk of the jeſt.

"Good people, let's pray,—
"Put the corpſe t'other way,
"Or perchance I ſhall over it ſtumble;
"'Tis beſt to take care,
"Tho' the ſages declare,
"*A mortuum caput* can't tumble.

"Woman of man born,—
"That's wrong, the leaf's torn,
"'Tis man that is born of woman,
"Can't continue an hour,
"But's cut down like a flower;
"You ſee, Moſes, Death ſpareth no man.

"Here, Moſes, pray look,
"What a confounded book,
"Sure the letters are turn'd upſide down,
"Such a ſcandalous print,
"Sure the devil is in't,
"That a blockhead ſhould print for the crown.

"Prithee, Moſes, you read,
"For I cannot proceed,
"And bury the corpſe in my ſtead.
[*Amen, Amen.*]
"Why, Moſes, you're wrong,
"You fool, hold your tongue,
"You've taken the tail for the head.

"O where's thy ſting, Death!
"Put the corpſe in the earth,
"For believe me, 'tis terrible weather;"
So the corpſe was interr'd,
Without praying a word,
And away they both ſtagger'd together.

The ſeduced Fair.

SHE came from the hills of the weſt,
A ſmile of contentment ſhe wore;
Her heart was a garden of reſt,
But, ah! the ſweet ſeaſon is o'er.
How oft by the ſtreams in the wood,
Delighted ſhe'd ramble and rove;
And while ſhe ſtood marking the flood,
Would tune up a ſtanza of love.

Her dreſs was a garment of green,
Set off with a border of white;
And all the day long might be ſeen
Like a bird that is always in plight.
In rural diverſion and play
The ſummers glid ſmoothly along;
And her winters paſs'd briſkly away,
Cheer'd up with a tale, or a ſong.

At length a deſtroyer came by,
A youth of more perſon than parts,
Well ſkill'd in the arts of the eye,
The conqueſt and havock of hearts.
He led her by fountains and ſtreams,
He woo'd her with ſonnets and books;
He told her his tales and his dreams,
And mark'd their effect in her looks.

He taught her by midnight to roam,
Where ſpirits and ſpectres affright;
For paſſions increaſe with the gloom,
And caution expires with the light.
At length, like a roſe from the ſpray,
Like a lily juſt pluck'd from the ſtem,
She droop'd, and ſhe faded away,
Thrown by and neglected like them.

Henry and Sally.

AIR—"*Mary's Dream.*"

THE nymphs were met upon the green,
Each 'tended by her favourite youth,
Who, by their miſtreſs, Beauty, charm'd,
Where whiſpering vows of love and truth.
The queen of night, bright Luna, ſhone,
And caſt her rays of ſilver light,
The ſprightly dance had juſt begun,
And all was pleaſure and delight.

When ſad miſhap—how chang'd the ſcene,
The ſprightly dance no more can charm,
The clouded ſky, the veiled orb,
Foretold the dangers of a ſtorm.
The thunder roll'd, the lightning flaſh'd,
The nymphs and ſwains were fill'd with fear,
To think their joys ſo ſoon were daſh'd,
By diſappointment ſo ſevere.

With eager ſteps they homeward fled,
Each one protected by her ſwain,
The tempeſt now more fiercely blew,
They wiſh'd 'twould ceaſe, but wiſh'd in vain.
Young Henry, among the reſt,
With Sally, his intended bride,
Who every female charm poſſeſt,
Strove to eſcape the furious tide.

But oh! what horror rent his heart,
To ſee his Sally, lovely maid,
Torn by the lightning's forked dart,
And lifeleſs ſtruck upon the glade.
"And is ſhe gone," the youth exclaim'd,
"My ſweeteſt girl, my lovely bride."
Then ſunk upon her lifeleſs corſe,
Heav'd a ſad ſigh, and drooping dy'd.

Winter.

ADIEU, ye groves, adieu, ye plains,
All Nature mourning lies:
See gloomy clouds and thick'ning rains,
Obſcure the lab'ring ſkies.

See, ſee, from 'far, th' impending ſtorm,
With ſullen haſte appear,
See Winter comes, a dreary form,
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs, with gameſome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd ſight;
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or Silvan ſcenes delight.

Thus lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid;
Thy early charms muſt fail,
The roſe muſt droop, the lily fade,
And Winter ſoon prevail.

Again the lark, ſweet bird of day,
May riſe on active wing,
Again the ſportive herds may play,
And hail reviving Spring.

But youth, my fair, ſees no return,
The pleaſing bubble's o'er;
In vain its fleeting joys you mourn;
They fall to bloom no more.

Haſte then, dear girl, the time improve,
Which art can ne'er regain,
In bliſsful ſcenes of mutual love,
With ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſwain.

So ſhall life's ſpring, like jocund May,
Paſs ſmiling and ſerene,
Summer and Autumn glide away,
And Winter cloſe the ſcene.

A Parody on

"*Oh, what a Plague is an obſtinate Daughter*"

IF a young wife you have,
She's the plague of your ſoul,
No peace can you have,
Tho' you let her controul,
Not one look in ten can be counted to chear ye,
Oh! what a plague is an obſtinate deary;
Friſking and flaunting,
Singing and jaunting,
Oh! what a plague is an obſtinate deary.

If her mate, like me's ancient,
She does nought but ſcorn him,
And he's deviliſh well off,
If ſhe don't chance to horn him;
They plague and they'll teize him quite out of his life, ſir,
Oh! what a plague is an obſtinate wife, ſir;
Gadding about, ſir,
To park, plays, and routs, ſir,
Oh! what a plague is an obſtinate wife, ſir.

Take me, ſome of you.

YOUNG I am, and yet unſkill'd,
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign:

Take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true.

Stay not till I learn the way
How to fib, and how betray;
E'er I can my thoughts diſguiſe,
Force a bluſh, or roll my eyes;

Take me, &c.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth:
Of honeſt mind, and noble mien,
I ſhould long to be ſixteen:

Take me, &c.

BALLAD.

Adam O'Gordon,

A SCOTISH BALLAD.

IT chanc'd about the Martinmaſs,
When north winds froze the lake,
Said *Adam O'Gordon* to his men,
"We muſt ſome caſtle take."

"And what brave caſtle ſhall we take,
"My merry men and me?"
"We will go ſtrait to *Towie Houſe*,
"And ſee that fair lady."

The lady from her caſtle wall
Look'd o'er both dale and down,
When ſhe beheld a troop of men,
Faſt riding to the town.

"O ſee ye not, my merry men, all,
"See ye not what I ſee?
Methinks I ſee a troop of men;
"I wonder who they be."

She thought it was her loving lord,
Who homeward riding came;
It was the traitor, *Adam*, ſhe ſaw,
Who fear'd nor ſin nor ſhame.

She had no ſooner deck'd herſelf
In ſilken ſcarf and gown,
Than *Adam O'Gordon*, and his men,
Had cloſe beſet the town.

The lady flew to her tow'r ſo high,
She flew in deep diſmay,
To ſee if by fair ſpeech ſhe could
The traitor's purpoſe ſtay.

But when he ſaw the lady ſafe,
The gates and windows faſt,
He fell into a deadly rage
And ſtorm'd at her aghaſt:

"Come down to me, thou lady gay,
"Come down, come down to me;
"This night thou ſhall be in my arms,
"To-morrow my bride ſhalt be."

"I will not come, thou falſe *Gordon*,
"I'll not come down to thee;
"I will not forſake my own dear lord,
"Tho' he is far from me."—

"Give up thy houſe, thou lady fair,
"Give up thy houſe to me;
"Or I ſhall burn thyſelf therein,
"With thy dear babies three."—

"I will not give up, thou falſe *Gordon*,
"Thy threatnings I defy.
"If thou doſt burn my babes and me,
"Thou, by my lord, ſhalt die."

"But reach my piſtol, *Glaud*, my man,
"And charge with ſpeed my gun,
"For I muſt pierce that ſavage dog,
"Or we ſhall be undone."

She from the battlements took aim
As true as ſhe could ſee;
Two bullets miſs'd the traitor's heart,
One only graz'd his knee.

"Now fire the houſe," cry'd falſe *Gordon*,
Enflam'd with vengeful ire;
"Falſe lady thou ſhalt rue this deed,
"When ſhrieking in the fire."—

Woe on thee, woe upon thee, *Jock*,
"I paid thee well thy fee;
"Why then pull out the ground wall ſtone
"That lets in ſmoke to me?

"Woe even on thee, *Jock*, my man,
"I paid thee well thy hire;
"Why then pull out the ground wall ſtone,
"To burn me in the fire?"—

"That thou didſt pay my fee and hire
"Full well, I cant deny;
"Yet now I'm *Adam O'Gordon*'s man,
"I muſt obey or die."—

O then beſpoke her little ſon,
Upon the nurſe's knee,
"O mother, dear, give up this houſe,
"The ſmoke it ſmothers me."

"I would give all my gold, my child,
"So would I all my fee—
"For one blaſt of the weſtern wind,
"To blow the ſmoke from thee."

O then beſpoke her daughter dear,
So ſlender, fair, and ſmall,
"O roll me in a pair of ſheets,
"And throw me o'er the wall."

They roll'd her in a pair of ſheets,
And threw her o'er the wall,
But, on the point of *Gordon*'s ſpear
She got a deadly fall.

O lovely, lovely was her mouth;
Her cheeks were like the roſe;
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood flows.

Then with his ſpear he turn'd her o'er;
O how her face was wan!
Quoth he, "thou art the firſt that e'er
"I wiſh'd alive again."

He turn'd her o'er and o'er again,
O how her ſkin was white!
"I might have ſpar'd that lovely face
"To be ſome man's delight.—

"Prepare, prepare, my merry men, all,
"Ill tidings I do gueſs:
"I cannot ſee that lovely face
"All pale upon the graſs."

"Who looks for griefs, my maſter, dear,
"Griefs ſtill will follow them:
"Shall it be ſaid—the *Gordon* bold
"Was daunted by a dame?"—

But when the lady ſaw the fire
Come flaming o'er her head,
She wept, and kiſs'd her children dear;
"My babes will ſoon be dead."—

The *Gordon* then his bugle blew,
And ſaid, "away, away!
"Since Towie Houſe is all in flames,
"We muſt no longer ſtay."

O then look'd up her own dear lord,
As he came o'er the lea,
He ſaw his caſtle in a blaze
As far as he could ſee.

Then ſore, ah ſore, his mind miſgave,
And all his heart was woe;
"Put on, put on, my truſty men,
"As faſt as ye can go.

"For life and death, my truſty men,
"Put on, put on, amain!
"For he that doth the hindmoſt lag
"Shall ne'er my favour gain.

Then ſome they rode, and ſome they ran,
Not ſwifter flew the wind;
For each cry'd, "woe upon the head
"Of him who lags behind."—

But e'er the foremoſt could come up,
The flames had ſpread ſo wide,
The tender babes were burnt alive;
Their mother with them dy'd.

Her lord, he wildly rent his hair;
And wept in woeful mood,
"Ah, traitors, for this cruel deed
"Ye ſhall weep tears of blood."—

Full faſt the *Gordon* he purſu'd
With many a bitter tear.—
And in his cowardly heart's blood
Reveng'd his lady dear.

Price, [Numb. 49] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

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Hope, treach'rous Meteor.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Prophet*'.

HOPE, treach'rous meteor, lucid vapour!
Ever flying,
Still belying
The village taper—
Wand'ring pilgrims—'lone, benighted,
Thy blue falſehood, pleas'd deſcry;
See, the cheerful faggot lighted,
Think the ſocial cottage nigh.—

Lambent fire, deceive, but harm not;
Pallid gleam, relume, but warm not—
Light no error in my breaſt,
Sooth my weary ſoul, but charm not;
Unrelenting,
Unconſenting,
Swearing never to be bleſs'd.

Night, to Lovers Joys a Friend.

NIGHT, to lovers joys a friend,
Swiftly thy aſſiſtance lend;
Lock up envious, ſeeing day,
Bring the willing youth away.
Haſte and ſpeed the tedious hour,
To the ſecret happy bow'r,
Then, my heart, for bliſs prepare,
Thyrſis, ſurely will be there.

See, the hateful day is gone,
Welcome ev'ning now comes on;
Soon to meet my dear I fly,
None but love ſhall then be by;
None ſhall dare to venture near,
To tell the plighted vows they hear;
Parting thence will be the pain,
But we'll part to meet again.

Farewell loitring idle day!
To my ſwain I hie away,
On the wings of love I go,
He the ready way will ſhew.
Peace, my breaſt, nor danger fear,
Love and Thyrſis both are near;
'Tis the youth! I'm ſure 'tis he!
Night, how much I owe to thee!

The Army and Navy of Britain, for ever.

Air,—"*A Health to the Dutcheſs.*"

LET ſailors and ſoldiers unite in this cauſe,
Bound together by honour and loyalty's band,
Both fight for Old England, and cheriſh the cauſe,
And give to the king each his heart and his hand.
In this phalanx unite,
Like lions we'll fight,
While no private feuds, our intereſts diſſever,
But this be our boaſt,
And our ultimate toaſt,
Here's the Army and Navy of Britain, for ever.

The ſailor, who ploughs on the watery main,
To war, and to danger, and ſhipwreck, a brother,
And the ſoldier, who firmly ſtands out the campaign,
Do they fight for two men who make war on each other?
Oh! no, 'tis well known,
The ſame loyal throne
Fires their boſom with ardour and noble endeavour,
And that each with his laſs,
As he drinks a full glaſs,
Toaſts, the Navy and Army of Britain, for ever.

That their cauſe is but one, and they both can unite,
Needs no other example than this to be ſeen,
Who is bolder in danger, experter in fight,
Than that maritime ſoldier, the honeſt marine?
He pulls, and he hauls,
He fights till he falls,
And from fore-tack, or muſket he never will waver,
But when the fray's o'er,
With his Dolly, on ſhore,
Drinks, the Army and Navy of Britain, for ever.

What matters it who braves the glebe or the ſurge,
Yet if there's a conteſt about either ſtation,
Let that ſtimulus *glory* and *loyalty* urge,
Who will ſtand the moſt firm to the king and the nation:
While thus we agree,
Let's fight, and be free,
Shall Britons 'gainſt Britons draw daggers? oh! never;
Make the Sans Culottes fly,
And let Fame rend the ſky,
With the Navy and Army of Britain, for ever.

PUBLISHED at N°. IO, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Courage only wins the Fair.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Incle and Yarico.*'

MARS would oft his conqueſt over
To the Cyprian goddeſs yield;
Venus gloried in a lover,
Who, like him, could brave the field.

In the cauſe of battles hearty,
Still the god would ſtrive to prove,
He who fac'd an adverſe party,
Fitteſt was to meet his love.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluſter,
Hear the god of war declare,
Cowards never can paſs muſter,
Courage only wins the fair.

Chloe.

WHEN Chloe try'd her virgin fires,
And firſt her ſhafts let fly;
She fill'd my breaſt with vague deſires—
I thought it was her eye.

When melting ſtrains fell from her mouth,
Which gods might wiſh to ſip;
When all was harmony and truth—
I thought it was her lip.

But when ſhe dano'd! ſuch air, ſuch grace,
What mortal could eſcape?
I look'd no longer on her face—
I ſwore it was her ſhape.

When ſeen by chance, her breaſt beſpoke
The purity within;
Her ſnowy arm—her iv'ry neck—
'Twas then her lovely ſkin.

Nor eye, nor ſhape, nor neck, nor face,
My boſom did enthrall—
'Twas *ſenſe*, I found, the happy grace,
That gave a charm to all.

Dr. Hoadly.

Good Wine.

Sung in the Farce of "The Doctor and the Apothecary."

GOOD wine can, as they ſay,
Make e'en the graveſt gay,
And gaiety is life's chief boaſt.
The oldeſt, as moſt grave,
A double doſe ſhould have,
Old folks, like me, ſhould drink the moſt.

'Tis true, I think I'm high in luck,
Whene'er I hear the bottle cluck:
Yet tho' I love the precious ſtuff,
I always know when I've enough.

Sometimes indeed I'm told,
That when with drinking bold,
I'm apt to ſtagger as I walk:
But I'll believe my eyes,
Before ſuch ſilly lies,
We know cenſorious folks will talk.

'Tis true, I think, &c.

The Scullion's Complaint.

A PARODY ON COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

For which ſee No. 46.

BY the ſide of a great kitchen fire,
A ſcullion ſo hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his deſire;
A kettle ſupported his head.
The hogs, that were fed by the houſe,
To his ſighs with a grunt did reply;
And the gutter, that car'd not a louſe,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was ſet in a diſh,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
"My mouth it does water and wiſh,
"I think it had better been fry'd."
The butter around it was ſpread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair;
"Oh! might I but eat it," he ſaid;
"The proof of the pudding lies there.

"How fooliſh was I to believe,
"It was made for ſo lowly a clown;
"Or that it would have a reprieve
"From the dainty fine folks of the town;
"Could I think that a pudding ſo fine
"Would ever uneaten remove?
"We labour that others may dine,
"And live in a kitchen on love.

"What tho' at the fire I've wrought
"Where puddings we broil and do fry,
"Tho' part of it hither be brought,
"And none of it ever ſet by?
"Ah, Colin, thou muſt not be firſt,
"Thy knife and thy trencher reſign;
"There's Marg'ret will eat till ſhe burſt,
"And her turn is ſooner than thine.

"And you, my companions ſo dear,
"Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale,
"Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
"Forbear at a pudding to rail;
"Tho' I ſhould through all the rooms rove,
"'Tis vain from my fortune to go;
"'Tis its fate to be often above;
"'Tis mine for to want it below.

"If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
"In your breaſt any pity be found,
"Ye ſervants that earlier dine,
"Come ſee how I lie on the ground:
"Then hang up a pan and a pot,
"And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell:
"And ſay, when you grieve at my lot,
"Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

"Then back to your meat you may go,
"Which you ſet in your diſhes ſo prim,
"Where ſauce in the middle does flow,
"And flowers are ſtrew'd round the brim:
"Whilſt Colin forgotten and gone,
"By the hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
"Unleſs when he ſees the round moon,
"He thinks on a pudding above."

When o'er the World the heedleſs Lamb

Sung in '*The Choleric Fathers.*'

WHEN o'er the world the heedleſs lamb
Hath, 'till the duſky twilight, ſtray'd,
His ſimple plaints cry'd "here I am,
"Of night and ſolitude afraid."

But if far off his dam he hears,
Echoing oft the mournful bleat,
He runs and ſtops, and hopes, and fears,
And bounds with pleaſure when they meet.

The Spenthrift.

YE frolickſome lads of the game,
Ye miſers both wretched and old,
Come liſten to Billy by name,
Who once had his hatful of gold,
With ſeven ſcore acres of land,
And corn and cattle great ſtore;
Tho' now I have none at command,
Yet ſtill I'm as gay as before.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Go thorough the world, brave boys!

My father was cloathed in leather,
My mother in ſheep's ruſſet grey;
They labour'd in all ſorts of weather,
That I might go gallant and gay;
With my rapier, hat mounted with feather,
A heart too as light as a cork;
What th'old folks had rak'd up together,
I ſcatter'd abroad with a fork.

Then why, &c.

The merchant who trades on the ſeas
For riches, you very well know
His mind can be never at eaſe
When bluſtering tempeſts do blow;
His happineſs is very ſmall,
For fear of ſome terrible news;
But he that has nothing at all,
Why he can have nothing to loſe.

Then why, &c.

Should they make me a juſtice of peace,
An alderman, ſh'riff, or lord may'r,
With riches my cares would increaſe,
And drive me quite into deſpair.
I love to be jovial and free,
I'll ne'er be concern'd in the ſtate;
My mind is a kingdom to me,
And there's danger in being too great.

Then why, &c.

My money is pretty well ſpent,
My houſes, my cattle, and corn,
And yet I'm as full of content
As e'er I was ſince I was born:
I will not be plagued with wealth,
My pockets are drain'd pretty dry:
I can walk where I pleaſe for my health,
For—I never fear robbers—not I.

Then why, &c.

They tell me, that care kill'd a cat,
It ſtarv'd her, and caus'd her to die;
But I will be wiſer than that,
For the devil a care will have I,
But to toſs off a full flowing bowl,
And caſt away ſorrow and ſtrife,
With an health to the jolly, briſk ſoul
Who never took care in his life.

Then why, &c.

Ye Silver Brooks.

Sung in the Opera of '*The Farmer.*'

YE ſilver brooks wander
Will pleaſe each meander;
Your verdant bounds keeping,
We trace from the ſource:
But into ſtreams gliding,
You're loſt by diving;
The fond willow weeping,
Ye die in your courſe.

My joys, thou ſhalt ſhare them,
Thy griefs, let me bear them,
I'll calm the wild tumults that riſe in thy breaſt:
Kind Love his torch lighting,
Our hearts re-uniting,
A wife's pure affection ſhall ſooth thee to reſt.

Child Maurice.

This is undoubtedly the true title of this incomparable Ballad though corrupted into *Gil Morrice* by the nurſes and old women, from whoſe mouths it was originally publiſhed.—*Child* ſeems to have been applicable to a young nobleman when about the age of fifteen. It occurs in *Shakeſpear*'s Lear, in the following line, probably borrowed from ſome old romance or ballad,

"Child Roland to the dark tower came."——
Act III—Scene VII.

CHILD Maurice was an earl's ſon,
His name it waxed wide;
It was not for his riches great,
Nor yet his mickle pride,
But it was for his mother gay
Who liv'd on Carron ſide.

"Where ſhall I get a bonny boy
"That will win hoſe and ſhoen,
"That will go to *Lord Bernard*'s hall,
"And bid his lady come?

"And ye may run errand, *Willie*,
"And ye may run with ſpeed;
"When other boys go on their feet
"Ye ſhall have prancing ſteed."

"Oh, no! oh, no! my maſter dear!
"I dare not for my life;
"I'll not go to the bold baron's,
"For t'entice forth his wife."

"My bird *Willie*, my boy *Willie*,
"My dear, *Willie*" he ſaid,
"How can you ſtrive againſt the ſtream?
"For I muſt be obeyed."

"But, oh, my maſter dear," he cry'd,
"In Greenwood ye're your lane;
"Give o'er ſuch thoughts I wad ye rid,
"For fear ye ſhould be ta'en."

"Haſte, haſte, I ſay, go to the hall,
"Bid her come here with ſpeed;
"If ye refuſe my high command,
"I'll make your body bleed.

"Go, bid her take this gay mantel,
"'Tis a' gowd but the hem:
"Bid her come to the good Greenwood,
"E'en by herſelf alane:

"And there it is, a ſilken ſcarfe,
"Her own hand ſew'd the ſleeve;
"And bid her come to *Child Maurice*;
"Aſk no bold baron's leave."

"Yes, I will go your black errand,
"Though it be to your coſt;
"Since ye will not be warn'd by me,
"In it ye will find froſt.

"The baron he's a man of might,
"He ne'er could 'bide to taunt;
"And ye will ſee before 'tis night,
"Small cauſe you have to vaunt.

"And fine I may your errand run,
"So ſore againſt my will,
"I'll make a vow, and keep it too,
"It ſhall be done for ill."

When he came to the broken bridge,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And when he came to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to *Bernard*'s gate,
Would neither rap nor call,
But ſet his bent bow to his breaſt,
And lighty leap'd the wall.

He would not tell the man his errand
Though he ſtood at the gate;
But ſtraight into the hall he came,
Where they were ſet at meat.

"Hail! hail! my gentle ſire, and dame!
"My meſſage will not wait,
"Dame, you maun to the Greenwood go,
"Before it be too late.

"You're bid to take this gay mantel,
"'Tis a' gowd but the hem:
"You maun haſte to the good Greenwood,
"E'en by yourſelf alane.

"And there it is, a ſilken ſcarfe,
"Your own hand ſew'd the ſleeve;
"You maun go ſpeak to *Child Maurice*;
"Aſk no bold baron's leave."

The lady ſtamped with her foot,
And winked with her eye;
But all that ſhe could ſay or do,
Forbid he would not be.

"It's ſurely to my bower-woman,
"It ne'er could be to me."
"I brought it to lord *Bernard*'s lady;
"I thought that you be ſhe."

Then up and ſpeak the wily nurſe,
(The bairn upon her knee)
"If it be come from *Child Maurice*,
"It's dear welcome to me."

"Ye lie, ye lie, thou filthy nurſe,
"So loud as I heir you lie;
"I brought it to lord *Bernard*'s lady,
"I'm ſure you are not ſhe."

Then up and ſpeak the bold baron,
An angry man was he;
He's tane the table with his foot,
So has he with his knee,
Till chryſtal cup and azar diſh
In flinders he made flie.

"Go bring a robe of your cliding,
"With all the haſte you can,
"And I'll go to the good Greenwood,
"And ſpeak with your lemman."

"Oh, bide at home now lord *Bernard!*
"I warn you bide at home;
"Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
"Who ne'er wyte you with none."

Child Maurice ſat in the Greenwood,
He whiſtled and he ſung;
"Oh, what means all the folk coming?
"My mother tarries long."

The baron to the Greenwood came,
With mickle dule and care;
And there he firſt ſpy'd *Child Maurice*,
Combing his yellow hair.

"No wonder, no wonder, *Child Maurice*,
"My lady loves thee weel:
"The faireſt part of my body
"Is blacker than thy heil.

"Yet ne'er the leſs now, *Child Maurice*,
"For all thy great beauty,
"You'll rue the day you ere was born;
"That head ſhall go with me."

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
And flaided owr the ſtrae;
And through *Child Maurice*' fair body
He gar'd the cold iron gae.

And then he took *Child Maurice*' head,
And ſet it on a ſpear;
The meaneſt man in all his train,
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tane *Child Maurice* up,
Laid him acroſs his ſteed;
And brought him to his painted bower,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the caſtle wall,
Beheld both dale and down;
And there ſhe ſaw *Child Maurice*' head
Come trailing to the town.

"Better I love that bloody head,
"Bot and that yellow hair,
"Than lord *Bernard* and all his lands,
"As they lie here and there."

And ſhe has tane *Child Maurice*' head,
And kiſs'd both cheek and chin;
"I was once fond of *Child Maurice*,
"As the hip is of the ſtane.

"I got you in my father's houſe
"With mickle ſin and ſhame;
"I brought ye up in the Greenwood,
"Known to myſelf alane:

"Oft have I by thy cradle ſat,
"And fondly ſeen thee ſleep;
"But now I may go 'bout thy grave
"A mother's tears to weep."

Again ſhe kiſs'd his bloody cheek,
Again his bloody chin;
"Better I lov'd my ſon *Maurice*,
"Than all my kiff and kin!"

"Away, away, ye ill woman,
"An ill death may you die!
"If I had known he was your ſon,
"He'd ne'er been ſlain by me."

"Upbraid me not, my lord *Bernard!*
"Upbraid me not for ſhame!
"With that ſame ſpear, oh, pierce my heart,
"And ſave me from my pain!

"Since nothing but *Child Maurice*' head
"Thy jealous rage could quell,
"Let that ſame hand now take her life,
"That ne'er to thee done ill.

"To me no after days nor nights
"Will ere be ſafe or kind:
"I'll fill the air with heavy ſighs,
"And greet till I be blind."

"Enough of blood by me's been ſpilt,
"Seek not your death from me;
"I'd rather it had been myſelf,
"Than either him or thee.

"With hopeleſs woe I hear your plaint,
"Sore, ſore I rue the deed—
"That ere this curſed hand of mine
"Should make his body bleed!

"Dry up your tears, my winſome dame,
"They ne'er can hail the wound;
"You ſee his head upon the ſpear,
"His heart's blood on the ground.

"I curſe the hand that did the deed,
"The heart that thought the ill,
"The feet that bore me with ſuch ſpeed,
"The comely youth to kill.

"I'll e're lament for *Child Maurice*
"As if he were my ane;
"I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
"On which the youth was ſlain."

Price, [Numb. 50] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

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Gluggity, glug, went the Bottle.

Sung in the Entertainment of '*Feudal Times.*'

A JOLLY fat friar lov'd liquor, good ſtore,
And he had drank ſtoutly at ſupper;
He mounted his horſe, in the night, at the door,
And ſat with his face to the crupper.—
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorſe,
"Some thief, whom a halter will throttle—
"Some ſcoundrel has cut off the head of my horſe,
"Whilſt I was engag'd with the bottle;
"Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug."

The tail of his ſteed pointed ſouth, on the dale,
'Twas the friar's road home, ſtrait and level;
But, when ſpur'd, a horſe follows his noſe, not his tail,
So he ſcamper'd due north, like a devil.—
"This new mode of docking" the fat friar ſaid,
"I perceive doeſn't make a horſe trot ill—
"And 'tis cheap—for he never can eat without head,
"While I am engag'd with the bottle;
"*Which goes gluggity, &c.*"

The ſteed made a ſtop—in the pond he had got;
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar "'tis ſtrange headleſs horſes ſhould trot!
"But to drink with their tails is amazing!"
Turning round to find whence this phenomenon roſe,
In the pond fell this ſon of a pottle;
Quoth he "the head's found, for I'm under his noſe,
"I wiſh I were over the bottle!
"*Which goes gluggity, &c.*

Tho' Prudence may preſs me.

Sung in '*The Deſerter*'.

THO' prudence may preſs me,
And duty diſtreſs me,
Againſt inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, ſays my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From ſweet to ſweet ranging,
A roſe ſhould he light on, ne'er wiſhes to ſtray;
With raptures poſſeſſing,
In one ev'ry bleſſing,
'Till torn from her boſom he flies far away.

The Maid of the Wold.

Sung in the Entertainment of '*Feudal Times.*'

OH, the maid of the Wold, how ſhe travers'd the land,
To court the rude touches of winter's chill hand,
The wind on her boſom of lilies blew bleak,
And the ſnow fell, in flakes, on the roſe of her cheek.

Drear, drear, was the proſpect; all clouded the ſky;
But the ſunſhine of Liberty beam'd in her eye:
She cry'd, while the wet from her ringlets ſhe preſs'd,
"I am free as the blaſt that blows over my breaſt!"

Sweet maid of the wold! as unſhelter'd you ſtray,
In that bliſs of the poor—all the world for your way!—
If one penſive moment ſhould flit o'er your mind,
Drop a tear for a captive, in ſplendour confin'd.

The Fav'rite of the Fair.

Written by Mr. WESSON.

AIR—'*Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd.*'

THUS, thus, my boys, you ſee once more,
We're landed ſafe on Britain's ſhore,
In ſpite of every foe,
Let's circulate the chearful glaſs,
Then each return unto his laſs,
On her his gains beſtow,

Let Venus quit her flow'ry car,
That ſails above the air,
To hail the free-born Britiſh tar,
The fav'rite of the fair.

Enough of war we've had, my friends,
But now on peace my hope depends,
Oh, may each hope prove true,
And may kind heav'n auſpicious prove,
Each fair reward her ſailor's love,
Content will then enſue,

Let Venus quit, &c.

To keep my gentle Jeſſe.

Sung in '*The Merchant of Venice.*'

TO keep my gentle Jeſſe,
What labour would ſeem hard?
Each toilſome taſk how eaſy!
Her love the ſweet reward.

The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Eſteems no toil ſevere;
The ſweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year.

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Where the preceding Numbers may be had.

Neptune's Neglect.

HAD Neptune, when firſt he took charge of the ſea,
Been as wiſe, or at leaſt been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and inſtead of its brine,
Would have fill'd the vaſt ocean with gen'rous wine

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the ſake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempeſt, or danger of ſinking;
The fiſhes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirſty Sun then would drive with more haſte,
Secure in the evening of ſuch a repaſt:
And when he'd get tipſey, have taken his nap
With double the pleaſure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Conſider how glorioufly Phœbus would ſhine;
What vaſt exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted ſupply.

How happy us mortals, when bleſt with ſuch rain,
To fill all our veſſels, and fill them again!
Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a diſh,
Might jump in the river and drink like a fiſh.

What health and contentment on every brow,
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after the plough!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but ſip, would eternally ſing.

The ſtars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would friſk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And merrily twinkling, would ſoon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the caſe, what had we enjoy'd?
Our ſpirits ſtill riſing, our fancy ne'er cloy'd:
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power,
To ſlip like a fool, ſuch a fortunate hour.

When the roſy Morn appearing.

Sung in the Opera of '*Roſina.*'

WHEN the roſy morn appearing,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees, on banks of thyme diſporting,
Sip the ſweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
Carol ſweet the lively ſtrain,
They forſake their leafy dwelling,
To ſecure the golden grain.

See Content, the humble gleaner,
Take the ſcatter'd ears that fall!
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Incle and Yarico.*'

OUR grotto was the ſweeteſt place!
The bending boughs, with fragrance blowing,
Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
Which murmur'd to be ſtopt from flowing.
'Tis there we met, and gaz'd our fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill.

'Twas then my boſom firſt knew fear,
Fear to an Indian maid a ſtranger;
The war-ſong, arrows, hatchet, ſpear,
All warn'd me of my lover's danger.
For him did cares my boſom fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill.

Anſwer to Ma Chere Ami.

For which ſee No. 2.

MON cher ami! let not deſpair
Your boſom fill with anxious care,
Whoſe heart's ſo open, mind ſo free—
I'll think of him who thinks of me.
Mon cher ami, &c.

Charge not a tender virgin's flame
With rudeneſs, to confeſs the ſame;
Oh! pardon all the faults you ſee,
And think of her who thinks of thee.
Mon cher ami, &c.

Then let us to the church incline,
And Hymen waits our hands to join;
For ever after happy be,
I bleſs'd with you, and you with me.
Mon cher ami, &c.

If the treaſur'd Gold could give.

IF the treaſur'd gold could give,
Man a longer term to live,
I'd employ my utmoſt care,
Still to keep and ſtill to ſpare;
And when Death approach'd, would ſay,
"Take thy fee, and walk away."

But ſince riches cannot ſave
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why ſhould I myſelf deceive,
Vainly ſigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will ſurely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.

Give me freely while I live,
Gen'rous wines, in plenty give,
Soothing joys, my life to cheer,
Beauty kind, and friends ſincere;
Happy, could I ever find
Friends ſincere, and beauty kind.

Corydon and Daphne.

THE hawthorn is ſweetly in bloom,
And daiſies bedeck the gay mead,
The roſe ſheds its richeſt perfume,
And each love-tale of youth muſt ſucceed:
Ah! why, in this ſeaſon of joy,
Ah! why is my ſhepherd away?
While abſent the ſeaſons but cloy,
And vain is the fragrance of May.

When forc'd from our plains to depart,
The ſwain was ſo gentle and kind,
His ſighs ſpoke the pangs of his heart,
To leave his poor Daphne behind:
Yet why in this ſeaſon of joy,
Ah! why does my Corydon ſtay?
While abſent all ſeaſons muſt cloy,
And loſt are the pleaſures of May.

In vain I've collected each flower,
With woodbine entwin'd ev'ry tree;
In vain have bedeck'd the gay bower,
Unleſs it be deck'd thus for thee:
Then come, my dear Corydon, come,
The fields and the meadows are gay;
No joys can you find while you roam,
Like our plains when enliven'd by May.

To be ſure I would.

Sung in the Farce of '*The Agreeable Surprize.*'

OF all the pretty flowers,
A cowſlip's my delight:
With that I'd paſs my hours,
Both morning, noon, and night.
To be ſure I would, &c.

This cowſlip ſmell'd to ſweetly,
And look'd ſo freſh and gay,
Says I, you're dreſs'd ſo neatly,
We'll have a little play.
To be ſure we will, &c.

One evening in the dairy,
'Twas lying on the ſhelf;
I kiſs'd the pretty fairy,
And then lay down myſelf.
To be ſure I did, &c.

This flow'r one morning early,
Upon a bed did reſt;
I lov'd to pull it dearly,
And ſtick it in my breaſt.
To be ſure I could, &c.

Blow, ye bleak Winds.

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my head,
And ſooth my heart's corroding care;
Flaſh round my brows, ye lightnings red,
And blaſt the laurels planted there;
But may the maid where'er ſhe be,
Think not of my diſtreſs, nor me.

May all the traces of our love,
Be ever blotted from her mind;
May from her breaſt my vows remove,
And no remembrance leave behind;
But may the maid, &c.

O! may I ne'er behold her more;
For ſhe has robb'd my ſoul of reſt:
Wiſdom's aſſiſtance is too poor
To calm the tempeſt in my breaſt:
But may the maid, &c.

Come, Death, O! come thou friendly ſleep,
And with my ſorrows lay me low:
And ſhould the gentle virgin weep,
Nor ſharp nor laſting be her woe;
But may the maid, &c.

Let him tell his meaning.

AMONG the ſwains that trip the plains,
My Johnny is moſt ſmart;
He ſings ſo ſweet, and looks ſo neat,
I fear he's won my heart:
Beneath a ſhade, I once was laid,
And he was over leaning,
He heav'd a ſigh, I can't tell why,
I wiſh I knew his meaning.

My tender lambs and bleating dams,
When o'er the lawn I trace;
With pleaſing air he ſtill is near,
And gazes on my face:
When hounds and horn awake the morn,
He finds me then a gleaning,
Then tells a tale which might prevail,
If once I knew his meaning.

If once inclin'd to tell his mind,
If wedlock is his plan;
Then void of ſtrife I'll prove a wife,
And do the beſt I can;
I ne'er will vex, nor him perplex,
Or wicked things be ſeen in,
For he ſhall prove how much I love—
But let him tell his meaning.

BALLAD.

The Child of Elle.

ON yonder hill a caſtle ſtands,
With walls and towers bedight;
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And ſtood at his garden pale,
When, lo! he beheld fair *Emmeline*'s page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him thence,
Y-wis he ſtood not ſtill,
And ſoon he met fair *Emmeline*'s page,
Come climbing up the hill.

"Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou little foot page,
"Now Chriſt thee ſave, and ſee,
"Oh, tell me how does thy lady gay,
"And what may thy tidings be?"

"My lady ſhe is all woe-begone,
"And the tears they fall from her eyne;
"And, ah, ſhe laments the deadly feude
"Between her houſe and thine.

"And here ſhe ſends thee a ſilken ſcarf,
"Bedewed with many a tear;
"And bids thee ſometimes think on her,
"Who loved thee ſo dear.

"And here ſhe ſends thee a ring of gold,
"The laſt boon thou may'ſt have;
"And bids thee wear it for her ſake
"When ſhe is laid in grave.

"For, ah, her gentle heart is broke,
"And in grave ſoon muſt ſhe be,
"Sith her father hath choſe her a new love,
"And forbid her to think of thee.

"Her father hath brought her a carliſh knight,
"Sir *John*, of the North Country,
"And within three days ſhe muſt him wed,
"Or, he vows he will her ſlay."

"Now hie thee back, thou little foot page,
"And greet thy lady from me,
"And tell her that I, her own true-love,
"Will die or ſet her free.

"Now hie thee back, thou little foot page,
"And let thy fair lady know,
"This night will I be at her bower window,
"Betide me weal or woe."

The boy he tripp'd, the boy he ran,
He neither ſtint nor ſtaid,
Untill he came to fair *Emmeline*'s bower,
When kneeling down he ſaid:

"O, lady, I've been with thy own true-love,
"And he greets thee well by me;
"This night will he be at thy bower window,
"To die or ſet thee free."

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were faſt aſleep;
All ſave the lady *Emmeline*,
Who ſat in her bower to weep.

And ſoon ſhe heard her true-love's voice,
Low whiſpering at the wall;
"Awake, awake, my dear lady,
"Tis I, thy true-love, call.

" Awake, awake, my lady dear,
" Come, mount this fair palfry;
" This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
" I'll carry thee hence away."

" Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
" Now nay, this may not be;
" For, ah, I ſhould ſtain my maiden fame,
" If alone I ſhould wend with thee."

" O lady, thou with a knight ſo true,
" Mayſt ſafely wend alone,
" To my lady mother I will thee bring,
" Where marriage ſhall make us one."

" My father he is a baron bold,
" Of lyneage proud and high,
" And what would he ſay if his daughter
" Away with a knight ſhould fly?

" Ah, well I know he never would reſt,
" Nor his meat ſhould do him good,
" Till he had ſlain thee, Child of Elle,
" And ſeen thy dear heart's blood."

" O, lady, were thou in thy ſaddle ſet,
" And a little ſpace him fro,
" I would not for thy father care,
" Not the worſt that he could do.

" O, lady, were thou in thy ſaddle ſet,
" And once within this wall,
" I would not for thy father care,
" Or worſt that might befall."

Fair *Emmeline* ſigh'd, fair *Emmeline* wept,
And, ah, her heart was woe,
At length he ſeiz'd her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder drew.

And thrice he claſp'd her to his breaſt,
And kiſs'd her tenderly;
The tears that fell from her fair eyes
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted then his ſteed ſo tall,
And her on a fair palfry,
And ſlung his bugle about his neck,
And briſkly rode away.

All this beheard her own damſel,
In her bed, where ſhe lay,
Quoth ſhe, " my lord ſhall know of this,
" And I'll get gold and fee.

" Awake, awake, thou baron bold!
" Awake, my noble dame!
" Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle,
" To do the deed of ſhame."

The baron awoke, the baron aroſe,
And called his merry men all;
" And come thou forth, *Sir John*, the knight,
" Thy lady is carry'd to thrall."

Fair *Emmeline* ſcarce had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When ſhe was aware of her father's men,
Come galloping o'er the down.

And foremoſt came the carliſh knight,
(*Sir John*, of the North Country)
" Now ſtop, now ſtop, thou falſe traitor,
" Nor carry that lady away:

" For ſhe is come of high lyneage,
" And was of a lady born;
" And ill it beſeems thee, a falſe churl's ſon,
" To carry her hence to ſcorn."

" Now loud thou lieſt, *Sir John*, the knight,
" Now thou do'ſt lye of me;
" A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
" So ne'er did none by thee.

" But light now down, my dear lady,
" Light down, and hold my horſe,
" While I, and this diſcourteous knight
" Do try our valour's force."

Fair *Emmeline* ſigh'd, fair *Emmeline* wept,
And, ah, her heart was woe;
While 'twixt her love and the carliſh knight,
Paſt many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought ſo well,
As his weapon he wav'd amain,
That ſoon he had ſlain the carliſh knight,
And laid him on the plain.

And now the baron, and all his men,
Full faſt approached nigh,
Ah, what may lady *Emmeline* do!
'Twere now no time to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and ſhrill,
And ſoon he ſaw his own merry men
Come riding o'er the hill.

" Now hold thy hand, thou baron bold,
" I pray thee hold thy hand;
" Nor ruthleſs rend two gentle hearts,
" Faſt knit in true-love's band.

" Thy daughter I have dearly lov'd,
" Full long and many a day,
" But with ſuch love, as holy kirk
" Hath freely ſaid we may.

" O give conſent ſhe may be mine,
" And bleſs a faithful pair;
" My lands and livings are not ſmall,
" My houſe and lyneage fair.

" My mother ſhe was an earl's daughter,
And a noble knight my ſire"——
The baron he frown'd, and turn'd away,
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair *Emmeline* ſigh'd, fair *Emmeline* wept,
And did all trembling ſtand;
At length ſhe ſprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

" Pardon, my lord and father dear,
" This fair young knight and me,
" Truſt me, but for the carliſh knight,
" I ne'er had fled from thee.

" Oft have you call'd your *Emmeline*,
" Your darling, and your joy;
" O let not then your harſh reſolves
" Your *Emmeline* deſtroy."

The baron he ſtrok'd his dark brown cheek,
And turn'd his head aſide,
To wipe away the ſtarting tear
He proudly ſtrove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he ſtood,
And muſ'd a little ſpace;
Then rais'd fair *Emmeline* from the ground,
With many a fond embrace.

" Here, take her, Child of Elle," he ſaid,
And gave her lily hand;
" Here take my dear and only child,
" And with her half my land.

" Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,
" In days of youthful pride,
" Do thou the injury repair,
" In fondneſs for thy bride.

" And as thou love and hold her dear,
" Heaven proſper thee and thine;
" And now my bleſſing wend wi' thee,
" My lovely *Emmeline*.

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Flow, thou regal Purple Stream.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Caſtle of Andaluſia.*'

FLOW, thou regal purple ſtream,
Tinctur'd by the ſolar beam,
In my goblet ſparkling riſe,
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes.
My brain aſcend on Fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead, and gone away,
Let my thirſty ſubjects ſay,
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

O talk not to me.

Sung in the Opera of '*Lionel and Clariſſa.*'

OH, talk not to me, of the wealth ſhe poſſeſſes,
My hopes and my views to herſelf I confine;
The ſplendor of riches but ſlightly impreſſes
A heart that is fraught with a paſſion like mine.

By love, only love, ſhould our ſouls be cemented;
No int'reſt, no motive but that would I own;
With her in a cottage be bleſt and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne

Love, gay Illuſion.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Caſtle of Andaluſia.*'

LOVE! gay illuſion,
Pleaſing deluſion,
With ſweet intruſion,
Poſſeſſes the mind.

Love, with love meeting,
Paſſion is fleeting;
Vows in repeating
We truſt to the wind.

Faith to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted;
Hearts often ſlighted
Will ceaſe to be kind.

Kiſs the cold Winter away.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Caſtle of Andaluſia.*'

THEN hey for a laſs, and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year!
With ſkin as white as ſnow,
And hair as brown as a berry;
With eyes as black as a ſloe,
And lips as red as a cherry;
Sing rory, tory,
Dancing, prancing,
Laugh and lie down is the play,
We'll fondle together,
In ſpite of the weather,
And kiſs the cold winter away.

Laugh while you live,
For as life is a jeſt,
Who laughs the moſt,
Is ſure to live beſt.
When I was not ſo old
I frolick'd among the miſſes;
And when they thought me too bold,
I ſtopp'd their mouths with kiſſes.
Sing rory, tory, &c.

Oh, come, my Soldier.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Patrick in Pruſſia.*'

OH, come, my ſoldier, meet my ſight,
Full far I've come to thee;
No foe now dares you to the fight,
But gentle love and me.
My ſoldier doats on fierce alarms,
Where foes in battle join;
But when the trumpet ſounds to arms,
Oh! let him fly to mine.

In camp how rough by Mars array'd,
There fate attends his will;
At home you hear each tender maid,
Ah! was he form'd to kill?
In charms ſecure the fair advance,
And ere an arrow flies,
He looks around, and at each glance,
A wounded maiden dies
He looks around, &c.

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The Soldier's Medley.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,
The drums had beat a revalley,
And jolly ſoldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camps ſlept ſafe and ſound:
Only one poor ſoldier, who,
Nought but love could e'er ſubdue,
Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
There to vent his plaintive love.

"Oh, women are delicate, dangerous things,
"Their ſweets, like the bee's, are mingled with
"ſtings,
"They are not to be gained without care and coſt,
"They are hard to be won, and are eaſily loſt;
"In ſeeking a fair one I found to my ſmart,
"I know not the way, but I loſt my poor heart."

As on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In armour bright and gay,
And unto him did ſay:

"Riſe, ſoldier, riſe:
"Hark! the drums have beat to arms,
"Hark! to the fond alarms,
"Hang her beauty, mind your duty,
"Think not of her charms.

"Riſe, ſoldier, riſe,
"I'll take you by the hand,
"And I'll lead you through the land,
"And I'll give you the command
"Of a choſen band.

"Riſe, ſoldier, riſe,
"Dont be ſtupid,
"Drive away Cupid,
"Follow Minerva's wiſe advice.

"Soldier, go home, go home,
"Ne'er mind your miſtreſs's ſcorn,
"Slight, ſlight her again, ſlight, ſlight her again,
"For ſlighted love ſhould ſlight return,"

The ſoldier, thus rous'd from his amorous love,
Haſted away to his duty,
And ſwore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.
Bachelors bluff, bachelors bluff,
Heigh for a heart as tough as a buff.

Thoſe who are ſingle never wear horns,
Thoſe who are ſingle live happy;
Thoſe who are married lye upon thorns,
And always look ragged and ſhabby,
Cuckolds, come dig, cuckolds, come dig,
Round about, cuckolds, come dance to my jigg.

Thoſe who live ſingle fear not a rout,
Nothing to them can be ſweeter,
They have no wife to whimper or pout,
Saying "how can you leave me, dear creature."
Bachelors bluff, bachelors bluff,
Heigh for a heart as tough as a buff.

Ye belles and beaus ſo ſmart and fair,
Say, were not ſoldiers form'd for love?
I'm ſure you'll find them all ſincere,
If you but kind and conſtant prove;

But if you ſlight their paſſion ſtill,
And tyrannize o'er hearts ſo true,
Depend upon it they'll rebel,
And will not care a fig for you.

Oh, hold your fooliſh tongue,
A little laughing Cupid ſaid,
Have you not heard it ſung,
That conſtancy will win a maid;
Then what on earth or heav'n above
Is equal to the joys of love?

Let wiſdom preach in ſchools,
What has ſhe with love to do?
We go not by her rules,
Unbounded pleaſures we purſue:
On ſoft wing our fancy flies,
And ev'ry worldly care defies.

Let Mars in council boaſt,
Of reſolution, ſtrength and art,
Love comes without a hoſt,
And ſteals away the ſoldier's heart;
Love breaks the bow, the ſword, the ſpear,
And turns the angry face of war.

The greateſt men alive,
By Cupid's bow have been o'ercome,
'Tis vain with love to ſtrive,
Though arm'd with ſpear, or ſword or gun;
Then ground your arms, ſons of wars,
There's no quarrelling with the fair.

Norah.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Patrick in Pruſſia.*'

AWAY, ye giddy ſmiling throng
Of tempting beauties, fair and young,
My heart is true, altho' my tongue
Should ſing of lovely Flora;
Or ſhould I gaze with fond deſire,
Should breath of roſes fan the fire;
And tho' I on a touch expire,
My ſoul is thine, ſweet Norah.

The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,
My conſtant ſoul muſt ever bind,
To that dear woman left behind,
My kind, my tender Norah;
But, oh! I fear each mortal part,
Nay, e'en this true, this faithful heart,
Reſiſtleſs to the urchin's dart,
Shot by the eyes of Flora.

Illuſive vapour, tranſient blaze,
Oh! vaniſh while I wand'ring gaze,
But ſhine like Dian's ſilver rays,
My paſſion chaſte for Norah;
Yet Hymen winks, and Venus ſmiles,
And paſſion ev'ry ſenſe beguiles,
And Cupid with his thouſand wiles,
Aſſiſt my charming Flora.

Ah, Solitude, take my Diſtreſs.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Caſtle of Andaluſia.*'

AH, Solitude, take my diſtreſs,
My griefs I'll unboſom to thee,
Each ſigh thou can'ſt gently repreſs,
Thy ſilence is muſic to me.

Yet peace from my ſonnet may ſpring,
For peace let me fly the gay throng,
To ſoften my ſorrows I ſing,
Yet ſorrow's the theme of my ſong.

All fierce and military.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Patrick in Pruſſia.*'

ALL fierce and military,
Croſs buff-belt and regimental new,
With high cap rough and hairy,
At our grand review:
With ſpur and boot,
Adorn the foot,
To grace the field, while pateraroes ſhoot.
Fire and ſmoke,
All a joke,
Bullets whiz,
Bully Quiz
Erect as a ſturdy oak.

On my charger prancing,
Rat, tat, tat, his hoofs ſhall beat the ground;
Great glove, and broad ſword glancing,
Salute the ladies round:
In the grand pas rear,
Up the pavement tear,
Like a noble col'nel, at my men I ſwear,
Hey, they fight,
To the right,
Keep the rank,
Guard the flank,
Zounds, I'll ſoon be a brigadier.

The Boys of the Blade.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Patrick in Pruſſia.*'

SO chearful and happy, we boys of the blade,
Prepare all to meet on the ſhining parade;
Then rub,
Then ſcrub,
Your muſkets, your belts, and your bayonets bright,
We'll rub,
We'll ſcrub,
Our muſkets, our belts, and our bayonets bright.

In ſpatterdaſh white, as he throws up his leg,
Each rank and file marches a bold Scanderbeg;
The ladies admiring,
Our charging and firing,
Our ſtanding and kneeling,
To right and left wheeling.

A ſmile from a woman's a ſoldier's delight,
They love as we love 'em, and for 'em we fight;
We'll jovially ſing,
Drink a health to our king,
And make the camp ring, &c.

I have a Lover of my own.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Caſtle of Andaluſia.*'

I HAVE a lover of my own,
So kind and true is he;
As true, I love but him alone,
And he loves none but me.

I boaſt not of his velvet down,
On cheeks of roſy hue,
His ſpicy breath, his ringlets brown;
I prize the heart that's true.

To all elſe I muſt ſay nay;
They only fret and teaze:
Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
Come court me when you pleaſe.

I play'd my love a thouſand tricks,
In ſeeming coy and ſhy;
'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,
I thought his love to try.

I am, cry'd Apollo.

"I AM," cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath the coy virgin purſu'd,
When his wiſdom in manner moſt ample expreſt,
The long liſt of graces his godſhip poſſeſt.

"I'm the god of ſweet ſong, and inſpirer of lays."
Nor for lays, nor ſweet ſong, the fair fugitive ſtays.
"I'm the god of the harp—ſtop, my faireſt" in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could bring her again.

BALLAD.

The Children in the Wood.

Mr. Addiſon, in ſpeaking of this incomparable Ballad, amongſt other things in its praiſe, ſays, "Tho' the Language is mean, "the thoughts are natural, and therefore cannot fail to pleaſe "thoſe who are not judges of Language, or thoſe who, not-"withſtanding they are judges of Language, have a true "and unprejudiced taſte of Nature. The condition, ſpeech, "and behaviour of the dying Parents, with the age, inno-"cence and diſtreſs of the Children, are ſet forth in ſuch ten-"der circumſtances, that it is impoſſible for a Reader of com-"mon humanity not to be affected with them. As for the "circumſtance of the *Robin-red-Breaſt*, it is indeed a little "poetical ornament; and to ſhew the genius of the Author, "amidſt all his ſimplicity, is juſt the ſame kind of fiction "which one of the greateſt *Latin* Poets (Horace) has made "uſe of upon a parallel occaſion."

Spectator—No. 85.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I ſhall write;
A doleful ſtory you ſhall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whoſe wealth and riches did ſurmount
Moſt men of his eſtate,

Sore ſick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as ſick did lie,
And both poſſeſs'd one grave.
No love between theſe two was loſt,
Each was to th'other kind;
In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not paſſing three years old;
Th' other a girl, more young than he,
And made in Beauty's mold.
The father left his little ſon,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age ſhould come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter *Jane*
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd:
But if the children chance to die,
Ere they to age ſhould come,
Their uncle ſhould poſſeſs their wealth;
For ſo the will did run.

" Now brother," ſaid the dying man,
" Look to my children dear;
" Be good unto my boy and girl,
" No friends elſe have I here:
" To God and you I do commend
" My children night and day;
" But little while, be ſure, we have
" Within this world to ſtay.

" You muſt be father and mother both,
" And uncle, all in one;
" God knows what will become of them,
" When I am dead and gone."
With that beſpake their mother dear,
" O brother kind," quoth ſhe,
" You are the man muſt bring our babes
" To wealth or miſery.

" But if you keep them carefully,
" Then God will you reward;
" If otherwiſe you ſeem to deal,
" God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any ſtone,
She kiſs'd her children ſmall:
" God bleſs you both, my children dear,"
With that the tears did fall.

Theſe ſpeeches then their brother ſpoke,
To this ſick couple here:
" The keeping of your children dear,
" Dear ſiſter, do not fear;
" God never proſper me nor mine,
" Nor ought elſe that I have,
" If I do wrong your children dear,
" When you are laid in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his houſe,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept theſe pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did deviſe
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take the children young
And ſlay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children ſend
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went theſe pretty babes,
Rejoicing at the tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They ſhould on cock-horſe ride.
They prate and prattle pleaſantly,
As they rode on the way,
To thoſe that would their butchers be,
To work their lives away.

So that the pretty ſpeech they had,
Made murderers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full ſore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Becauſe the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell to ſtrife;
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens' life:
And he that was of mildeſt mood,
Did ſlay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears ſtood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain;
" Stay here," quoth he, " I'll bring you bread,
" When I do come again."

Theſe pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they ſaw the man,
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips, with black-berries,
Were all beſmear'd and dy'd,
And, when they ſaw the darkſome night,
They ſate them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd theſe two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one anothers' arms they dy'd,
Like babes wanting relief:
No burial theſe pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breaſt, carefully,
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell:
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his houſe,
His conſcience felt an hell:
His barns were fir'd, his goods conſum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle dy'd within the field,
And nothing with him ſtay'd.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his ſons did die;
And, to conclude, himſelf was brought
To extreme miſery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,
Ere ſeven years came about:
And now, at length, this wicked act,
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
Theſe children for to kill,
Was for a robb'ry judg'd to die,
As was God's bleſſed will;
Who did confeſs the very truth,
The which is here expreſs'd;
Their uncle dy'd, while he for debt,
In priſon long did reſt.

All you that be exec'tors made,
And overſeers eke,
Of children that be fatherleſs,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Leſt God, with ſuch like miſery,
Your wicked minds requite.

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THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

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My fair One, like the bluſhing Roſe.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Caſtle of Andaluſia.*'

MY fair one, like the bluſhing roſe,
Can ſweets to every ſenſe diſcloſe:
Thoſe ſweets I'd gather, but her ſcorn
Then wounds me like the ſharpeſt thorn.

With ſighs each grace and charm I ſee
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,
Till age ſhall chide the thoughtleſs maid,
When all thoſe blooming beauties fade.

O, the Days, when I was young.

Sung in the Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

O THE days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in Fortune's ſpight,
Talk'd of love, the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was old Father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown,
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the reſt a bumper drown.
O the days, &c.

Truth, they ſay, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could ſee;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
For when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I Falſehood's maſk,
But ſtill honeſt truth I found
In the bottom of each flaſk.
O the days, &c.

True, at length, my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay,
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey:
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's froſt,
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
O the days, &c.

His Preſence gives birth.

Sung in the Pantomime of '*Harlequin Teague.*'

HIS preſence gives birth
To good humour and mirth,
No pleaſure on earth ſuch delight can impart:
He's ſo janty, ſo neat,
His looks are ſo ſweet,
To the eyes he's a treat, and a feaſt to the heart.

What Bard, O Time.

Sung in the Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

WHAT Bard, O Time, diſcover,
With wings firſt made thee move?
Ah! ſure he was ſome lover,
Who ne'er had left his love:
For who that once did prove
The pangs which abſence brings;
Tho' but one day,
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings.

If I my Heart ſurrender.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Caſtle of Andaluſia.*'

IF I my heart ſurrender,
Be ever fond and tender,
And ſweet connubial joys ſhall crown
Each ſoft roſy hour,
In pure delight each heart ſhall own
Love's triumphant pow'r.

See brilliant belles admiring,
See ſplendid beaux deſiring,
All for a ſmile expiring,
Where'er Lorenza moves.

To balls and routs reſorting,
Oh, bliſs ſupreme, tranſporting!
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
'Tis you alone that loves.
If I my heart, &c.

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Orramoor.

SHINE out, reſplendent god of day,
On my fair Orramoor;
Her charms thy moſt propitious ray,
And kindeſt looks allure

In mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
I'd climb the talleſt tree,
Could I from thence my abſent love,
My charming rover ſee.

I'd venture on a riſing cloud,
Aloft in yielding air,
From that exalted ſtation, proud
To view the ſmiling fair.

Should ſhe in ſome ſequeſter'd bow'r,
Among the branches hide,
I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Till ſhe was there deſcry'd.

From ev'ry bird I'd ſteal a wing,
To Orramoor to fly;
And urg'd by love, would ſwiftly ſpring
Along the lightſome ſky.

Return and bleſs me with thy charms,
While yet the ſun diſplays
His faireſt beams, and kindly warms
Us with his vital rays.

Return before that light be gone,
In which thou ſhouldſt appear;
Unwelcome night is haſt'ning on
To darken half the year.

In vain, relentleſs maid, in vain
Thou doſt a youth forſake,
Whoſe love ſhall quickly o'er the plain,
Thy ſavage flight o'ertake.

Should bars of ſteel my paſſage ſtay,
They could not thee ſecure:
I'd thro' enchantment find a way
To ſeize my Orramoor.

Love and War.

HARK! how the trumpet ſounds to battle!
Hark! how the thund'ring cannons rattle!
Cruel ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thouſand ſoft things to ſay.
While honour alarms me,
Young Cupid diſarms me,
And Celia ſo charms me.
I cannot away.

Hark! again, honour calls me to arms,
Hark! how the trumpet ſweetly charms;
Celia no more then muſt be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and enſigns diſplay'd;
The thoughts of promotion
Inſpire ſuch a notion,
Of Celia's devotion,
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her, for me, celeſtial powers,
Ye gods, bleſs the nymph with happy ſoft hours;
O may ſhe ever to love me incline,
Such lovely perfections I cannot reſign;
Firm conſtancy grant her
My true love ſhall haunt her,
My ſoul cannot want her,
She's all ſo divine.

The Milk-maid.

RECITATIVE.

As Kate, one morn, with milk-pail on her head,
Was trudging homeward thro' the verdant mead;
Her mind revolving on ten thouſand ways,
To fix a lover and her fortune raiſe;
Bright hope at once beam'd on her flutt'ring breaſt,
And as ſhe went ſhe thus herſelf addreſs'd:

"SUPPOSE my milk ſold, ſome eggs I will buy.
"And chickens to raiſe directly I'll try,
"My poultry, when rear'd, will fetch a good price,
"And two little lambkins I'll get in a thrice:
"My flock will increaſe, if Fortune but ſmile,
"Farewell then, farewell then, to labour and toil.

"Now lovers around me will buz like a bee,
"No girl in our village ſo courted as me;
"But ruſtics! adieu, no ſuch conqueſts I'll prize,
"The hearts I once ſought for I now can deſpiſe;
"A lord, or ſome ſquire, my riches may win,
"And titles and coaches are ſurely no ſin."

RECITATIVE.

Struck with the fancy'd bliſs, Kate leapt for joy,
Ah! fickle Fortune! why her hopes deſtroy?
Down came the pail, and in the mighty fall,
Eggs, chickens, lambs, lords, ſquires, are vaniſh'd all!

Fair ladies, who my tale attend,
Forgive this moral from a friend;
Like ruin'd Kate, pray be not catcht,
Nor count your chicks before they're hatcht.

From the Eaſt breaks the Morn.

FROM the eaſt breaks the morn,
See the ſuns-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains ſo high,
Shrilly opes the ſtaunch hound,
The ſteed neighs ſo the ſound,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, ſo good,
Prov'd their greatneſs of blood,
By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and foreſts to roar.

Hence of noble deſcent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the boſom of nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in life's buſy day,
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full ſight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mutual ſenſations refine!
Where is care? where is fear?
Like our winds in the rear,
And the man's loſt in ſomething divine.

Now to horſe, my brave boys:
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon ſhall enliven the whole:
Then at eve we'll diſmount,
Toils and pleaſures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

O SANDY why leaveſt thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſence could eaſe me,
When neathing can pleaſe me:
Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thy return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering aft goes to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander'd myſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

Rail no more, ye learn'd Aſſes.

RAIL no more, ye learn'd aſſes,
'Gainſt the joys the bowl ſupplies;
Sound its depth, and fill your glaſſes,
Wiſdom at the bottom lies;
Fill it higher ſtill, and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain,
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.
Sipping quenches, &c.

Draw the ſcene for wit and pleaſure,
Enter jollity and joy;
We for thinking have no leiſure,
Manly mirth is our employ;
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the preſent hour engage,
And when death ſhall drop the curtain,
With applauſe we'll quit the ſtage.
And when death, &c.

Where is Pleaſure.

WHERE is pleaſure? tell me where,
What can touch my breaſt with joy?
All around the ſpacious ſpheres,
Let my muſe her ſearch employ.

Wealth, thy ſhining ſtores produce,
Heap'd in golden mountains riſe,
There let ſordid miſers chuſe,
Thou can'ſt ne'er allure my eyes.

Honour, let thy chariot roll,
Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms,
Thou can'ſt charm th' ambitious ſoul,
But for me thou haſt no charms.

Only Delia, gentle fair,
Can the precious boon beſtow;
Give, ye pow'rs! O, give me her!
She's the all I aſk below.

BALLAD.

Hengiſt and Mey.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE,

Author of 'Sir Martyn,' *an excellent imitation of Spenſer—a tranſlation of the* 'Luſiad of Camoens' *—and ſeveral other pieces; the merit of which are too well known to require any eulogium.*

IN ancient days, when *Arthur* reign'd,
Sir *Elmer* had no peer!
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies lov'd ſo dear.

His ſiſter, *Mey*, the faireſt maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won ev'ry heart in *Arthur*'s court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the evening hour of prayer,
Her mind was loſt in love.

The abbeſs ſaw, the abbeſs knew,
And urg'd her to explain;
"O name the gentle youth to me,
"And his conſent I'll gain."

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair *Mey* reply'd.
"His name how can I ſay?
"An angel from the fields above,
"Has rapt my heart away.

"But once, alas, and never more,
"His lovely form I ſpy'd,
"One evening by the ſounding ſhore,
"All by the greenwood ſide:

"His eyes to mine the love confeſt,
"That glow'd with mildeſt grace:
"His comely mein, and purple veſt,
"Beſpoke his princely race.

"But when he heard my brother's horn
"Faſt to his ſhips he fled:
"Yet while I ſleep his graceful form
"Still hovers round my bed.

"Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
"He ſhakes a warlike lance;
"And now in courtly garments dight,
"He leads the ſprightly dance.

"His hair is black as raven's wing,
"His ſkin as Chriſtmas ſnow,
"His cheeks outvie the bluſh of morn,
"His lips like roſe-buds glow.

"His limbs, his arms, his ſtature, ſhap'd
"By nature's fineſt hand;
"His ſparkling eyes declare him born
"To love and to command."

The live-long year fair *Mey* bemoan'd
Her hapleſs pining love:
But when the balmy ſpring return'd,
And ſummer cloath'd the grove;

All round by pleaſant Humber ſide
The Saxon banners flew,
And to *Sir Elmer*'s caſtle gates
The ſpear-men came in view.

Fair bluſh'd the morn when *Mey* look'd o'er
The caſtle wall ſo ſheen;
And, lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were ſporting on the green.

There *Hengiſt*, *Offa*'s eldeſt ſon,
Lean'd on his burniſh'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks as black as raven's wing
Adown his ſhoulders flow'd,
His cheeks outvy'd the bluſh of morn,
His lips like roſe-buds glow'd.

And ſoon the lovely form of *Mey*
Has caught his piercing eyes:
He gives the ſign, the band retire,
While big with love he ſighs;

"Oh, thou, for whom I dar'd the ſeas,
"And came with peace or war;
"Oh, by that croſs that veils thy breaſt,
"Relieve thy lover's care!

"For thee I'll quit my father's throne,
"With thee the wilds explore;
"Or with thee ſhare the Britiſh crown,
"With thee the croſs adore."

Beneath the tim'rous virgin bluſh,
With love's ſoft warmth ſhe glows;
So bluſhing thro' the dew of morn
Appears the opening roſe.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their ſins bewail,
And *Elmer* heard king *Arthur*'s horn
Shrill ſounding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from *Mey*'s bright eyes
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The croſs, with ſparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd her ſnowy breaſt,
With prayers to Heaven, her lily hands
Have fix'd on *Elmer*'s veſt.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He march'd acroſs the plain,
'Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
He join'd king *Arthur*'s train.

Full forty thouſand Saxon ſpears,
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their ſhouts and clang of arms
The diſtant vallies fill.

Old *Offa*, dreſt in *Odin*'s garb,
Aſſum'd the hoary god;
And *Hengiſt*, like the warlike *Thor*,
Before the horſemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains ſhout amain;
And *Elmer*'s tall victorious ſpear,
Far glances o'er the plain.

To ſtop its courſe young *Hengiſt* flew,
Like lightning o'er the field;
And ſoon his eyes the well-known croſs
On *Elmer*'s veſt beheld.

The ſlighted lover ſwell'd his breaſt,
His eyes ſhot living fire;
And all his martial heat before
To this was mild deſire.

On his imagin'd rival's front,
With whirlwind ſpeed he preſt,
And glancing to the ſun, his ſword
Reſounds on *Elmer*'s creſt.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedleſs rage purſued,
'Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir *Elmer*'s javelin ſtood.

He bow'd his head, ſlow dropt his ſpear,
The reins fell through his hand,
And ſtain'd with blood, his ſtately corſe
Lay breathleſs on the ſtrand.

"O bear me off," Sir *Elmer* cry'd,
"Before my painful ſight
"The combat ſwims—yet *Hengiſt*'s veſt
"I claim, as victor's right."

Brave *Hengiſt*'s fall the Saxons ſaw,
And all in terror fled.
The bowmen, to the caſtle gates,
The bold Sir *Edward* led.

"Oh, waſh my wounds, my ſiſter dear,
"O pull this Saxon dart,
"That whizzing from young *Hengiſt*'s arm
"Has almoſt pierc'd my heart.

"Yet in my hall this veſt ſhall hang,
"And Britons yet unborn,
"Shall with the trophies of to-day,
"Their ſolemn feaſts adorn."

All trembling, *Mey*, beheld the veſt;
"Oh, *Merlin!*" loud ſhe cry'd,
"Thy words are true—my ſlaughter'd love
"Shall have a breathleſs bride!

"Oh, *Elmer*, *Elmer*, boaſt no more,
"That low my *Hengiſt* lies!
"Oh, *Hengiſt*, cruel was thy arm;
"My brother bleeds, and dies!"

She ſpake—the roſes left her cheek,
And life's warm ſpirits fled:
So nipt by winter's lingering blaſts,
The ſnow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one ſtruggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes;
"Return, my *Hengiſt*, oh, return,
"My ſlaughter'd love!" ſhe cries.

"Oh—ſtill he lives—he ſmiles again,
"With all his grace he moves:
"I come—I come, where bow nor ſpear
"Shall more diſturb our loves."—

She ſpake—ſhe dy'd. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from *Elmer*'s ſide;
And thrice he call'd his ſiſter *Mey*,
And thrice he groan'd,—and dy'd.

Where in the dale a moſs-grown croſs
O'erſhades an aged thorn,
Sir *Elmer*'s and young *Hengiſt*'s corſe
Were by the ſpearmen borne;

And there all clad in robes of white,
With many a ſigh and tear,
The village maids, to *Hengiſt*'s grave,
Did *Mey*'s fair body bear.

And there at dawn, and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail in widow'd notes,
And ſing their hapleſs loves.

Price, [Numb. 54] One Penny.

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Let not Rage thy Boſom firing.

Air—"*How imperfect is Expreſſion.*"

LET not rage thy boſom firing,
Pity's ſofter claim remove;
Spare a heart that's juſt expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought ſuſpending,
Judge of mine by thy ſoft breaſt;
Nor with rancour never ending,
Heap freſh ſorrows on th' oppreſt.
Let not rage, &c.

Heav'n that ev'ry joy has croſs'd,
Ne'er my wretched ſtate can mend;
I, alas! at once have loſt,
Father, brother, lover, friend!
Let not rage, &c.

If Love's a ſweet Paſſion.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known:
But, oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are her charms!
Her embraces how joyful! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;
And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

The charming Fellow.

Sung in '*The Agreeable Surprize.*'

LORD, what care I for mam or dad,
Why let them ſcold and bellow!
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair-day on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd ſo well, oh!
So ſpruce a lad was never ſeen,
As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was ſomewhat mellow;
Says he "my dear, I'll ſee you home;"
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon ſhone bright,
Says he "my ſweeteſt Nell-o,
"I'll kiſs you here by this good light,"
Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtop'd my breath,
Ye bells ring out my knell-o.
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death,
With ſuch a charming fellow.

Tho' cauſe for Suſpicion appears.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

THO' cauſe for ſuſpicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love too are ſtrong;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliſs if I'm wrong.
What heart breaking torments from jealouſy flow.
Ah! none but the jealous, the jealous can know.

When bleſt with the ſmiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore:
Thoſe ſmiles let another then ſhare,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more.
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe?
When the falſer ſhe ſeems, ſtill the fonder I grow!

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Come, follow, follow me.

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Come, follow me, your queen,
And trip it o'er the green;
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
Becauſe this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their neſt,
Unheard and uneſpy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide.
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

But if the houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh, or bowl,
Up ſtairs we lightly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep,
There we pinch their arms and thighs,
None us hears, nor none eſpies.

But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſehold maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid;
For each morn before we go,
We drop a ſixpence in her ſhoe.

Upon a muſhroom's head
Our table-cloth is ſpread,
A grain of rye or wheat
Is diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups up to the brink.

But if our diet fails,
The luſcious fat of ſnails,
Between two nut-ſhells ſtew'd,
Makes meat that's eaſy chew'd;
Brains of worms and marrow of mice,
Make a diſh that's wond'rous nice.

The graſs-hopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minſtrelſy;
Grace ſaid, we dance awhile,
And ſo our time beguile,
And when the moon does hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy graſs
So lightly we do paſs,
That the young and tender ſtalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be ſeen,
Where we the night before have been.

Whilſt on thy dear Boſom lying.

WHILST on thy dear boſom lying,
Celia, who can ſpeak my bliſs,
Who, the rapture I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiſs:
Ev'ry look with love inſpiring,
Ev'ry touch my boſom warms:
Ev'ry melting murmur fires me,
Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Thoſe dear eyes how ſoft they languiſh,
Feel my heart with rapture beat,
Pleaſure turns almoſt to anguiſh,
When the tranſport is ſo ſweet:
Look not ſo divinely on me,
Celia, I ſhall die with bliſs,
Yet, yet turn thoſe eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this?

Let Ambition fire thy Mind.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er man to reign,
Not to follow flocks deſign'd,
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
Thou on necks of kings ſhall tread;
Joys in circling joys ſhall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancies lead.

Let not toils of empire fright:
Toils of empire pleaſures are;
Thou ſhalt only know delight;
All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize
For the bleſſings I beſtow,
Joyful I'll aſcend the ſkies;
Happy thou ſhalt reign below.

Sweet Willy, O.

THE pride of all Nature was ſweet Willy, O,
The pride of all Nature was ſweet Willy, O,
The firſt of all ſwains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the ſweet Willy, O,
None ever was like to the ſweet Willy, O.

He ſung it ſo rarely, did ſweet Willy, O,
He ſung it ſo rarely, &c.
He melted each maid,
So ſkilful he play'd,
No ſhepherd e'er pip'd like the ſweet Willy, O.

All Nature obey'd him, the ſweet Willy, O,
All Nature obey'd him, &c.
Wherever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he ſung followed ſweet Willy, O.

He would be a ſoldier, the ſweet Willy, O,
He would be a ſoldier, &c.
When arm'd in the field,
With ſword and with ſhield,
The laurel was won by the ſweet Willy, O.

He charmed, when living, did ſweet Willy, O,
He charm'd, when living, &c.
And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas Nature that ſigh'd,
To part with her all in her ſweet Willy, O.

Garrick.

The merry Dance I dearly love.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I ſeize,
And preſs it too whene'er I pleaſe,
And none can ſee, and none reprove:
Then on thy cheek quick bluſhes glow,
And then we whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

She's ſweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet ſtill we are too young, they ſay,
But we know better, ſure, than they,
Youth ſhould not liſten to threeſcore;
And I'm reſolv'd I'll tell her ſo,
When next we whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

The Honey Moon,

ULD you know, my good friends, what the
oney-moon is,
How lo. n duration, how perfect in bliſs,
A proof may be found, and a ſample be ſeen,
In ſome boarding-ſchool couple juſt left Gretna-green:
My deareſt, my duck,
My ſweeteſt, my chuck;
Miſs Kitty's an angel, her Billy a god;
Whips crack, glaſſes jingle,
While ſighs intermingle,
And Cupid aſſents, and goes niddity nod,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
O'er Kitty, the angel, and Billy, the god.

Pappa's and mama's ſurly tempers once paſt,
Bright Bloomſbury-ſquare has this couple at laſt!
In three weeks poſſeſſion, how pleaſures will cloy,
Neglect hurts the lady, and time cools the boy.
So impatient to roam,
Ma'am, your never at home,
A path ſo vexatious no wife ever trod;
My torment—my curſe;
You are bad—you are worſe:
While Cupid flies off from a quarrel ſo odd,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
And Miſs is no angel, and Billy no god.

To routs hies the lady, to gambling goes maſter,
To part from each other ne'er couple went faſter,
While raking at night, and diſtraction at noon,
Soon cloſe all the joys of the ſweet honey-moon.
Bleeding hearts, aching heads,
Sep'rate tables and beds,
Render wedlock's ſweet countenance dull as a clod,
Then hey for a ſummons
From grave Doctors Commons,
While proctors and parchments go niddity nod,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
O'er Kitty, the angel, and Billy, the god.

The Cottage Boy.

MORN ſhakes her locks, the budding roſe
Smiles at the parting twilight grey,
In renovated beauty blows,
And ſheds her perfume on the day;
When Lubin, Nature's ruſtic child,
Tries calm contentment to enjoy,
And ſweetly in his wood-notes wild,
Thus chearful ſings the Cottage Boy:

"How bleſt my days, ſince Sylvia's kind!
"No other joy I wiſh to know,
"For in her ſmiles ſoft bliſs I find,
"In all her gentle virtues glow;
"The ſlaves of fortune let me ſhun,
"My humble cottage to enjoy."
When toil and labour's o'er and done,
Thus chearful ſings the Cottage Boy.

"Returning at mild ev'ning's hour,
"Perhaps my Sylvia I may meet,
"For her I'll pull the choiceſt flow'r,
"And ſtrew it at my fair one's feet.
"Then as it drooping dies 'twill prove
"That time e'en beauty will deſtroy,
"How tranſient then is youthful love!"
Thus chearful ſung the Cottage Boy.

O ye in Youth and Beauty's Pride.

O YE in youth and beauty's pride,
Who lightly dance along,
While laughter frolicks at your ſide,
And rapture tunes your ſong.
What tho' each grace around you play,
Each beauty bloom for you,
Warm as the bluſh of riſing day,
And ſparkling as the dew.

The bluſh that glows ſo gaily now,
But glows to diſappear,
And quiv'ring from the bending bough,
Soon breaks the pearly tear!
So paſs the beauties of your prime,
That e'en in blooming die;
So ſhrinking at the blaſt of time,
The treach'rous graces fly.

With charms that win beyond the ſight,
And hold the willing heart,
O learn then to await their flight,
Nor ſigh when they depart;
Theſe graces ſhall remain behind,
Theſe beauties ſtill controul,
The graces of the poliſh'd mind,
The beauties of the ſoul.

Have Conſcience, my Dear.

Sung in the Entertainment of '*The Chaplet.*'

YOU ſay, at your feet that I wept in deſpair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever ſo fair:
How could you believe all the nonſenſe I ſpoke?
What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next ſtand indicted for ſwearing to love,
And nothing but death ſhould my paſſion remove:
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year;
And not yet contented!—Have conſcience, my dear.

Dumbarton's Drums.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny, O,
When they mind me of my dear Jonny, O,
How happy am I,
When my ſoldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie, O.
'Tis a ſoldier alone can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do invite me, O:
Whilſt guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger, nor death, ſhall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handſome laddie, O,
Genteel, but not foppiſh nor gaudy, O:
Tho' commiſſions they are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
He no longer ſhall ſerve as a Cadie, O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery, O,
Unacquainted with rogues, and their knavery, O:
He minds no other thing,
But the ladies, or his king;
For every other care is but ſlavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,
Farewell, all my friends, and my daddy, O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whenever that beats I'll be ready, O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny, O,
They are ſprightly, like my dear Jonny, O.
How happy ſhall I be
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes, and bleſſes, his Annie, O.

Allan Ramſy.

Maria, or the Mother's Dirge.

O, LAY thy head, my Baby, love,
O, lay it down, my dear,
Upon thy own beloved breaſt,
Now bath'd with many a tear.

That breaſt, my Babe, with life ſupply'd,
When firſt the light ſhe ſaw;
Alas! that pow'r is now deny'd
Support from thence to draw.

That breaſt, which, giving life to thee,
New life and joy receiv'd,
When of my angel's love depriv'd
Will be of all bereav'd.

O, could my heart's moſt precious blood
A mother's pray'r obtain,
How ſoon I'd gladly ſhed each drop,
My darling's life to gain.

But, ah, not all thy mother's pray'rs,
Not all thy mother's grief
Can ſtop the cruel hand of Death,
Or bring my child relief.

Not all the wealth of Indian mines
One hour of health can buy;
No human ſkill nor art can ſave
Whom God ordains to die.

Thine eyes, through which I fondly thought
The morning ſun aroſe,
Thoſe eyes which lit the world to me,
Muſt ſoon, for ever, cloſe!

Thy lips have loſt their ruby hue,
Thy cheeks their vermiel pride,
Pale is that bloom, for ever pale!
That once the roſe outvy'd.

The luſtre of that angel-face,
Where ſweet affection beams,
Thy neck like poliſh'd iv'ry white,
The grave already claims.

That glowing elegance of form,
So rich in ev'ry grace;
Thoſe limbs of beauteous ſymmetry,
Muſt ſink in Death's embrace.

That lovely mouth no more ſhall ſmile;
The charms that round it play
No longer ſhall my ſoul beguile,
No more my cares repay.

That muſic of my ſoul is mute,
For ever mute, that tongue,
On which with all a mother's pride,
My ſoul, delighted hung.

A mother's name—a mother's bliſs—
The pureſt bliſs on earth,
My *firſt*, my faireſt pledge of love,
Rejoic'd me *at thy birth.*

O had I loſt thee at thy birth
I might ſurvive the blow;
Or had I never view'd thy face,
Thy loſs I ne'er could know.

But now ſix happy years—the joy
And treaſure of my heart,
At home—abroad—one hour from thee
I could not bear to part.

All day, my Prattler round me clung,
Or play'd within my ſight,
And fondly pillow'd on my breaſt—
I watch'd her ſleep at night.

And ſtill whene'er misfortunes preſs'd,
Or threaten'd to befall,
I look'd upon my Bright-one's face,
And ſoon forgot them all.

I hop'd to ſee thee growing up
Affectionate and kind,
With ev'ry lovelineſs of form,
And ev'ry charm of mind.

A friend—a dear companion, ſtill,
I thought to find in thee,
And hop'd while young and gay myſelf,
Thy wedding-day to ſee.

But all theſe tender viſions fly,
Like clouds before the wind;
They fly—and leave, within my breaſt,
A fearful void behind. ——

Pale, pale, and cold!—ah, woeful ſight,——
She dies! my Precious dies!
Yet, yet look up! and ſpeak again—
Maria—ope thine eyes.

Look up—look up! thy mother calls!
'Tis ſhe!—thy mother dear—
Oh, ſpeak again—that voice belov'd,
Thy mother dies to hear.

But, hark! oh, hark! her mother's voice
Recalls her fleeting breath.
And ſee again, ſhe opes her eyes
Amid' the ſhades of death!

She ſpeaks, ſhe ſpeaks! ſhe calls my name;
Her deadly paleneſs flies;
A ſudden bloom o'erſpreads her cheek,
And ſmiles of joy ariſe.

My hand ſhe preſſes to her breaſt
With wonted tenderneſs;
Her eager lips my kiſs invite,
With many a fond careſs.——

Bring wine, reviving cordials bring,
O grant a mother's pray'r!
While life remains we yet may hope
That Heav'n may deign to ſpare.

—She eats, ſhe drinks! and ſtill her eyes
Not once from mine remove;
They ſpeak what language cannot ſpeak,
My angel-beauty's love.

She eats—ſhe drinks again!—and ſtill
Her eyes are fix'd on mine,
As April ſuns, in changeful ſkies,
With brighter flaſhes ſhine.

Once more ſhe eats—ſhe drinks—and while
The weary night deſcends,
With looks that pierce my very ſoul,
Her eyes on me ſhe bends.

—O, fleeting hope—her eye-lids cloſe;
Her bloom like lightning flies;
And deep within her ſtruggling breaſt
The ſounds of death ariſe.

My pride—my precious jewel's gone!
My Lily droops her head!
Her lip is pale—her lovely brows
The damps of Death o'erſpread.

O grief! O agony of heart,
She moves—ſhe breathes no more!
In that ſoft ſigh her ſpirit fled,
And life and hope are o'er.

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Take me, Jenny.

SWEETEST of pretty maids,
Let Cupid incline thee,
To accept a faithful heart,
Which now I reſign thee;
Scorning all ſelfiſh ends,
Regardleſs of money,
It yields only to the girl
That's generous and bonny.
Take me, Jenny,
Let me win you,
While I'm in the humour;
I implore you,
I adore you,
What can mortal do more?
Kiſs upon't, kiſs upon't, turn not ſo ſhyly,
There's my heart, there's my hand, 'twill never beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes,
Thy ſweet lips delighting,
Well poliſh'd thy iv'ry neck,
Thy round arms inviting;
Oft at the milk-white churn
With raptures I've ſeen them,
But, oh! how I ſigh'd and wiſhed,
My own arms between them.
Take me, Jenny, &c.

I have ſtore of ſheep, my love,
And goats on the mountain,
And water to brew good ale,
From yon chryſtal fountain,
I've, too, a pretty cot,
With garden and land to't,
But all will be doubly bleſt
When you put a hand to't.
Take me, Jenny, &c.

This Bottle's the Sun of our Table.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

THIS bottle's the ſun of our table,
Whoſe beams are roſy wine;
We, planets, that are not able
Without his help to ſhine.
Put it round,
Let mirth and glee abound.

De'el take the Wars.

DE'EL take the wars, that hurry'd Willy fra me,
Who, to love me, juſt had ſworn,
They made him captain, ſurely to undo me,
Woe is me, he'll ne'er return.
I us'd alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now ſighing,
Then crying,
Tears dropping fall,
And had he my ſoft arms
Preferr'd to war's alarms,
My love was growing ſad,
All for my bonny lad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

A thouſand loons abroad may fight him,
He from thouſands ne'er will run,
Oft in my arms I did invite him,
To ſtay at home fra' ſword and gun;
I us'd alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now ſighing,
Then crying,
Tears dropping fall,
And had he my ſoft arms
Preferr'd to war's alarms,
My love was growing ſad,
All for my bonny lad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

For a new gown too I gave muckle money,
Which with flowers of gold did ſhine;
Well might my love think me blithe and bonny,
No Scotch laſs was e'er ſo fine,
My petticoat I ſpotted,
Fringe too of thread I knotted,
Lace-ſhoes,
And ſilken-hoſe,
Garter'd o'er the knee,
But, oh! the fatal thought,
To Willy they are nought,
He rides through towns,
And revels with dragoons,
While he the ſilly loon might have plunder'd me.

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A Laſs there lives upon the Green.

A LASS there lives upon the green,
Could I her picture draw;
A brighter nymph was never ſeen,
That looks and reigns a little queen,
And keeps the ſwains in awe.

Her eyes are Cupid's darts and wings,
Her eye-brows are his bow;
Her ſilken hair, the ſilver ſtrings,
Which ſure and ſwift deſtruction brings,
To all the vale below.

If Paſtorella's dawning light
Can warm, and wound us too;
Her noon will ſhine ſo piercing bright,
Each glancing beam will kill outright,
And ev'ry ſwain ſubdue.

Sappho's Hymn to Venus.

O VENUS, beauty of the ſkies,
To whom a thouſand temples riſe;
Gaily falſe in gentle ſmiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O Goddeſs, from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A ſong in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd;
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddeſs hear me now.
Deſcend, thou bright, immortal gueſt,
In all thy radiant charms confeſt.

Thou once did'ſt leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
Thy car the wanton ſparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I ſaw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds diſmiſt, while you remain,
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd, what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid:

What frenzy in my boſom rag'd,
And by what cure to be aſſuag'd,
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils ſecure;
"Who does thy tender heart ſubdue,
"Tell me, my Sappho, tell me, who?"

"Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing arms,
"He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted charms;
"Tho' now thy off'rings he'll deſpiſe,
"He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
"Tho' now he freezes, ſoon he'll burn,
"And be thy victim in his turn."

Celeſtial viſitant, once more
Thy needful preſence I implore!
In pity come and eaſe my grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd ſoul relief;
Favour thy ſuppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart deſires.

Come, let's be merry.

COME, let's be merry,
Let's be airy,
'Tis a folly to be ſad,
For ſince the world's grown mad,
Why ſhould we alone be wiſe,
And like dull fools, gaze on other men's joys.

Let not to-morrow
Bring you ſorrow,
While the ſtream of time flows on,
But when the bliſsful day is gone,
Still endeavour that the next
Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd.

If you have leiſure,
Follow pleaſure;
Let not an hour of bliſs paſs by;
For as the fleeting moments fly,
Time it will your youth decay;
Then ſtrive to live, and be bleſt whilſt you may.

If you have plenty,
Nought will torment you,
But yet yourſelves, yourſelves may annoy;
Hearty and free's the poor man's joy;
Gladly yielding the minutes paſs,
And when old Time ſhakes him, takes off his glaſs.

Tarry here with me and Love.

STRAY not to thoſe diſtant ſcenes,
From thy comfort do not rove;
Tarry in thoſe peaceful glens—
Tread the quiet paths of love.
Is not this ſequeſter'd ſhade
Richer than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this peaceful ſhade—
Tarry here with me and love.

Liſten to the wood-lark's note—
Liſten to the cooing dove;
Hark! the thruſh's mellow note,
All uniting carol love.
See the limpid brooks around,
Winding thro' the vari'd grove;
This is paſſion's fairy ground—
Tarry here with me and love.

Allen Brooke, of Wyndermeere.

SAY, have you in the village ſeen
A lovely youth, of penſive mein:
If ſuch a one hath paſſed by,
With melancholy in his eye?
Where is he gone? ah! tell me where;
'Tis Allen Brooke, of Wyndermeere.

Laſt night, he ſighing took his leave,
Which caus'd my tender heart to grieve;
And many maids I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me:
But heav'n knows my heart's ſincere
To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermeere.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he ſhould leave me ſo;
But if my love ſhould anger'd be,
And try to hide himſelf from me—
Then death ſhall bear me on a bier,
To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermeere.

Love, unfetter'd, is a Bleſſing.

Sung in '*The Rival Candidates.*'

LOVE unfetter'd is a bleſſing
Nature's commoners enjoy;
Source of raptures, paſt expreſſing,
Which no tyrant laws deſtroy.
Come, ye ſongſters! ſing around me,
Tell me all ye know of love:
Watchful of your young you've found me;—
—Hark! they carol thro' the grove.

The Toper.

Air.—'*Shaunbuy.*'

YE lads of true ſpirit,
Pay courtſhip to claret,
Releas'd from the trouble of thinking,
A fool, long ago,
Said, we nothing could know,—
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.
To pore over Plato,
Or practiſe with Cato,
Dipaſſionate dunces might make us;
But men, now more wiſe,
Self-denial deſpiſe,
And live by the leſſons of Bacchus.

Big-wigg'd, in fine coach,
See the doctor approach;
He ſolemnly up the ſtairs paces;
Looks grave—ſmells his cane—
Applies finger to vein,
And counts the repeat with grimaces.
As he holds pen in hand,
Life and death are at ſtand—
A toſs up which party ſhall take us;
Away with ſuch cant—
No preſcription we want,
But the nouriſhing noſtrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join
In the practice of wine,
While miſers 'midſt plenty are pining;
While ladies are ſcorning,
And lovers are mourning,
We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.
Drink, drink, now 'tis prime,
Toſs a bottle to Time,
He'll not make ſuch haſte to o'ertake us;
His threats we prevent,
And his cracks we cement,
By the ſtyptical balſam of Bacchus.

What work is there made,
By the newſpaper trade,
Of this man's, and t'other man's ſtation!
The Ins are all bad,
And the Outs are all mad;
In and Out is the cry of the nation.
The politic patter
Which both parties chatter,
From bumpering freely ſhan't ſhake us;
With half-pints in hand,
Independent we ſtand,
To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motion well tim'd;
Be all charg'd and all prim'd;
Have a care—right and left—and make ready.
Right hand to glaſs join—
At your lips reſt your wine;
Be all in your exerciſe ſteady.
Our levels we boaſt
When our women we toaſt;
May graciouſly they undertake us!
No more we deſire—
So drink, and give fire,
A volley to Beauty and Bacchus.

G. A. Stevens.

When Fanny, blooming fair.

Air.—'*The Laſs of Peaty's Mill.*'

WHEN Fanny, blooming fair,
Firſt met my raviſh'd ſight,
Caught with her ſhape and air,
I felt a ſtrange delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Young ſmiling Loves appear,
There Cupid baſking lies,
His ſhafts are hoarded there:
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confeſs
The lucky hand of Jove,
Her features all expreſs
The beauteous queen of love:
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breaſt
Of that too lovely maid,
Riſe, ſuing to be preſt!

Venus, 'round Fanny's waiſt
Hath her own Ceſtus bound,
With guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who ſport the circle round:
How happy will he be,
Who ſhall her zone unlooſe,
That bliſs, to all, but me
May heav'n and ſhe refuſe.

Lord Cheſterfield.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his love evening and morn;
He ſung with ſo ſoft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſylvans, and fairies, unſeen, danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung "tho' young Maya be fair,
"Her beauty is daſh'd with a proud, ſcornful air;
"But Suſy is handſome, and ſweetly can ſing,
"Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the ſpring

"That Jenny, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
"Like the moon is inconſtant, and never ſpeaks truth;
"But Suſy is faithful, good-humour'd and free,
"And fair as the goddeſs that ſprung from the ſea.

"My lady's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
"Is awkwardly airy, and frequently ſour:"
Then ſighing, he wiſh'd that, would parents agree,
The witty, ſweet Suſy, his miſtreſs might be.

Tell me, my Lute.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

TELL me, my lute, can thy fond ſtrain
So gently ſpeak thy maſter's pain,
So ſweetly ſing, ſo humbly ſigh,
That tho' my ſleeping love ſhall know
Who ſings, who ſighs below,
Her roſy ſlumbers ſhall not fly?
Thus may ſome viſion whiſper more
Than ever I dar'd ſpeak before.

The Fair Penitent.

YE mountains ſo dreary and dread,
To whom I ſo often repair,
In pity fall down on my head,
And ſnatch me at once from deſpair.

In mercy, ye ſkies, to my woes,
Let your thunders avengingly roll,
And death kindly huſh to repoſe
The Ætna that burſts on my ſoul.

Twelve moons have I ſcarcely been wed,
And honour'd with Beverley's name:
Yet how has the conjugal bed
Been ſteep'd in pollution and ſhame!

To the fondeſt and worthieſt youth,
All ſpotted and perjur'd I ſtand;
And this ring, which once ſwore to my truth,
Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand.

Perdition quick fall on the hour,
That firſt I ſaw Clerimont's face,
And fatally gave him a power
To plunge me in endleſs diſgrace.

From Time's ſwiftly ſilvering wing,
This inſtant, O let it be torn;
And pluck from remembrance a ſting
Too bitter, by far, to be borne.

Once white as the moon's pureſt ray,
This boſom could conſciouſly heave,
Deſpiſe ev'ry thought to betray,
And deteſt ev'ry wiſh to deceive.

Once crown'd with contentment and reſt,
My days held the happieſt race;
And the night ſaw me equally bleſt
In Beverley's honeſt embrace:

But now, one continued diſguiſe,
I'm hackney'd in falſehood and art,
And teach ev'ry glance of my eyes
To conceal ev'ry wiſh of my heart.

To meet with poor Beverley's kiſs,
What tranſport appears in my air!
Tho' this breaſt, once the pillow of bliſs,
Swells only with death and deſpair.

If a look is by accident caught,
I'm fill'd with a thouſand alarms;
And Clerimont fires ev'ry thought,
When I melt in fond Beverley's arms.

Great Ruler of all things above,
Whom Father of mercies we deem,
Let duty direct me to love,
Where reaſon compels my eſteem.

Yet how to thy throne ſhall, I run;
For pardon, how can I exclaim?
When I feel that each riſe of the ſun
Beholds a renewal of ſhame!

Nay, now while the guilt, I deteſt,
My conſcience ſo dreadfully wrings;
This Clerimont grows on my breaſt,
And inſenſibly twiſts round the ſtrings.

Diſtraction, this inſtant repair,
And ſeize the leaſt atom of brain;
For nature no longer can bear
This incredible fulneſs of pain!

Let mercy employ its own time,
I dare not look upwards that way;
For unleſs I deſiſt from my crime,
'Tis blaſphemy ſurely to pray.

The Fatal Meeting.

NINE ling'ring moons had paſs'd away
Since Henry left his Nancy dear,
To ſlow-conſuming grief a prey;
Each hour ſhe number'd with a tear.

Her fancy wander'd ſtill afar,
Still ſeem'd to hear the battle's roar,
Where 'midſt the crimſon ranks of war,
Young Henry fought on Freedom's ſhore.

At length the fatal news returns;
The foes have met—the ſtrife is o'er;
Now widow'd beauty vainly mourns;
Alas! no tears can life reſtore.

While all the tale of woe relate,
And mourn around each hero's bier;
Of gallant Henry's doubtful fate,
No tidings reach'd fair Nancy's ear.

Diſtracted by her riſing fears,
Her virgin robes ſhe lays aſide,
And now a beauteous youth appears,
The faireſt proof of Nature's pride.

By night the ſwelling ſails are ſpread;
Her parents, friends, and home ſhe leaves;
To brave, by ſtrong affection led,
The tempeſts, rocks, and wint'ry waves.

The billows rag'd; the ſtorm was high;
The crew all pale, with terror ſhook;
Yet Nancy view'd the low'ring ſky
With—ſad—but firm, unalter'd look.

When darkneſs clos'd the fearful view,
Oft on the deck, for hours ſhe ſigh'd,
While fancy grac'd each ſcene anew,
Where Henry woo'd her for his bride.

At length the wiſh'd-for land's in ſight,
And on the hoſtile ſhore ſhe ſtands:
Then flies to ſeek her ſoul's delight,
Amid' the Britiſh martial bands.

Too ſoon ſhe reach'd the fatal field;
With ſtreaming gore 'twas newly dy'd—
"Ye pow'rs, my deareſt Henry ſhield!"
The virgin, wild with terror, cry'd.

A feeble murmur caught her ear,
From 'midſt the ghaſtly forms of death;
"Adieu," it cry'd, "my Nancy, dear!
"O take thy Henry's parting breath!"

He died.—She gaz'd.—She lifeleſs fell,
Beyond the pow'r of art to ſave.
Nigh where *Potowmack*'s billows ſwell,
Fair Nancy ſleeps in Henry's grave.

Peral.

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A Bumper of good Liquor.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

A BUMPER, a bumper,
A bumper of good liquor,
Will end a conteſt quicker
Than juſtice, judge, or vicar,
So, fill each chearful glaſs.
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why ſooner drain the barrel,
Than be that hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

Can Love be controul'd by Advice.

By ..... Berkley, Eſq.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
Can madneſs and reaſon agree?
O, Molly! who'd ever be wiſe
If madneſs is loving of thee?
Let ſages pretend to deſpiſe
The joys they want ſpirits to taſte;
Let me ſeize old Time as he flies,
And the bleſſings of life while they laſt.

Dull Wiſdom but adds to our cares;
Briſk Love will improve ev'ry joy;
Too ſoon we may meet with grey hairs;
Too late may repent being coy:
Then, Molly, for what ſhould we ſtay,
'Till our beſt blood begins to run cold?
Our youth we can have but to-day;
We may always find time to grow old.

It has been ſaid this Song was written for the once well-known Lady *Vane.*

Could I each Fault remember.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

COULD I each fault remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon would impartial reaſon
The tyrant, Love, diſarm.

But when enrag'd, I number
The failings of her mind,
Love ſtill ſuggeſts her beauty,
And ſees, while Reaſon's blind.

The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

Sung in '*Comus.*'

WOULD you taſte the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you.

Down each ſide a fountain flows,
Tingling, murm'ring as it goes
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Sultry Phœbus ſcorching round.

Round the languid herds, and ſheep,
Stretch'd o'er ſunny hillocks, ſleep,
While on the hyacinth and roſe
The fair does all alone repoſe:

All alone—yet in her arms
Your breaſt ſhall beat to love's alarms,
'Till bleſs'd, and bleſſing, you ſhall own
The joys of love are joys alone.

Adieu, thou dreary Pile.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

ADIEU, thou dreary pile,
Where ſadneſs never dies,
Where echo ſtill repeats
The mourner's plaintive ſighs!

For happier ſcenes I fly,
I fly this hateful grove,
To ev'ry joy a foe,
A grave to hapleſs love.

Soft Fancy, thou Truant to me.

Sung in '*The Rival Candidates.*'

SOFT Fancy, thou truant to me,
My ſummons, oh, quickly obey!
Neglected by Byron and thee,
How heavily paſſes the day!

Thy charms I've miſtaken for love,
So artfully doſt thou beguile,
Thy magic enlivens the grove,
When he has forgotten to ſmile!

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Turn thee round, I pray thee.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Ducnna.*'

TURN thee round, I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage,
I muſt help to ſtay thee,
And thy wrath aſſuage.

Could'ſt thou not diſcover
One ſo near to thee?
Could'ſt thou be a lover,
And yet fly from me?

My Jo, Janet.

SWEET ſir, for your courtſye,
When you come by the Baſs, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking glaſs, then;
" Keek into the draw-well,
" Janet, Janet,
" And there ye'll ſee your bonny ſell,
" My Jo, Janet."

Keeking into the draw-well clear,
What if I ſhould fa' in, ſir?
Then a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd myſell for ſin, ſir.
" Had the better by the brae,
" Janet, Janet;
" Had the better by the brae,
" My Jo, Janet."

Good ſir, for your courteſy,
Coming thro' Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of ſheen, then.
" Clout the auld, the new are dear,
" Janet, Janet,
" Ae pair may gain ye half a year,
" My Jo, Janet."

But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkipping like a maukin,
Folk ſhould ſee my clouted ſheen,
Of me they will be talking;
" Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
" Janet, Janet,
" Syne a' their faut's will no be ſeen,
" My Jo, Janet."

Kind ſir, for your courteſiy,
When ye gae to the Cro's, then,
For tha love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horſe, then.
" Pace upo' your ſpinning wheel,
" Janet, Janet;
" Pace upo' your ſpinning wheel,
" My Jo, Janet."

My ſpinning wheel is auld and ſtiff,
The rock o't winna ſtand, ſir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs oft' my hand, ſir.
" Make the beſt o't that you can,
" Janet, Janet;
" But like it ne'er wale a man,
" My Jo, Janet."

Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS roſy morn, when chaſte Diana bright,
From balmy ſlumbers ſpringing light,
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleaſing reſt,
And thus her ſylvan train addreſs'd:

AIR.

From this high mount with me deſcend,
And now to the joys of the chace,—
O'er hills and dales our flight we bend,
And match the fleet ſtag in our pace.

My ſilver bow is ready ſtrung,
My golden quiver graceful hung:
Away, my nymphs, away,—
Let ſhouts to the welkin reſound;
And ſhe who ſtrikes the deſtin'd prey,
Shall queen of the foreſt be crown'd.

What care I how fair ſhe be.

SHALL I, waſting in deſpair,
Die becauſe a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cauſe another's roſy are?
Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be.

Shall a woman's goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her love?
Or her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt;
As may merit name the beſt;
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be.

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair;
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die e'er ſhe ſhall grieve;
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn and let her go:
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for who ſhe be.

How happy art thou and I.

HOW happy art thou and I,
That never knew how to love!
There's no ſuch bleſſing here beneath,
Whate'er there be above,
As liberty, ſweet liberty!
Which every wiſe man loves.

Then merrily let us drink,
And merrily let us ſing,
There's no ſuch bleſſing here beneath,
Whate'er there be above,

Tweed Side.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſie, nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The black-bird, and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not 'tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind Nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
The graces of love round her dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray;
Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

Oft does Hymen ſmile to hear.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

OFT does Hymen ſmile to hear
Words and vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're ſincere,
Never ſlow to give reward.
For his glory is to prove
Kind to thoſe who wed for love.

O had my Love ne'er ſmil'd on me.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

O HAD my love ne'er ſmil'd on me,
I ne'er had known ſuch anguiſh;
But think how falſe, how cruel ſhe,
To bid me ceaſe to languiſh.

To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half periſh'd,
And then with cold and fix'd diſdain,
To kill the hope ſhe cheriſh'd.

Not worſe his fate who on a wreck,
That drove as wind did blow it,
Silent had left the ſhatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it.

When land was cry'd, no more reſign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it;
Not worſe his fate, his woe to find
The wreck muſt ſink ere near it.

Friendſhip is the Bond of Reaſon.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

FRIENDSHIP is the bond of reaſon,
But if beauty diſapprove,
Heav'n abſolves all other treaſon
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I ſwore,
As a civil oath I view;
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I falſe muſt be,
Can I doubt which to prefer,
A breach of ſocial faith to thee,
Of ſacrilege to love and her?

I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

THOU canſt not boaſt of Fortune's ſtore,
My love, while me they wealthy call;
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For with my heart I'll give thee all,
And then the grateful youth will own
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

But when this worth my hand ſhall gain,
No look or word of mine ſhall ſhew
That I the ſmalleſt thought retain
Of what my bounty did beſtow:
Yet ſtill his grateful heart ſhall own
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

Ah! cruel Maid.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna.*'

AH! cruel maid, how haſt thou chang'd
The temper of my mind!
My heart, by thee from mirth eſtrang'd,
Becomes, like thee, unkind.

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was;
And friends I had, that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applauſe.

But now my weakneſs all abuſe,
Yet vain their taunts on me,
Friends, fortune, fame itſelf I'd loſe
To gain one ſmile of thee.

Yet only thou ſhould'ſt not deſpiſe
My folly or my woe;
If I am mad in others eyes,
'Tis thou haſt made me ſo.

But days like theſe, with doubting ourſt,
I will not long endure:
Am I deſpis'd? I know the worſt,
And alſo know my cure.

If falſe, her vows ſhe dare renounce,
She inſtant ends my pain;
For, oh! that heart muſt break at once,
Which cannot hate again.

Johnny Armſtrong.

The hero of the following ballad's habitation, was at no great diſtance from the river Ewſe; there he had a ſtrong body of men under his command, and all his neighbours, even the neareſt Engliſh, ſtood in awe of him, and paid him tribute. When James V. *reigned in Scotland, and* Henry III. *in England, the former, willing to ſuppreſs all robbers, levied a ſmall army, marched out againſt the banditti, and pitched his tents hard by the river Ewſe. At this* Johnny Armſtrong *became ſenſible of his danger, and would willingly have made his peace. Some of the king's officers finding him in this diſpoſition, ſecretly perſuaded him to make his ſubmiſſion; adding, that they durſt aſſure him he would be kindly received.* Armſtrong *followed their counſel, and with ſixty horſemen unarmed, haſtened to the king, but imprudently forgot to provide himſelf with paſſes, and a ſafe conduct. Thoſe who had given him this advice, ſenſible of his error, lay in ambuſh for, ſurprized and took him, with his ſixty men, and carried them all to the king, pretending that they had taken him priſoner. Nor was he accuſed of robbing only, but of having alſo formed a deſign of delivering up that part of the country to the Engliſh; and being condemned, he, with fifty-four of his companions, was hanged; the other ſix were reſerved as hoſtages, to deter their fellows from being guilty of the like crime. Our poet poſſibly thought, that the gallows was too low a death for his hero, and therefore rather choſe to let him die bravely fighting. Inſtead of three, he gives him a retinue of eight-ſcore men, and lays the ſcene in Edinburgh.*

IS there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the higheſt ſtate, to the loweſt degree,
That can ſhew himſelf before our king,
Scotland's ſo full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Weſtmoreland,
And *Johnny Armſtrong* they do him call;
He has no lands, or rents coming in,
Yet keeps eightſcore men within his hall.

He has horſes and harneſs for them all,
And goodly ſteeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand, ſo tenderly,
And hath ſent it unto *Johnny Armſtrong*,
To come and ſpeak with him ſpeedily.

When *John* he look'd this letter upon,
He look'd as blithe as a bird in a tree,
"I was never before a king in my life,
"My father, my grandfather, none of us three.

"But ſeeing we muſt go before the king,
"Lord, we will go moſt gallantly,
"Ye ſhall ev'ry one have a ſcarlet coat,
"Laid down with golden laces three.

"And ev'ry one ſhall have a ſcarlet cloak,
"Laid down with ſilver laces five,
"With your golden belts about your waiſts,
"Hats and feathers all alike."

But when *Johnny* went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and faſt it did rain,
"Now, fare thee well, thou Giltnock-hall,
"I fear I'll ne'er ſee thee again."

Now *Johnny* is to Edenborough gone,
With his eightſcore men ſo gallantly,
And ev'ry one of them on a milk-white ſteed,
With bucklers and ſwords hanging to their knee.

But when *John* came before the king,
With his eightſcore men ſo gallant to ſee,
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,
He thought he'd been a king as well as he.

"O, pardon, pardon, my ſovereign leigh,
"Pardon my eightſcore men and me;
"For my name it is *Johnny Armſtrong*,
"A ſubject of your's, my leigh," ſaid he.

"Away with thee, thou falſe traitor,
"No pardon will I grant to thee,
"But to-morrow morn, by eight of the clock,
"I'll hang thy eightſcore men and thee."

Then *Johnny* looks o'er his left ſhoulder,
And to his merry men thus ſaid he,
"I've aſk'd grace of a graceleſs face,
"No pardon there's for you and me."

Then *John* pull'd out his good broad ſword,
That was made of the mettle ſo free;
Had the king not mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his body.

"Come, follow me, my merry men all,
"We will ſcorn one foot to fly,
"It ſhall ne'er be ſaid, we were hang'd like dogs;
"We'll fight it out moſt manfully."

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were ſturdy, ſtout and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's guard;
None left alive but two or three.

But then roſe up all Edenborough,
They roſe up by thouſands three,
A cowardly Scot came *John* behind,
And run him thro' the fair body.

Said *John*, "fight on, my merry all,
"I am a little wounded, but am not ſlain,
"I'll lay me down, and bleed awhile,
"Then I'll riſe and fight with you again."

Then they fought like madmen all,
Till many lay dead upon the plain,
For they reſolv'd before they'd yield,
That ev'ry man would there be ſlain.

So there they fought courageouſly,
Till moſt of them lay dead, and ſlain,
But little *Muſgrave*, that was his foot page,
With his bonny *Griſſel* got 'way unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
The lady ſpy'd him preſently,
"What news, what news, thou little foot page,
"From thy maſter and his company?"

"My news is bad, lady," he ſaid,
"Which I do bring, as you may ſee;
"My maſter, *John Armſtrong*, is ſlain,
"And all his gallant company."

"Yet thou art welcome, my bonny *Griſſel*,
"Oft thou'ſt been fed with corn and hay,
"Thou ſhall be fed with bread and wine,
"Thy ſides ſhall ne'er be ſpur'd, I ſay."

O then beſpoke his little ſon,
As he ſat on his nurſe's knee,
"If e'er I live to be a man,
"My father's death reveng'd ſhall be.

Price, [Numb. 57] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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The Cottage on the Moor.

Sung in the Pantomime of '*Niobe.*'

MY mam is no more, and my dad in his grave,
Little orphans are sister and I, sadly poor;
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
But yon neat little cottage, that stands on the moor

The lark's early song does to labour invite,
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door;
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
To our neat little cottage, that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore,
And heart-ease, and health, make a palace appear,
Of our neat little cottage, that stands on the moor.

Come, chear up, my Lads.

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again, and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
They never see us, but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more.
Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children and beaux;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them fret,
In spite of the devil, or Bruffel's gazette:
Then, chear up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.
Heart of oak, &c.

SONG.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;
That a sullen indifference will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O, Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
Which it ought to revive with delight?

Upbraiding, shall Gratitude say with a tear,
"That no longer I think of those charms
"Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
"And faded at length in my arms?"

Why, yes! it may happen, thou damsel divine—
To be honest—I freely declare,
That e'en *now* to thy *converse* so much I incline,
I've *already forgot* thou art *fair.*

Dr. Walcot.

The constant Lass.

YOUR Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping old stairs;
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the *'bacco-box*—mark'd with my name

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a buss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I staid,
For his trowsers I wash'd, and his bumbo I made.

Though you threaten'd last Sunday to walk in the mall
With Susan, from Depford, and Billingsgate Sall,
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.

Still faithful and fond from the first of my life,
Tho' I boast not the name, I've the truth of a wife,
For falsehood in wedlock too often is priz'd,—
And the heart that is constant should not be despis'd.

Arley.

PUBLISHED at N°. IO, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

In praise of Wine.

BANISH sorrow, let's drink and be merry, boys,
Time flies swiftly, to-morrow brings care;
If you believe it,
Drinking deceives it,
Wine will relieve it,
And drown despair.
The sweets of wine are found in possessing
'Tis juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing;
The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in
A bumper or two with a chearful friend.

'Tis wine gives strength when nature's exhausted,
Heals the sick man, and frees the slave;
Makes the stiff stumble,
And the proud humble,
Exalts the niggard,
Makes cowards brave.
For the sweets, &c.

'Tis wine that prompts the timorous lover;
Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise;
She'll cry, you'll undo her,
But be a brisk wooer,
Attack her, pursue her,
You'll gain the prize.
For the sweets, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes worldly sorrow,
Then who would omit the pleasing task?
Since wine's sweet society
Eases anxiety,
Hang dull sobriety;
Bring t'other flask.
For the sweets, &c.

The Beggars.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Jovial Crew.*'

THAT all men are beggars, we plainly may see,
For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,
Tho' none are so blest'd or so happy as we,
Which nobody can deny, deny;
Which nobody can deny.

The tradesman he begs that his wares you would buy,
Then begs you'd believe him the price is not high;
And swears 'tis his trade, when he tells you a lie.
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee,
Tho' he reads not your brief, or regards not your plea,
But advises your foe how to get a decree.
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The courtier, he begs for a pension, a place,
A ribbon, a title, a smile from his grace,
'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.
Which nobody should deny, &c.

But if, by mishap, he should chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone;
There's but one honest man, and himself is that one,
Which nobody dares deny, &c.

The fair one she labours whole mornings at home,
New charms to create, and much paint to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.
Which nobody should deny, &c.

The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply:
She begs he'd begone; yet with languishing eye,
Still begs he would stay, for a maid she can't die.
Which none but a fool would deny, &c.

The Merits of Printing.

By J. S. Dodd.

ADDRESSED TO PRINTERS.

WHO ALONE CAN FULLY COMPREHEND THEM.

Tune—'*The Roast Beef of Old England.*'

WHEN learning and science were both sunk in night,
And Genius and Freedom were banish'd outright,
The invention of Printing soon brought all to light.
Then carol the praises of Printing,
And sing in that noble art's praise.

Then all who profess this great heaven taught art,
And have liberty, virtue, and knowledge at heart,
Come join in these verses, and now bear a part.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' ev'ry Composer a *Galley* must have,
Yet judge not from that a Composer's a slave,
For Printing hath often dug Tyranny's grave,
Then carol, &c.

If *Correction* he needs, all mankind does the same,
When he *Quadrates* his *Matter*, he is not to blame,
For to *justification* he lays a strong claim.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' he daily *Imposes*, 'tis not to do wrong;
Like Nimrod he follows the *Chace* all day long,
And always to him a good *Slice* does belong.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' friendly to peace, yet *French Canon* he loves,
Expert in his *Great* and *Long Primer* he proves
And with skill and address all his *Furniture* he moves.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' no antiquarian, he deals much in *Coins*,
And freedom with loyalty closely combines,
And to aid the Republic—of Letters—he joins.
Then carol, &c.

Extremes he avoids, and a *Medium* invites,
Tho' no Blockhead, he often in *Fools-cap* delights,
And handles his *Shooting-stick*, tho' he ne'er fights,
Then carol, &c.

But the art to complete, the stout Press-men must come,
And make use of their *Balls*, their *Frisket* and *Drum*,
And to strike the *Impression* the *Flattin* pull home.
Then carol, &c.

But as the old proverb declares very clear,
"We're the fartheſt from God when the Church we
"are near,"
So, in all Printing *Chapels* do DEVILS appear,
Then carol, &c.

On the Press, Truth, Religion, and Learning depend,
Whilst that remains free, Slav'ry ne'er gains its end,
Then my *Bodkin* in him who is not Printing's friend.
And carol, &c.

A pretty Week's Work.

ON Monday, young Colin, who liv'd in the dale,
Came to me when milking, and carry'd my pail;
He ſaid, that he well had examin'd his mind,
He'd wed me on Wedneſday, if I was inclin'd;
And vow'd, when we came to the willow deck'd brook,
If I doubted his truth, he'd ſwear on the book.

To know if my lover would keep to his vow,
On Tueſday, the while he was buſy at plough,
I ran to the cot of old Dorcas below,
And begg'd ſhe would tell me the thing I would know;
I gave her a ſixpence I'd ſav'd from my youth,
And promis'd another to come at the truth.

Her ſpectacles quickly ſhe took from her ſide,
Examin'd my hand, aſk'd me queſtions beſide;
Then told me ſhe ſaw, by a ſpark in my eye,
If Colin was willing, 'twas beſt to comply:
Then ſaid, "child do this, leſt your wiſhes are croſs'd,
"For in matters of love, no time's to be loſt.

On Wedneſday he came dizen'd out in his beſt,
He gave me a poſy to ſtick in my breaſt;
Then ſweetly he kiſs'd me, and told me the time,
And ſaid "let us haſte ere the village bells chime."
But I, ſilly I, ſure the worſt of my kind!
Reply'd with a ſneer, ſir, I've alter'd my mind.

At this, with reſentment becoming the ſwain,
He turn'd from a fool, and went off with diſdain;
As ſoon as he left me, I thought on my fate,
And the words of old Dorças, but, ah! twas too late!
I ran to the vale, ſearch'd the hamlets round,
To find out my ſwain, but no Colin I found.

On Thurſday, ſo ſoon as the lark ſtruck my ear,
I travers'd the meads in purſuit of my dear;
Sing on, pretty lark, (to the warbler I cry'd)
Thou'rt happy, becauſe thou art true to thy bride:
But, alas! all endeavours were idle and vain!
Not one on the meadows knew ought of my ſwain.

When Friday was come I grew ſick of my lot;
I ran to the vale, and enquir'd at each cot;
But ſucceſsleſs, alas! were all efforts to me,
No tidings I heard, nor no Colin could ſee;
'Twas Saturday, now, and the ſearch I renew'd,
As luckleſs as ever, the ſearch I purſu'd.

On Sunday I wandered diſtracted till noon,
When the bells 'gan a peal, delightful in tune;
I ſtopt the firſt perſon I met in my way,
And aſked the cauſe of their being ſo gay;
Who told me, this morning, young Colin had been
Wedded to beautiful Doll of the green.

That inſtant I ran to the green willow'd brook,
Where Colin had ſwore to be true, on a book;
My garters I bound to the ſturdieſt bough,
And had acted, ye virgins, I cannot tell how!
If reaſon had not interpos'd with her aid,
And bade me deſiſt, for a ſilly young maid.

Ye maidens who hear me, ne'er act ſuch a part,
Nor reject the true ſwain who'd yield you his heart;
Comply when he's kind, for I've known to my coſt,
In matters of love there's no time to be loſt.
Do this, and no cauſe in your boſom ſhall lurk,
To make you repent of a pretty week's work.

Cupid's Complaint.

ONCE, a bee, unſeen while ſleeping,
Touch'd, by love from roſe-buds creeping,
Stung the boy, who blood eſpying
On his finger, fell a crying;
Then both feet, and pinions ſtraining,
Flew to Venus, thus complaining:

"Oh! mamma, mamma, I am dying,
"Me, a little dragon ſpying,
"Which the ploughman-tribe ſo ſtupid,
"Call a bee, has bit your Cupid."

"Ah!" quoth Venus, ſmiling ſhrewdly,
"If a bee can wound ſo rudely,
"Cupid, think how ſharp the ſorrows
"Caus'd by thy envenom'd arrows.

Song to Delia.

By Dr. Walcot.

HOW long ſhall hapleſs Colin mourn,
The cold regard of Delia's eye?
The heart whoſe only crime is love,
Can Delia's ſoftneſs doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear;
Thy beauties, O divinely bright!
In one ſhort hour by Delia's ſide
I taſte whole ages of delight.

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
My tongue forbore its fondeſt tale,
Not to diſpleaſe a cruel maid,
And ſigh'd amid'ſt the diſtant vale.

What happier ſhepherd wins thy ſmiles,
A bliſs for which I hourly pine?
Some ſwain, perhaps, whoſe fertile vales,
And fleecy flocks are more than thine!

Few are the vales that Colin boaſts,
And few the flocks thoſe vales that rove!
With wealth I court not Delia's heart—
A nobler bribe I offer—Love!

Yet ſhould the virgin yield her hand,
And thoughtleſs wed for wealth alone;
The act may make my boſom bleed,
But ſurely cannot bleſs her own.

A Glaſs is good.

A GLASS is good, and a laſs is good,
And a pipe is good in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together:
A bottle it is a very good thing,
With a good deal of good wine in it,
A ſong is good when a body can ſing,
And to finiſh we muſt begin it.
A glaſs is good, &c.

A friend is good when you're out of good luck,
For that is the time to try him;
For a juſtice, good the haunch of a buck,
With ſuch a good preſent you buy him:
A fine old woman is good when ſhe's dead,
A rogue very good for good hanging;
A fool is good by the noſe to be led;
My good ſong deſerves a good banging.
A glaſs is good, &c.

Monkiſh Verſes.

BY WAY OF PARODY ON THE VERSES ENTITLED

—"*Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine.*"—

WHICH APPEARED IN NUMB. 17.

A BULL-DOG ſo fierce, and a ſpaniel ſo meek,
Convers'd as they lay on the mow;
They ſtar'd, and they bark'd—and then utter'd a
ſqueak!
For the name of the dog we will *Cæſar* beſpeak,
And the bitch was the fair little *Flo*.

"And, oh, then," ſaid *Cæſar*, "a bull-baiting, dear,
"To morrow takes place at the fair:
"I thither am ſent; while I very much fear
"Some dogs, to your eyes that more pleaſing appear,
"Your affections from me will enſnare!"

"Nay, check theſe ſuſpicions," ſaid *Flora*, diſtreſs'd,
"Nor injure your true-love ſo far:
"For no other dog, you aſſured may reſt,
"But *Cæſar* alone, with my heart ſhall be bleſt—
"For *Cæſar* alone ruleth there.

"If e'er on my charms noiſy Pincher or Jack
"Repoſe, while they call me their wife,
"I wiſh" [here ſhe ſent forth a falſe oath alack!]
"That your ghoſt may appear without tail to its
back,
"Aſcend from below with a terrible crack—
"And frighten me out of my life!"

To Smithfield then haſten'd this bull-dog ſo fierce,
Little *Flora* gave vent to her woe;
Scarce three day elaps'd (how I grieve to rehearſe!)
When a grey-hound beſpangl'd with ſpots—what a
curſe!—
Arriv'd at the kennel of *Flo*.

His collar, his perſon, his flattering vows,
Soon made her untrue to her ſwain—
He won her attachment by graces and bows:
At length ſhe conſented to call him her ſpouſe—
And ne'er think of *Cæſar* again!

And now they were joined in Hymen's ſoft ties,
And now they for feaſting prepar'd;
With pails full of tripe they regaled their eyes;
But how great was their wonder, diſmay, and ſurpriſe
When they heard the bell ring in the yard!

Then firſt, much aſtoniſh'd, did *Flora* behold
Some other dog plac'd at her ſide,
Who bark'd not at all, tho' he look'd very bold,
While round to the fair one his eye-balls he roll'd—
And open'd his mouth very wide!

His viſage was gruff, and gigantic his paw,
His collar was ſable to view;
From the gueſts on a ſudden did pleaſure withdraw;
The dogs all ſhriek'd out at the ſight of his claw,
And the cats all in concert cry'd—"mew."

So great was the fear and diſmay that he ſpread;
So much had he frighten'd each dog,
None ſpoke, till poor *Flora* took courage, and ſaid,
"I pray that your gruffneſs aſide may be laid,
"While you deign to partake of our prog."

This ſaid, her requeſt with attention he grants,
And he promis'd to alter his mein;
He began like a donky to kick and to prance;
His fleſh from his bones fell, as 'twere in romance,
And a ſkeleton dog there was ſeen!

Thro' the party this ſent forth amazement, no doubt;
This ſtruck with a panic the row!—
The maggots crept in, and the maggots crept out;
They ſtraggled, they jump'd, and they ſcamper'd
about,
While the ſpectre addreſs'd little *Flo*.

Theſe words to falſe *Flora* the ſkeleton ſpake,
While boldly he claim'd her as wife—
"Behold, I am come without tail to my back,
"To bear you to torture, to pains, and to rack;
"And ſo put an end to your life!"

He ſpoke—and his claws round the Fair One he
threw;
Poor *Flora* redoubled her moan;
Then off with his prize to the Devil he flew,
(Sad fate for poor *Flora*!)—but nobody knew
Which way to OLD NICK they were gone.

Not long liv'd the greyhound; and none ſince that
hour
To inhabit the kennel preſume:
There chronicles tell, forc'd by ſome mighty pow'r,
She ſuffers repentant, as well as her wooer—
And mourns her deplorable doom!

At midnight twelve times in the year does her ſprite,
When mortals are all ſnoring out,
Appear in the yard, on a moonſhiny night
(Ye dogs, what a dreadful and horrible ſight!)—
And ſcreams as he twirls her about!

With tubs full of brimſtone, and water and mud,
'Midſt dog-goblins they utter their woe:
A toaſt they put round that would freeze one's
heart's blood—
"Let us all drink a health to *Cæſar* the proud,
"And his conſort, the falſe little *Flo!*"

Price, [Numb. 58] One Penny.

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Oh, take this Wreath.

OH, take this wreath my hand has wove,
The pledge and emblem of my love,
Theſe flow'rs will keep their brighteſt hue,
While you are conſtant, kind and true ;
But ſhould you, falſe to love and me,
Wiſh from my fondneſs to be free,
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

Come, ye Lads who wiſh to ſhine.

COME, ye lads who wiſh to ſhine
Bright in future ſtory,
Haſte to arms and form the line,
That leads to future glory.

Charge the muſket, point the lance,
Brave the worſt of dangers,
Tell the bluſt'ring ſons of France,
That we to fear are ſtrangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And her flag is rearing,
Always finds her ſons diſpos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.
Charge the muſket, &c.

Hearts of oak, with ſpeed advance,
Pour your naval thunder
On the trembling ſhores of France,
And ſtrike the world with wonder.
Charge the muſket, &c.

Honour for the brave to ſhare,
Is the nobleſt booty,
Guard your coaſts, protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty.
Charge the muſket, &c.

Tho' Spain and Holland take their parts,
Bound in baſe alliance,
Let's all unite, and Britiſh hearts
May bid the world defiance.

Beat the drum—the trumpet ſound,
Manly and united,
Dangers face, maintain your ground,
And ſee your country righted.

Dicky Goſſip.

WHEN I was a younker, I firſt was apprentice
Unto a gay barber ſo dapper and airy ;
I next was a carpenter, then turn'd dentiſt ;
Then taylor, good lord! then an apothecary,
But for this trade or that,
Why they all come as pat,
They all come as pat as they can,
For ſhaving and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging and ſawing,
Dicky Goſſip, Dicky Goſſip is the man.

Tho' taylor and dentiſt but aukwardly tether,
In both the vocations I ſtill have my ſavings ;
And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber and carpenter both deal in ſhavings ;
So, for this trade or that,
Why they all come as pat,
They all come, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings ſo various,
I fancy they happen to ſome that are prouder ;
I once gave a patient, whoſe health was precarious,
A terrible doſe of my beſt ſhaving powder.
But no matter for that,
Why my trades come as pat,
They all come, &c.

As wrapt in Sleep I lay.

AS wrapt in ſleep I lay,
Fancy aſſumed her ſway,
A voice that ſpoke deſpair,
Cried, " mourn thy lover baniſh'd ;
" Cold, cold beneath the main,
" Lies he in battle ſlain,
" Mourn, mourn thou wretched fair,
" All hopes from thee are vaniſh'd."

Upon the rock I ſtood;
Forth from the foaming flood
Aroſe the lovely form
Of him who now is baniſh'd.
Looſe flow'd his auburn hair,
Gor'd was his boſom bare ;
Sinking amid the ſtorm,
He ſigh'd, " adieu," and vaniſh'd.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Drunken Song.

OH, what a misfortune befel me to-day,
As I look'd for a pretty young girl,
They tumbled me into a butt of ſtrong beer,
I thought to be drowned therein:
Be drowned therein, be drowned therein,
I thought to be drowned therein.

But what is the reaſon I reel thus about,
I'm afraid the beer's got in my head;
I reel to and fro' like a ſhip in a ſtorm,
Oh, I wiſh I was ſafe in my bed.
Safe in my bed, &c.

Oh, what a misfortune befel me to-night,
As I ſwam in a river of beer;
I div'd to the bottom, and then up again,
And now behold you all ſee me here:
You all ſee me here, &c.

But what is the reaſon you will not ſtand ſtill,
I find you muſt all be drank up;
I'll put it in my pocket and give it my wife,
And then ſhe will ſleep very well.
Will ſleep very well, &c.

Our Top Sail's a-trip.

OUR top ſail's a-trip, and our anchor's a-weigh,
To far diſtant climes from my Fanny I ſtray;
Tho' borne by falſe winds, ſtill thy ſailor is true,
Tho' wand'ring, he's conſtant to love and to you.

The rock-daſhing billows that loudly do roar,
The ſurge that rebounds from yon leſſening ſhore,
Seem to ſwell with my tears, and the boiſterous wind,
To increaſe with my ſighs, as I leave thee behind.

When perils ſurround me I'll think of my love,
The ſoothing idea all fears will remove:
With ſafety I'll plough thro' the dangerous main,
With grief now we part to meet happy again.

The Death of Hebe.

FAIR Hebe, lovely Hebe gone,
A clay-cold victim lies;
The roſe-buds from her cheeks are flown,
Pale death has cloſ'd her eyes:
In awful knell the ſolemn toll
Increas'd poor Colin's grief;
Affliction's load weigh'd down his ſoul,
His mind knew no relief.

Oppreſt with anguiſh and deſpair,
With downcaſt eyes he mov'd,
And tending cloſe the ſable bier,
Bewail'd the maid he lov'd:
But when the ſacred rights were paid,
And earth to heav'n was giv'n,
In ſorrow's voice he trembling ſaid,
"This is the will of heav'n."

Each coming day, at bluſh of morn,
O'er Hebe's grave he ſtands,
Where waving ſhrubs the ſpot adorn,
Rais'd by the mourner's hands:
Hope's cheering rays afford no gleam,
To eaſe the ſhepherd's ſighs;
The hallow'd turf ſeems ever green,
Bedew'd from Colin's eyes.

The Heireſs ſtole away.

YOU who hunt after fortune attend,
And you who make beauty your game,
To me your attention pray lend,
I'm an heireſs of fortune and fame:
"An heireſs! hark, forward," they cry,
Purſu'd by the young and the old;
Over hedges and ditches they fly,
To come within view of the gold:

While I, like the poor timid hare,
When ſhe firſt hears the horn's diſtant lay,
Start, double, and run without care,
"Stole away!" they all cry "ſtole away!"

An Iriſh young hunter gave chace,
O dear—but he'd make me his wife;
Or 'twould be, when dead, my ſad caſe,
To lead little apes all my life:
"An heireſs! hark, forward!" his cry,
No danger his love ſhould diſmay,
After breaking his neck, he would try
To hunt me to death his own way:
When I, &c.

But I've a young man in my eye,
Not you, ſir; no, no, ſir, nor you;
On him I may ſafely rely,
He keeps me at all times in view:
"An heireſs! hark, forward!" they cry,
Yet that had not power to charm;
'Twas love, I'll not ſtrive to deny,
A love that was gen'rous and warm:
I'll with him, like the poor timid hare,
When ſhe firſt hears the horn's diſtant lay,
Start, double, and run without fear
"Stole away!" they all cry, "ſtole away."

The Row.

TO be ſure I don't love in my heart now,
What ſome people call a good duſt,
And with life was I ſure for to part now,
As ſome time or other I muſt:
When I ſee a lady in danger,
I up to her march with a bow,
And from her ne'er ſhrink as a ſtranger,
But inſtantly kick up a row:

For I pelt away, whelt away, whack away,
Lather away all that I can,
Well pleas'd I'm to loſe my life ſtill,
For woman, that bleſſing to man:
Give me but a ſprig of ſhilaly,
And may be I'll not ſhew you how,
Be a puppy's coat ever ſo mealy,
To duſt, when I kick up a row.

One night as I walk'd down the ſtrand, I
Saw ladies by ruffians abus'd,
So, ſays I, to be ſure I can't ſtand by,
And ſee the ſweet creatures miſus'd;
So that which Ma'am Juſtice ſhould ſettle,
Had ſhe been awake, you'll allow,
I, being of true Iriſh mettle,
Compounded, by making a row.
For I pelt away, &c.

As for fighting, I don't ſay I love it,
For ſometimes it proves a bad job—
And what, pray now, more would you have on't,
I got a ſnug gaſh on my nob:
But where I ſee ladies ill treating,
My country I'll ſtrait diſavow,
If I don't give the thieves ſuch a bating,
And always I'll keep up the row.
For I pelt away, &c.

Oh! I am come to the Low Country.

OH! I am come to the low country,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie.
Without a penny in my purſe,
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae ſae in the Highland-hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie,
Nae woman in the country wide,
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a ſcore o' kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie,
Feeding on yon hill ſo high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three ſcore o' ewes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie,
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
And caſting woo to me.

I was the happieſt of a' the clan,
Sair, ſair may I repine,
For Donald was the braweſt man,
And Donald he was mine.

Ochon, oh, Donald, oh!
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the world ſo wide,
Sae wretched now as me.

Summer's a pleaſant Time.

SUMMER's a pleaſant time,
Flowers of ev'ry colour,
The water runs o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

Ay, waukin, O,
Waukin ſtill and weary,
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.

When I ſleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm irie,
Reſt I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.

Ay waukin, &c.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are ſleeping,
I think on my bonny lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greeting.

Ay waukin, &c.

The jolly Tar.

COME, come, jolly boys, that ſailors be,
Who oft' have plough'd the dang'rous ſea,
And when you hear the whiſtling wind,
Still think of her you left behind:
Still let her bleſſed image near,
Preſerve your faithful heart from fear,
And to your breaſt the tablet keep,
Thro' all the dangers of the deep.

Come, come, jolly boys, who ſailors be,
Who are ſo happy and ſo free?
The luckleſs landſmen's quiet mind,
By home, or wife, is oft' confin'd:
Whilſt we, tho' dreaded thunders roll,
That know no pow'r to ſhake our ſoul,
O'er diſtant ſcenes in triumph hurl'd,
Still feel no limits but the world.

Whilſt a Captive to your Charms.

WHILST a captive to your charms
I enfold you in my arms,
When I ſigh and ſwear I'm true,
Think I love no girl but you.
When I ſay your face is fair,
And all of you beyond compare,
Praiſe your mind, and temper too,
Love but him who loves but you.

While I doat upon you more
Than ſhepherd did on nymph before,
Can you bid the world adieu,
Can you love as I love you?
O'er lands and waves with you I'll fly,
With you I'll live, with you I'll die;
Whate'er you'd have of me, I'll do,
Then think I none can love but you.

Whilſt I breathe my ardent flame,
Has your boſom caught the ſame?
Let me have, dear girl, my due,
Love then him who loves but you.
Sweet your look and fond your ſigh,
To my wiſhes now comply;
Hymen claims to-day his due;
Love then me as I love you.

Young Damon of the Vale.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets moan,
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a ſtone.

His ſhroud, which Death's cold damps deſtroy,
Of ſnow-white threads was made;
All mourn'd to ſee ſo ſweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

Pale panſies o'er his corpſe were plac'd,
Which, pluckt before their time,
Beſtrew'd the boy, like him to waſte,
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whoſe tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd ſo well—
Ah, me! how many a true love ſhow'r
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried.
Within his grave ſhe dropt in grief,
And o'er her lov'd one died.

SONG.

Sung in '*Lodoiſka.*'

YE ſtreams that round my priſon creep,
If on your moſſy banks you ſee
My gallant lover ſtand and weep,
Oh, murmur this command from me—
"Thy miſtreſs bids thee haſte away,
"And ſhun the broad-ey'd watchful day."

Ye gales that love to hear me ſigh,
If in your breezy flight you ſee
My dear Floreſki ling'ring nigh,
Oh, whiſper this command from me—
"Thy miſtreſs bids thee haſte away,
"And ſhun the broad-ey'd watchful day."

The Triumphs of Owen.*

A FRAGMENT.

BY MR. GRAY.

OWEN's praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift, and *Owen* ſtrong;
Faireſt flower of *Roderic*'s ſtem,
§ Gwyneth's ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor on all profuſely pours,
Lord of every regal art,
Lib'ral hand, and open heart.

Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
‖ Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman ſails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntleſs on the native ſands
† The dragon-ſon of Mona ſtands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thund'ring ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.

‡ Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While heap'd his maſter's feet around,
Proſtrate warriors gnaw the ground.

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Deſpair and honourable death.

* * * * * * * * *

* From Mr. Evans's ſpecimen of the Welch poetry, London, 1764. Quarto. Owen ſucceeded his father, Griffin, in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near 40 years afterwards.

‖ Denmark.

§ North Wales.

† The Red Dragon is the Device of Cadwallader, which all his Deſcendants bore on their Banners.

‡ This and the three following Lines are not in the former Editions, but are now added from the Author's MSS.

The Carouſal of Odin.

BY MR. PENROSE.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the ſculls, 'tis *Odin*'s cry:
Heard you not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?
"Fill the meath, and ſpread the board,
"Vaſſals of the griſly lord."

The portal hinges grate,—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In ſtalk the various forms, and dreſt
In various armour, various veſt,
With helm and morion, targe and ſhield,
Some quivering launces couch, ſome biting maces wield:
All march with haughty ſtep, all proudly ſhake the creſt.

The feaſt begins, the ſcull goes round,
Laughter ſhouts—the ſhouts reſound
The guſt of war ſubſides—e'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and ſmooths his rugged brow.

"Shame to your placid front, ye men of death!"
Cries *Hilda*, with diſorder'd breath.
Hell echoes back her ſcoff of ſhame
To the inactive rev'ling champion's name.
"Call forth the ſong," ſhe ſcream'd,—the minſtrels came—
The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of ſhining beſt in field, and daring moſt in fight.

"Joy to the ſoul," the harpers ſung,
"When embattl'd ranks among,
"The ſteel-clad knight, in vigour's bloom,
(Banners waving o'er his plume)
"Foremoſt rides, the flower and boaſt
"Of the bold determin'd hoſt!"

With greedy ears the gueſts each note devour'd,
Each ſtruck his beaver down, and graſp'd his faithful ſword.
The fury mark'd th' auſpicious deed,
And bad the Scalds proceed.

"Joy to the ſoul! a joy divine!
"When conflicting armies join;
"When trumpets clang, and bugles ſound;
"When ſtrokes of death are dealt around;
"When the ſword feaſts, yet craves for more;
"And every gaunlet drips with gore."—

The charm prevail'd, up ruſh'd the madden'd throng
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
Fierce *Odin*'s ſelf led forth the frantic band,
To ſcatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land.

Price, [Numb. 59] One Penny.

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Hope told a flatt'ring Tale.

HOPE told a flatt'ring tale,
That joy would ſoon return,
Ah, nought my ſighs avail,
For love is doom'd to mourn.

Ah, where's the flatt'rer gone?
From me for ever flown,
The happy dream of love is o'er,
Life, alas! can charm no more.

How ſweet's the Love that meets return.

WHEN firſt I kenn'd young Sandy's face,
He ſung and look'd wi' ſic a grace,
He ſtole my heart, but did na care,
The lad he lov'd a laſs more fair,
And oft' I ſung o'er brae and burn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return.

He loo'd a laſs wi' fickle mind,
Was ſometimes caul and ſometimes kind,
Which made the love-ſick laddie rue,
For ſhe was caul when he was true:
He mourn'd and ſung o'er brae and burn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
Where cowſlips and ſweet lav'rocks join'd,
To make a garland for her hair—
But ſhe refus'd a gift ſae fair:
"This ſcorn" he cry'd "can ne'er be borne;
"But ſweet's the love that meets return."

Juſt then he met my tell-tale een,
(And trueſt love is ſooneſt ſeen)
"Dear laſs" ſaid he "my heart is thine,
"For thy ſoft wiſhes are like mine:"
Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
For ſweet's the love that meets return.

My anſwer was bold, frank, and kind,
I lov'd the lad and told my mind;
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
And wha ſae bleſt as he and me?
Now blithe we ſing o'er brae and burn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return.

If o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, Love,
A conqueſt I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error ceaſe to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame
Which love did firſt create,
What was my pride is now my ſhame,
And muſt be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakneſs of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take the traitor's part. *Artaxexes.*

Indeed, young Man, I muſt deny.

WHEN firſt young Harry told his tale,
I ſmil'd and turn'd the deafen'd ear;
Or if he met me in the vale,
I laugh'd his doleful ſigh to hear:
I danc'd and ſung as if for life,
Nor thought he meant me for his wife;
And when he woo'd, I us'd to cry,
Indeed, young man, I muſt deny:

Indeed, young man, I muſt deny;
I muſt deny, I muſt deny, I muſt deny,
Indeed, young man, I muſt deny.

One day, upon the village green,
To dance, the lads and laſſes met;
In ev'ry face gay mirth was ſeen,
Yet Harry ſeem'd to pine and fret;
He look'd and ſigh'd, yet fear'd to ſpeak,
As if his heart was like to break,
He aſk'd a kiſs, I cry'd, oh, fie,
Indeed, young man, I muſt deny.
Indeed, young man, &c.

He pull'd my ſleeve, I turn'd my head,
As if I was inclin'd to ſtay,
While bluſhes on my cheeks were ſpread,
Which he obſerving kiſs'd away:
"To yonder church, let's go," he cry'd,
"And there be made my charming bride;"
I thought 'twas folly to be ſhy,
And own'd I could no more deny.
And own'd I could, &c.

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The Cobler.

A PSALM or a ſong-ſinging cobler be I,
Who cares not a ſnap for the proudeſt;
I jokes in my ſtall with the girls paſſing by,
And hammers away with the loudeſt;
My ſoul's made of right honeſt well-wearing ſtuff,
And my upper-leathers can't be ſurpaſs'd;
As the very beſt tann'd hide my merry heart's tough,
Firſt of coblers, I ſtick to my laſt:

With hammer, awl, and ſharp'ning hone,
Wax and ſtrap, pegs and paring knife,
Briſtles, thread, and lap-ſtone,
The cobler leads a jolly life;
Singing loudly all the while,
To make his work go merry,
Tol de rol, lol lol lol de rol lol,
And heigh down derry.

When a bachelor ſpruce, all the young giggiſh tits,
With their eyes a love ſtory would tell,
Says I, that won't do, girl, that ſhoe never fits,
Till at laſt I got tack'd to my Nell:
What tho'f now and then doctor Strap gives advice,
Our quarrels are unmix'd with gall;
A kiſs and a ſmile makes it up in a thrice,
I'm Nell's, and my Nell is my all.
With hammer, &c.

I was ax'd by a maſter to dine at his ſhop,
Who'd a deuce of a quarrelſome wife,
Who made the houſe ſhake, aye from bottom to top,
A vixen ſhe was to the life:
In her tantrums, her ſpouſe ſwore he'd kick her (he was vex'd)
Out of doors, if no ſtranger was nigh;
I ſeeing the gemman and his lady ſo perplex'd,
Cry'd, don't make a ſtranger of I.
With hammer, &c.

Kate of Dover.

NED FLINT was lov'd by all the ſhip,
Was tender-hearted, bold and true,
He'd work his way, or drink his ſlip,
With e'er a ſeaman in the crew:
Tho' Ned had fac'd his country's foe,
And twice had ſail'd the world all over,
Had ſeen his meſſmates oft' laid low,
Yet would he ſigh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn when on the ſhore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave;
Says he "my love, your grief give o'er,
"For Ned can n'er his Kate deceive:
"Let Fortune ſmile, or let her frown,
"To you I ne'er will prove a rover;
"All cares in gen'rous ſlip I'll drown,
"And ſtill be true to Kate of Dover."

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When, lo! a ſail appear'd in view,
And Ned with many a tar was ſlain:
Thus Death, who lays each hero low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover;
The tars oft tell the tale of woe,
And heave a ſigh for Kate of Dover.

How welcome, my Shepherd.

HOW welcome, my ſhepherd, how welcome to me
Is ev'ry occaſion of meeting with thee;
But when thou art abſent, how joyleſs am I,
Contented, methinks, I could ſit down and die.

The oft'ner I ſee you, the more I approve
The choice I have made, and am fix'd in my love;
For merit, like your's, ſtill brighter is ſhewn,
And more to be valued the more it is known.

To live in a cottage with thee, I would chuſe,
And crowns for thy ſake I would gladly refuſe;
Not all the vaſt treaſure of wealthy Peru
To me would ſeem precious, if balanc'd with you.

For all my ambition to thee is confin'd,
And nothing could pleaſe me if thou wert unkind;
Then faithfully love me, and happier I'll be,
Than plac'd on a throne if to reign without thee.

Lubin of the Hill.

WHERE Loweſtoff waves its yellow corn,
Young Lubin does reſide,
Of humble ſtate, and lowly born,
Devoid of fame or pride:
The ſhepherd's boſom free from guile
Knows nought of art or ill,
Yet who can love and ſweetly ſmile
Like Lubin of the hill.

Tho' riches ſcorn to deck his cot,
Content around him dwells;
And tho' but few the ſheep he's got,
His fleece all flocks excells:
Rear'd by his care they friſk and play,
And rove about at will,
Like when I gave my heart away
To Lubin of the hill.

But Hymen ſoon ſhall join our hands,
Young Lubin has confeſs'd,
And ſure, when love cements the bands,
We muſt be truly bleſt:
My hand and heart has long been thine,
And ſhall, my ſhepherd, ſtill,
For who that's marry'd, can repine,
With Lubin of the hill.

Where braving angry Winter's Storms.

WHERE braving angry winter's ſtorms,
The lofty ochels riſe,
Far in the ſhade my Peggy's charms
Firſt bleſt my wond'ring eyes.
As one who by ſome ſavage ſtream,
A lonely gem ſurveys,
Aſtoniſh'd doubly makes it beam,
With art's moſt poliſh'd blaze.

Bleſt be the wild ſequeſter'd ſhade,
And bleſt the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I firſt ſurvey'd,
When firſt I felt their pow'r.
The tyrant, death, with grim controul,
May ſeize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my ſoul,
Muſt be a ſtronger death.

The Infant Spring.

THE infant ſpring returns again,
The wild birds plume their wings;
To cheer the artleſs nymph and ſwain,
Hark, how the woodland rings:

Now let me hail the breezy morn,
While muſic fills the vale,
And liſten to the huntſman's horn,
Which echoes thro' the dale.

Beſide the brook, or up the hill,
Or o'er the flow'ry lawn,
The lab'ring peaſant trudges ſtill,
At early peep of dawn:

Now let me hail, &c.

Let me enjoy the rural ſhade,
Where nature ſmiles around;
And ev'ry ſwain, and ev'ry maid,
With innocence is crown'd.

Now let me hail, &c.

Tantivy, my Boys, Tantivy.

YE dull ſleeping mortals of ev'ry degree,
Awake at the ſound of my ſong;
Ye ſluggards ariſe, and to hunting with me,
Tantivy, I'll lead you along,
O'er mountains and vallies, o'er woodlands and dales,
And foreſts impervious to light,
I'll lead, if my argument with you prevails,
I'll lead you, brave boys, to delight.

Tantivy, brave boys, &c.

Hygea I'm call'd by the ſages of old,
The goddeſs preſiding o'er health;
Then venture, like heroes, with me, and be bold,
Tantivy, you'll add to your wealth:
For riches, believe me's, a bubble at beſt,
If health ſhould forget to attend:
Then haſte, my brave boys, in purſuit of the gueſt,
And ſhe will your wiſhes befriend.

Tantivy, my boys, &c.

In courts or in cities it's not to be found,
Where folly has fix'd her retreat,
But haſten with me o'er the green mantled ground,
Tantivy, tantivy, repeat:
The ruddy complexion that crimſons the face,
The elegant glow on the cheek,
Far ſweeter than riches, are found by the chace,
And theſe are the pleaſures we ſeek.

Tantivy, my boys, &c.

Let's range the Fields.

PRIMROSES deck'd the bank's green ſide,
Cowſlips enrich'd the valley,
The black-bird woos his deſtin'd bride,
Let's range the fields, my Sally.

The devious path our ſteps ſhall bring
To yonder happy grove,
Where nightingales delighted ſing,
And zephyrs whiſper love.

With ſweeteſt flow'rs a wreath I'll twine,
To twine that modeſt brow of thine;
My love ſhall baniſh ev'ry fear.
And crown thee goddeſs of the year.

BALLAD.

The Cruel Black.

A lamentable ballad of the tragical end of a gallant lord and virtuous lady; together with the untimely death of their two children; wickedly performed by a heathenish and blood-thirſty black-a-moor: the like of which cruelty and murder was never heard of before.

IN Rome a nobleman did wed
A virgin of great fame;
A fairer creature never did
Dame Nature ever frame:
By whom he had two children fair,
Whoſe beauty did excel;
They were their parents only joy,
They lov'd them both ſo well.

The lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
The tyger, and the boar;
And ſtill for ſwiftneſs always took
With him a black-a-moor;
Which black-a-moor, within the wood,
His lord he did offend,
For which he did him then correct,
In hopes he would amend.

The day it grew unto an end,
Then homeward he did haſte,
Where with his lady he did reſt,
Until the night was paſt.
Then in the morning he did riſe,
And did his ſervants call,
A hunting he provides to go,
Straight they were ready all.

To cauſe the toil the lady did
Intreat him not to go:
"Alas, good lady," then quoth he,
"Why art thou grieved ſo?
"Content thyſelf, I will return
"With ſpeed to thee again."
"Good father," quoth the little babes,
"With us here ſtill remain."

"Farewell, dear children, I will go
"A fine thing for to buy;"
But they, therewith nothing content,
Aloud began to cry.
The mother took them by the hand,
Saying, "come go with me
"Unto the higheſt tower, where
"Your father you ſhall ſee."

The black-a-moor, perceiving now,
(Who then did ſtay behind,)
His lord to be a hunting gone,
Began to call to mind:
"My maſter he did me correct,
"My fault not being great;
"Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,
"She ſhall not me intreat."

The place was moated round about,
The bridge he up did draw;
The gates he bolted very faſt,
Of none he ſtood in awe.
He up into the tower went,
The lady being there,
Who, when ſhe ſaw his counʼnance grim,
She ſtraight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart does quake
To think what I muſt write;
My ſenſes all begin to fail,
My ſoul it doth affright:
Yet muſt I make an end of this,
Which here I have begun,
Which will make ſad the hardeſt heart,
Before that I have done.

This wretch unto the lady went,
And her with ſpeed did will,
His luſt forthwith to ſatisfy,
His mind for to fulfil.
The lady ſhe amazed was,
To hear the villain ſpeak;
"Alas!" quoth ſhe, "what ſhall I do?
"With grief my heart will break."

With that he took her in his arms;
She ſtraight for help did cry:
"Content yourſelf, lady," he ſaid,
"Your huſband is not nigh:
"The bridge is drawn, the gates are ſhut,
"Therefore come lie with me,
"Or elſe, I do proteſt and vow,
"Thy butcher I will be."

The chryſtal tears ran down her face,
Her children cry'd amain,
And ſought to help their mother dear,
But all it was in vain;
For that egregious filthy rogue
Her hands behind her bound,
And then perforce with all his might,
He threw her on the ground.

With that ſhe ſhriek'd, her children cry'd,
And ſuch a noiſe did make,
That towns-folks, hearing her laments,
Did ſeek their parts to take:
But all in vain, no way was found
To help the lady's need,
Who cry'd to them moſt piteouſly,
"O help! O help! with ſpeed!"

Some run into the foreſt wide,
Her lord home for to call;
And they that ſtood ſtill did lament
This gallant lady's fall.
With ſpeed her lord came poſting home,
He could not enter in;
His ladies cries did pierce his heart;
To call he did begin:

"O hold thy hand, thou ſavage moor,
"To hurt her do forbear,
"Or elſe, be ſure, if I do live,
"Wild horſes ſhall thee tear."
With that the rogue ran to the wall,
He having had his will,
And brought one child under his arm,
Its deareſt blood to ſpill.

The child, ſeeing his father there,
To him for help did call:
"Oh, father help my mother dear,
"We ſhall be killed all."
Then fell the lord upon his knee,
And did the moor intreat,
To ſave the life of this poor child,
Whoſe fear was then ſo great.

But this vile wretch, the little child
By both the heels did take,
And daſh'd its brains againſt the wall,
Whilſt parents hearts did ake:
That being done, he ſtraightway ran
The other child to fetch,
And pluck'd it from the mother's breaſt,
Moſt like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,
The child within the other;
And holding it over the wall,
Saying, "thus ſhall die thy mother."
With that he cut the throat of it;
Then to the father call,
To look how he the head did cut,
With that the head did fall.

This done, he threw it down the wall
Into the moat ſo deep;
Which made the father wring his hands,
And grievouſly to weep.
Then to the lady went this rogue,
Who was near dead with fear,
Yet this vile wretch moſt cruelly
Did drag her by the hair;

And drew her to the very wall,
Which when her lord did ſee,
Then preſently he cried out,
And fell upon his knee:
Quoth he, "if thou will ſave her life,
"Whom I do love ſo dear,
"I will forgive thee all that's paſt,
"Tho' they concern me near.

"O ſave her life, I thee beſeech;
"O ſave her I thee pray,
"And I will grant thee what thou wilt
"Demand of me this day."
"Well," quoth the moor, "I do regard
"The moan that thou doſt make:
"If thou wilt grant me what I aſk,
"I'll ſave her for thy ſake."

"O ſave her life, and then demand
"Of me what thing thou wilt."
"Cut off thy noſe, and not one drop
"Of her blood ſhall be ſpilt."
With that the lord preſently took
A knife within his hand,
And then his noſe he quite cut off,
In place where he did ſtand.

"Now I have bought my lady's life,"
He to the moor did call:
"Then take her," quoth this wicked rogue,
And down he let her fall.
Which when her gallant lord did ſee,
His ſenſes all did fail;
Yet many fought to ſave his life,
But nothing could prevail.

When as the moor did ſee him dead,
Then did he laugh amain
At them who for their gallant lord
And lady did complain:
Quoth he, "I know you'll torture me,
"If that you can me get,
"But all your threats I do not fear,
"Nor yet regard one whit.

"Wild horſes ſhall my body tear,
"I know it to be true,
"But I'll prevent you of that pain;"
And down himſelf he threw.
Too good a death for ſuch a wretch,
A villain, void of fear!
And thus doth end as ſad a tale,
As ever man did hear.

Price, [Numb. 60] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Deareſt Kitty.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where,
Tell thy fond and faithful ſwain,
When we thus ſhall meet again?
When ſhall Strephon fondly ſee
Beauties only found in thee?
Kiſs thee, preſs thee, ſing and play,
All the happy live long day.
Deareſt Kitty, &c.

All the happy day, 'tis true,
Bleſs'd but only when with you,
Nightly Strephon ſighs alone,
Sighs till Hymen makes us one;
Tell me then and eaſe my pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful ſwain,
When the prieſt ſhall kindly join
Kitty's trembling hand with mine.
Deareſt Kitty, &c.

When firſt upon your tender Cheek.

WHEN firſt upon your tender cheek
I ſaw the morn of beauty break,
With mild and chearing beam,
I bow'd before your infant ſhrine,
The earlieſt ſighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I ſaw you in that op'ning morn,
For beauties boundleſs empire born,
And firſt confeſs'd your ſway,
And e're your thoughts devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of ev'ry grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas ſafe to gaze;
And fondly bleſs'd each riſing charm,
Nor thought ſuch innocence could harm,
The peace of future days—

But now deſpotic o'er the plains,
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crouds adore:
Theſe charms ariſe too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the ſight,
And I muſt hope no more.

When Mirth an Infant ſleeping lay.

WHEN Mirth an infant ſleeping lay,
To ſhield him from the ſcorching day;
A vine-branch o'er his face was ſlung,
With many a rip'ning cluſter hung,
Rich with the nectar bright:
The nectar, which the heav'ns diſtill,
Inſtead of dew—the grape to fill,
And give the heart delight.

The emerald fruit, from ſummer beam,
Soon caught the ruby's brilliant gleam:
Some bunches fell near Mirth's full lip,
Theſe—theſe he preſs'd—and learn'd to ſip—
To ſip the nectar bright;
The nectar, &c.

From year to year he quaff'd the tide,
And tho' of ſtrength the woods to ſtride,
He to his vine-bough arbour clung,
And ſwore he'd be for ever young:
To drink the nectar bright:
The nectar, &c.

Tell me, Delia, charming Fair.

TELL me, Delia, charming fair,
Why I hope, or why deſpair,
Why I'm bleſt when thou art by,
Or when abſent ſteals the ſigh?
Eaſe my breaſt, my doubts remove,
Is it friendſhip? is it love?

Friendſhip's privilege I claim,
But I fear the lover's name.
Age and fortune both conſpire
To ſuppreſs each fond deſire:
Reaſon too (but reaſon's vain)
Bids me be myſelf again.

Still I ſtruggle, ſtill purſue,
Reſtleſs cares, and all for you.
Then tell me, Delia, lovely fair?
Why I hope, or why deſpair?
Thou canſt each fond doubt remove;
Is it freedom? is it love?

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Ye Warblers, while Strephon I moan.

YE warblers, while Strephon I moan,
To cheer me your harmony bring,
Unleſs ſince my ſhepherd is gone
You chooſe like poor Phillis to ſing.
Each flower declines its ſweet head,
Nor odours around me will throw,
While ev'ry ſoft lamb on the mead,
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Jack at the Windlaſs.

COME, all hands, ahoy, to the anchor,
From friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her—
She'll ſoon take another in tow:
This breeze like the old one will kick us
About on the boiſterous main,
And one day, if Death does not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again:

With a will-ho, then, pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go,
We're in for it, then what a folly, boys,
For to be down hearted, yo-ho.

Our boatſwain takes care of the rigging,
More eſpecially when he gets drunk;
The bob-ſtays ſupply him with ſwigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk:
The ſtudding-ſail ſerves for a hammock,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While enſigns and jacks, in a mammoc,
He ſold, to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will-ho, &c.

Of the purſer, this here is the maxim,
Slops, grog, and proviſions, he ſacks;
How he'd look, if you was but to ax him,
With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes ſnacks?
Oh! he'd find it another-gueſs ſtory,
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
If his majeſty's honor and glory
Was only juſt told about that.
With a will-ho, &c.

The chaplain's both holy and godly,
And ſets up for heaven agog:
Yet, to my mind, he looks rather oddly,
When he's ſwearing and drinking of grog:
When he took on his knee Betty Bowſer,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cry'd I, which is the way to heav'n now, ſir?
"Why, you dog" cry'd the chaplain "her arms!"
With a will-ho, &c.

The gunner's the devil of a lubber,
The carſindo can't ſiſh a maſt;
The ſurgeon's a lazy land-lubber,
The maſter can't ſteer if he's aft:
The lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
The mates hardly merit their ſlip;
Nor is there a ſwab, but the captain,
Knows the ſtem from the ſtern of the ſhip.
With a will-ho, &c.

Now 'fore and aft' having abus'd them,
Juſt but for my fancy and gig,
Could I find any one that ill-us'd them,
D—n me but I'd tickle his wig:
Jack never was known for a railer,
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I ſpoke;
And the ſign of a true-hearted ſailor,
Is to give and to take a good joke.
With a will-ho, &c.

Liſten to the Voice of Love.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the ſportive lambkins play,
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May.
Like the ſparrow and the dove,
Liſten to the voice of love.

Let us love and let us live
Like the cheerful ſeaſon gay;
Baniſh care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May;
Like the ſparrow and the dove
Liſten to the voice of love.

We ſhall be married To-morrow.

YOUNG Will of the green is the lad to my mind,
For tho' he is apt to be teazing,
Not a ſwain in the village, tho' gentle and kind,
Talks of love in a manner ſo pleaſing:
Laſt night as I rov'd on the banks of the Dee,
To be ſure my fond lover muſt follow—
He forc'd a fond kiſs, and a promiſe from me,
That we ſhould be married to-morrow.

I fain would have anſwer'd, indeed 'tis too ſoon,
But the lad was ſo fond and endearing,
I could not refuſe him ſo ſimple a boon,
When all that he crav'd was a hearing:
My hand he ſo preſs'd, that I could not ſay no,
Or give the fond youth any ſorrow,
I heard him with patience determine it ſo,
And we ſhall be married to-morrow.

In the morning the bells will merrily ring,
My heart with the thought is delighted;
Nor e'er will I envy a queen or a king,
When I and my love are united:
Our lives ſhall be ſpent without murmur or ill,
Nor e'er know of trouble or ſorrow,
And then he ſhall kiſs me as oft' as he will,
For we ſhall be married to-morrow.

Engliſh Ale.

D'YE mind me? I once was a ſailor,
And in different countries I've been,
If I lie, may I go for a taylor—
But a thouſand fine ſights I have ſeen:
I've been cramm'd with good things like a wallet,
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale,
But the very beſt ſtuff to my palate,
Is a glaſs of your Engliſh good Ale.

Your doctors may boaſt of their lotions,
And ladies may talk of their tea:
But I envy them none of their potions,
A glaſs of good ſtingo for me.
The doctor may ſneer if he pleaſes,
But my receipt never will fail,
For the phyſic that cures all diſeaſes,
Is a bumper of Engliſh good Ale.

When my trade was upon the ſalt ocean,
Why there I had plenty of grog,
And I lik'd it, becauſe I'd a notion
It ſets one's good ſpirits agog:
But ſince upon land I've been ſteering,
Experience has alter'd my tale,
For nothing on earth is ſo cheering
As a bumper of Engliſh good Ale.

Rule Britannia.

WHEN Britain firſt at heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung the ſtrain;

Rule Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves,
Britains never will be ſlaves.

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that rends the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouze thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore in circles thine.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The muſes ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair,
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The gentle Swan.

THE gentle ſwan, with graceful pride,
Her gloſſy plumage laves,
And ſailing down the ſilver tide,
Divides the whiſpering waves:
The ſilver tide that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird muſt be,
But not ſo ſweet blithe Cupid knows
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood
On yonder fruit-tree ſung,
And ſtill the pendant neſt ſhe view'd,
That held her feather'd young;
Tho' dear to her maternal heart
The genial brood muſt be:
They're not ſo dear, the thouſandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roſes that my brows ſurround,
Were natives of the dale,
Scarce pluck'd and in a garland bound,
Before the hue grew pale:
My vital blood would thus be froze,
If luckleſs torn from thee;
For what the root is to the roſe,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n ſnow,
So white the beauteous pair;
The birds to Delia I'll beſtow,
They're like her boſom fair:
May they, of our connubial love,
A happy omen be;
Then ſuch fond bliſs as turtles prove,
Shall Delia ſhare with me.

With Delia could I ever ſtay.

WITH Delia could I ever ſtay,
Admire, adore her all the day,
In the ſame field our flocks we'll feed,
To the ſame ſtream our heifers lead,
What joy when peace and love combine,
To make our days unclouded ſhine.

Teach me, ye Muſes, ev'ry art,
More deeply to engage her heart,
I ſtrive not to reſiſt my flame,
I glory in a captive's name,
Nor would I, if I could, be free,
But boaſt my loſs of liberty.

BALLADS.

Colin and Lucy.

BY THOMAS TICKEL, ESQ.

OF Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo fair a face.

Till luckleſs love, and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lip, and damaſk cheek,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh, have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, ſhrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound;
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke,
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
"Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay:
"I ſee a hand, you cannot ſee,
"Which beckons me away.

"By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
"In early youth I die.
"Am I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Is twice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows;
"Vows due to me alone;
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
"Impatient, both prepare;
"But know, fond maid, and know falſe man,
"That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corpſe, ye comrades, dear,
"The bridegroom blithe to meet;
"He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
"I in my winding-ſheet."

She ſpoke—ſhe dy'd.—Her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were thoſe nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more)
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corpſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſod
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the ſacred green.

But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou are,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Queen Eleanor.

Eleanor, the daughter and heireſs of *William Duke of Guienne*, and *Earl of Poictou*, had been married ſixteen years to *Louis VII.* king of France, and had attended him in a croiſade, in which that monarch commanded againſt the infidels; but having loſt the affections of her huſband, and even fallen under ſome ſuſpicions of gallantry, with a handſome Saracen, *Louis*, more delicate than polite, procured a divorce from her, and reſtored her thoſe rich provinces, which by her marriage ſhe had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards *Henry II.* king of England, though at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither diſcouraged by the diſparity of age, nor by the reports of *Eleanor*'s gallantry, made ſuch ſucceſsful courtſhip to that princeſs, that he married her ſix weeks after her divorce, and got poſſeſſion of all her dominions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon intereſt was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly, *Eleanor*, who had diſguſted her firſt huſband by her gallantries, was no leſs offenſive to her ſecond by her jealouſy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumſtance of female weakneſs. She had ſeveral ſons by *Henry*, whom ſhe ſpirited up to rebel againſt him; and endeavouring to eſcape to them in men's apparel in 1173, ſhe was diſcovered and thrown into a confinement, which ſeems to have continued till the death of her huſband in 11[illegible]. She however ſurvived him many years, dying in 1204, in the ſixth year of the reign of her ſon *John*.

It is needleſs to obſerve, that the following ballad is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries *Eleanor* encouraged in the time of her firſt huſband, none are imputed to her in that of her ſecond.

QUEEN Eleanor was a ſick woman,
And afraid that ſhe would die;
Then ſhe ſent for two friars of France
To ſpeak with her ſpeedily.

The king call'd down his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
"Earl Marſhall, I'll go ſhrive the queen,
"And thou ſhall wend with me."

"A boon, a boon," quoth Earl Marſhall,"
And fell on his bended knee;
"That whatſoever queen Eleanor ſays,
"No harm thereof ſhall be."

"I'll pawn my lands," the king then cry'd,
"My ſcepter, crown, and all,
"That whatſoever queen Eleanor ſays,
"No harm thereof ſhall fall.

"Do thou put on a friar's coat,
"And I'll put on another;
"And we will to queen Eleanor go,
"Like friar and his brother."

Thus both attired, then they go:
When they came unto White-hall,
The bells did ring, and the quirifter ſing,
And the torches did light them all.

When that they came before the queen
They fell on their bended knee;
"A boon, a boon, our gracious queen,
"That you ſent ſo haſtily."

"Are you two friars of France," ſhe ſaid,
"As I ſuppoſe you be?
"But if you are two Engliſh friars
"You ſhall hang on the gallows tree."

"We are two friars of France," they ſaid,
"As you ſuppoſe we be,
"We have not been at any maſs,
"Since we came from the ſea."

"The firſt thing that e'er I did,
"I will to you unfold;
"Earl Marſhall had my maidenhead,
"Beneath this cloth of gold."

"That's vile ſin," then ſaid the king,
"May God forgive it thee!"
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marſhall,
With a heavy heart ſpoke he.

"The vileſt thing that e'er I did,
"To you I'll not deny;
"I made a box of poiſon ſtrong,
"To poiſon King Henry."

"That's vile ſin," then ſaid the king,
"May God forgive it thee!"
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marſhall,
"And I wiſh it ſo may be."

"The next vile thing that e'er I did,
"To you I will diſcover;
"I poiſoned fair Roſamond,
"All in fair Woodſtock bower."

"That's vile ſin," then ſaid the king,
"May God forgive it thee!"
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marſhal,
"And I wiſh it ſo may be."

"Do you ſee yonder little boy,
"A toſſing of the ball?
"That is Earl Marſhall's eldeſt ſon,
"And I love him the beſt of all.

"Do you ſee yonder little boy,
"A catching of the ball?
"That is King Henry's youngeſt ſon,
"And I love him the worſt of all.

"His head is faſhion'd like a bull,
"His noſe is like a boar."
"No matter for that," King Henry cry'd,
"I love him the better therefore."

The king pull'd off his friar's coat,
And appeared all in red;
She ſhriek'd, and cry'd, and wrung her hands,
And ſaid ſhe was betray'd.

The king look'd o'er his left ſhoulder,
And a grim look looked he,
"Earl marſhall," he ſaid, "but for my oath,
"Now hanged thou ſhouldſt be."

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THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humourous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Smalliliou.

IN Dublin city lives a youth,
Beyond all others charming,
And when he pledg'd his love and truth,
I vow it was alarming;
For Patrick acts a ſoldier's part,
His country's brave defender,
And when the lad beſieg'd my heart,
He forc'd it to ſurrender.

With his ſmalliliou, ſmalliliou,
Och he ſings ſo ſweetly,
With his ſmalliliou, ſmalliliou,
Och he ſings ſo ſweetly, ſweetly.

Ye Dublin laſſes ceaſe to mourn,
Nor dim the eye of beauty,
The gentle youth to me has ſworn
Eternal love and duty;
The manly, graceful volunteer,
Young Pat, of Dublin city,
Is always whiſp'ring in my ear,
His tender love-ſick ditty.
With his ſmalliliou, &c.

Saint Patrick bleſs the Iriſh boy,
That bears his name in Dublin,
And fill his breaſt with ev'ry joy,
Where grief ſhould ne'er be troubling.
And when the prieſt ſhall join our hands,
And nought can e'er us ſever,
By Hymen dear, and holy bands,
He'll pleaſe me then for ever.
With his ſmalliliou, &c.

My Native Land.

MY native land I bade adieu,
And calmly friendſhip's joys reſign'd;
But, ah! how keen my ſorrows grew,
When my true love I left behind.

Yet ſhould her truth feel no decay,
Should abſence prove my charmer kind,
Then ſhall not I lament the day,
When my true love I left behind.

Reſt, beauteous Flow'r.

REST, beauteous flow'r and bloom anew,
To court my paſſing love,
Glow in his eye with brighter hue,
And all thy form improve.
And while thy balmy odours ſteal
To meet his equal breath,
Let thy ſoft bluſh for mine reveal,
Th' imprinted kiſs beneath.

Why heaves my fond Boſom.

WHY heaves my fond boſom, ah, what can it mean?
Why flutters my heart which was once ſo ſerene?
Why this ſighing and trembling when Daphne is near?
Or why when ſhe's abſent this ſorrow and fear?

For ever methinks I with wonder could trace
The thouſand ſoft charms that embelliſh thy face,
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd, but enſlav'd by thy mind

Untainted with folly, unſully'd by pride,
There native good humour and virtue reſide,
Pray heaven, that virtue thy ſoul may ſupply
With compaſſion for him, who without thee muſt die

No Flow'r that blows.

NO flow'r that blows
Is like this roſe,
Or ſcatters ſuch perfume,
Upon my breaſt,
Ah! gently reſt,
And ever, ever bloom.

Dear pledge to prove
A parent's love,
A pleaſing gift thou art,
Come, ſweeteſt flow'r,
And from this hour,
Live henceforth in my heart.

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Patrick O'Neal.

YE ſons of Hibernia, who, ſnug on dry land,
Round your ſmoaking turf fires and whiſkey in hand
Drink Caid-mella-faltaruh, and ne'er think of the boys
Who are fighting your battles thro' tempeſt and noiſe,
Attend to my ditty—'tis true, I declare,
Such ſwimming and ſinking would make you all ſtare,
For ſtorms, ſquibs and crackers have ſing'd at my tail
Since the preſs-gang laid hold on poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Twas the firſt day of April, I ſet off, like a fool,
From Kilkenny to Dublin to ſee Laurence Tool,
My mother's third couſin, who oft had wrote down,
And begg'd I'd come ſee how he flouriſh'd in town;
But I ſcarce had ſet foot in this terrible place,
'Ere I met with a ſharper who ſwore to my face;
He beckon'd a preſs-gang, who came without fail,
And neck and heels dragg'd off poor Patrick O'Neal

Then they ſcamper'd away, as they ſaid, with a prize,
(For they thought me a ſailor, run off in diſguiſe)
But a terrible blunder they made with their ſtrife,
For I'd ne'er ſeen a ſhip or the ſea in my life:
Away to a tender they told me to ſteer,
But of tenderneſs, devil a morſel was there;
O! I roar'd and I curs'd, tho' it did not avail;
They down in the cellar cramm'd Patrick O'Neal.

We ſet ſail from Dublin the very next day,
I was half ſtarv'd and ſea-ſick the reſt of the way;
Not a mile-ſtone I ſaw, nor a houſe, nor a bed,
'Twas all water and ſky till we came to Spithead,
Then they call'd up all hands—hands and feet ſoon obey'd,
O, I wiſh'd myſelf home cutting turf with a ſpade;
For the firſt thing I ſaw made my courage to fail,
'Twas a great floating caſtle for Patrick O'Neal.

This huge wooden world roll'd about on the tide,
And a large row of teeth ſtuck faſt in each ſide;
They put out a boat, and they told me to keep
Faſt hold with my trotters, for fear I ſhould ſlip;
I let go my hands to ſtick faſt by my toes,
The ſhip gave a roll and away my head goes,
I plung'd in the water, and daſh'd like a whale,
'Till with boat-hooks they fiſh'd up poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Midſt ſhouts, jeſts and laughter, they hoiſted me in
To this huge wooden world full of riot and din;
Such ropes and ſuch pullies, ſuch ſights met my eye,
And ſo large were the ſheets that they hung up to dry:
I thought it Noah's ark, ſtuff'd full of queer gueſts,
Hogs, pedlars, geeſe, ſailors, and all other beaſts;
Some drank bladders of gin, ſome drank pitchers of ale,
And they ſung, curs'd and laugh'd at poor Patrick O'Neal.

All confounded with bother I began to look queer,
When the boatſwain's ſhrill pipe made all hands to appear,
Up the ropes like to monkies, they running did ſwear,
Then like gibbets and rope dancers ſwung in the air:
They clapt ſticks in a capſtern, as I afterwards found,
The chap fit and fif'd as they turned him round,
The ſhip run her anchor, ſpread her wings and ſet ſail
With a freight of live lumber, and Patrick O'Neal.

Then to go down below I expreſt a great wiſh,
Where they live under water like ſo many fiſh;
I was put in a meſs with ſome more of the crew,
And it being banyan-day they gave me burgue:
For a bed they'd a ſack, hung as high as my chin,
They call'd it a hammock, and bade me get in,
I laid hold, took a leap, but my foot being frail,
It ſwang me clean over!—poor Patrick O'Neal.

With ſome help I got in, where I rocked all night,
The day broke my reſt with a terrible fright;
"Up hammocks, down cheſts" was cry'd from all parts,
"There'e a French ſhip in ſight!"—up and down went my heart!
To a gun I was ſtation'd, they cry'd with an oath,
To pull off his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth,
They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,
And the leading-ſtrings gave to poor Patrick O'Neal.

Our thick window ſhutters we pull'd up with ſpeed,
And we run out our bull-dogs of true Engliſh breed;
The captain cry'd "England and Ireland, my boys,"
When he mention'd Old Ireland, my heart made a noiſe!
Our ſweet little guns did the Frenchmen defy,
We clapt fire on his back and bid him let fly;
His voice made me leap, tho' I'd hold of his tail,
The beaſt then flew back and threw Patrick O'Neal

Then we lather'd away, by my ſhoul, hob and nob,
'Till the Frenchmen gave up what they thought a bad job;
Then to tie him behind, a long cord they did bring,
And we led him along like a pig in a ſtring!
So home to Old England we led the French boy;
O the ſight of the land made me ſea-ſick with joy;
They made a new peace when the war was too ſtale,
And ſet all hands adrift, and poor Patrick O'Neal.

Now ſafe on dry land a carouſing I'll ſteer,
Nor cat-head, nor cat-block, nor boatſwain's-cat fear;
While there's ſhot in the locker I'll ſing and be bound
That Saturday night ſhall laſt all the year round:
But ſhould peace grow too ſleepy, and war come again,
By the piper of Leinſter I'll venture again;
Returning I'll bring you, good folks, a freſh tale,
That you'll cry till you laugh at poor Patrick O'Neal.

Hymn to Eve.

HOW chearful along the gay mead,
The daiſy and cowſlip appear,
The flocks as they careleſsly feed,
Rejoice in the ſpring of the year.

The myrtles that ſhade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that ſprings from the ſod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and ſweet flow'rs,
All raiſe to the praiſe of my GOD.

Shall man, the great maſter of all,
The only inſenſible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love!

Thee, LORD, who ſuch wonders couldſt raiſe,
And ſtill can deſtroy with a nod,
My lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe,
My ſoul ſhall be wrapt in my GOD.

Alloa Houſe.

THE ſpring time returns, and cloaths the green plains,
And Alloa ſhines more chearful and gay,
The lark tunes his throat and the neighbouring ſwains
Sing merrily round me wherever I ſtray.
But Sandy no more returns to my view,
No ſpring time me chears, no muſic can charm,
He's gone, and I fear me, for ever, adieu,
Adieu ev'ry pleaſure this boſom can warm.

O Alloa Houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd!
Alas! where to pleaſe me my Sandy once ſtrove!
Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
Here liſtened, too fond, whenever you ſung;
Am I grown leſs fair, then, that you are turn'd cold,
Or fooliſh believ'd I a falſe flatt'ring tongue?

So ſpoke the fair maid, when ſorrow's keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt fault'ring accents ſuppreſt;
For fate at that moment brought back her dear ſwain,
Who heard, and with rapture, his Nelly addreſt.
"My Nelly, my fair, I come, oh, my love,
"No pow'r ſhall e'er tear thee again from my arms
"And, Nelly! no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
"Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms."

She heard, and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame;
"And will you, my love! be true," ſhe reply'd,
"And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame!
"Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?"
"Oh, Nelly! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
"Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true:
"Then adieu to all ſorrow, what ſoul is ſo blind
"As not to live happy for ever with you?"

No Harm in that.

WHEN nights were cold, and rain, and ſleet,
Full hard againſt the window beat;
Then many a long and weary mile,
My lover travell'd to behold me,
His toil repaid to ſee me ſmile,
And ſweetly in his arms enfold me;
And thro' the night we'd ſit and chat;
Alas! there was no harm in that.

How ſweet his words whene'er he ſpoke,
But, oh! when he his paſſion broke,
Upon his lips the falt'ring tale
More grace receiv'd from his confuſion,
And now by turns his cheek look'd pale,
Or crimſon'd o'er with mild ſuffuſion,
Our beating hearts went pit-a-pat;
Alas! there was no harm in that.

Another now the bliſs muſt prove,
Tho' we ſo oft have ſworn to love;
Oh! cruelty—my heart will break,
I'll hie me to ſome ſhade forſaken,
And only of my love I'll ſpeak,
And prove my faith and truth unſhaken:
I'll wander where we oft have ſat;
Sure there will be no harm in that.

The Bird.

THE bird that hears her neſtlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the ſky,
To nurſe her callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thouſand harms;
And ſickens for the darling boy,
When abſent from her arms.

Such fondneſs, with impatience join'd,
My faithful boſom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my deſires:
The pow'rs of verſe too languid prove,
All ſimilies are vain,
To ſhew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The ſaint with fervent zeal inſpir'd,
For heav'n and joy divine;
The ſaint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine:
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to ſay more;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddeſs I adore.

Emma's Plaint.

SWEET zephyr, tho' 'midſt roſe-buds playing,
Or o'er the fragrant meadows ſtraying,
Waft tidings of my abſent ſwain;
Whether in woodlands wild a rover,
Or to ſome village maid a lover,
Soon, ſoon relieve ſad Emma's pain:
But, oh! if death has ſnatch'd his breath,
Ah, whiſper,
Where lies his grave in vale or plain.

How oft' my Henry, all endearing,
Has charm'd my ear, all fondly hearing?
While on he view'd the inconſtant main,
He bade adieu, he ſaw my ſorrow,
And cry'd, "I'll haſten back to-morrow,"
Yet he, alas! came not again.
But, oh! if death, &c.

But Emma there—no mortal knowing,
With ſilent ſtep and eye o'erflowing,
At eve will ſteal to vent her pain:
Till from her grief each nerve exhauſting,
Till her poor tender heart-ſtrings burſting,
She dies to join her clay-cold ſwain:
Then, oh! if death, &c.

BALLAD.

The Lady turn'd Serving-man.

YOU beauteous ladies, great and ſmall,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may underſtand
What I have ſuffered in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,
An ancient baron's only heir,
And when my good old father di'd,
Then I became a young knight's bride.

And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did ſee
Than my true-love did build for me.

And there I liv'd a lady gay,
Till fortune wrought our love's decay;
For there came foes, ſo fierce a band,
That ſoon they over-ran the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And burnt my bower, and ſlew my knight;
And trembling hid in man's array,
I ſcarce with life eſcap'd away.

In midſt of this extremity,
My ſervants all did from me flee:
Thus was I left myſelf alone,
With heart more cold than any ſtone.

Yet tho' my heart was full of care,
Heav'n would not leave me to deſpair,
Wherefore in haſte I chang'd my name
From fair Eliſe, to ſweet William:

And therewithall I cut my hair,
Reſolv'd my man's attire to wear;
And in my beaver, hoſe, and band,
I travell'd far thro' many a land.

At length all weary'd with my toil,
I ſate me down to reſt awhile;
My heart it was ſo fill'd with woe,
That down my cheeks the tears did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that ſame place,
With all his lords a hunting was,
And ſeeing me weep, upon the ſame
Aſk'd who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did reply,
I am a poor and friendleſs boy,
Tho' nobly born, now forc'd to be
A ſerving man of low degree.

"Stand up, fair youth," the king reply'd,
"For thee a ſervice I'll provide;
"But tell me firſt what thou canſt do,
"Thou ſhalt be fitted thereunto.

"Wilt thou be uſher of my hall,
"To wait upon my nobles all?
"Or be the tapſter of my wine,
"To 'tend on me when I ſhall dine?

"Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
"About my perſon to remain?
"Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
"And I will give thee great reward?

"Chuſe, gentle youth," he ſaid, "thy place."
Then I reply'd, if 't pleaſe your grace,
To ſhew ſuch favour unto me,
Your chamberlain I fain would be.

The king then ſmiling gave conſent,
And ſtraight-way to his court I went;
Where I behav'd ſo faithfully,
That he great favour ſhew'd to me.

Now mark what fortune did provide:
The king he would a hunting ride
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William muſt at home remain.

Thus being left alone behind,
My former ſtate came to my mind,
I wept to ſee my man's array,
No longer now a lady gay.

And meeting with a lady's veſt,
Within the ſame myſelf I dreſt,
With ſilken robes, and jewels rare,
I deckt me as a lady fair.

And taking up a lute, ſtraightway
Upon the ſame I ſtrove to play,
And ſweetly to the ſame did ſing,
As made both hall and chamber ring:

"My father was as brave a lord,
"As ever Europe did afford;
"My mother was a lady bright,
"My huſband was a valiant knight:

"And I myſelf a lady gay,
"Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;
"The happieſt lady in the land,
"Had not more pleaſure at command.

"I had my muſic ev'ry day
"Harmonious leſſons for to play;
"I had my virgins fair and free,
"Continu'lly to wait on me.

"But now, alas! my huſband's dead,
"And all my friends are from me fled,
"My former days are paſt and gone,
"And I am now a ſerving-man."

And heaving many a tender ſigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In penſive mood I laid me low,
My heart was full, the tears did flow.

The king, who had a hunting gone,
Grew weary of his ſport anon,
And leaving all his gallant train,
Turn'd on the ſudden home again:

And when he reach'd his ſtately tower,
Hearing one ſing within his bower,
He ſtopt to liſten, and to ſee
Who ſung there ſo melodiouſly.

Thus heard he ev'ry word I ſaid,
And ſaw the pearly tears I ſhed,
And found to his amazement there,
Sweet William was a lady fair.

Then ſtepping in, "fair lady, riſe,
"And dry," ſaid he "thoſe lovely eyes,
"For I have heard thy mournful tale,
"The which ſhall turn to thy avail."

A crimſon dye my face o'erſpread,
I bluſh'd for ſhame, and hung my head,
To find my ſex and ſtory known,
When as I thought I was alone.

But to be brief, his royal grace
Grew ſo enamour'd of my face,
The richeſt gifts he proffer'd me,
If that his miſtreſs I would be.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmly ſaid,
I'd rather in my grave be laid,
And tho' your grace hath won my heart,
I ne'er will act ſo baſe a part.

"Fair lady, pardon me," ſaid he,
"Thy virtue ſhall rewarded be,
"And ſince it is ſo fairly try'd,
"Thou ſhall become my royal bride."

Then ſtraight to end his am'rous ſtrife,
He took ſweet William to his wife;
The like before was never ſeen,
A ſerving-man become a queen.

Price, [Numb. 62] One Penny.

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The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language; forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Card invites.

THE card invites, in crouds we fly,
To join the jovial routfull cry,
What joy from cares and plagues all day,
To hye to the midnight hark away.
Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor droniſh huſbands enter there,
The briſk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hye to the midnight hark away.

Uncounted ſtrikes the morning clock,
And drowſy watchmen idly knock;
Till day-light peeps we ſport and play,
And roar to the jolly hark away.
When tir'd with ſport to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with ſleep,
To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight hark away.

Garrick.

The Dundee Laſſie.

I CANNA like ye, gentle ſir,
Altho' a laird ye be,
I like a bonny Scottiſh lad
Wha brought me from Dundee.

Had awa' wi' Jamie,
Awa' wi' Jamie o'er the lea,
I gae'd alang wi' free gude will,
He's a' the world to me.

I'le gang wi' Jamie frae Dundee,
To chear the loneſome way,
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,
He's frolic as the May.

Had awa', &c.

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn,
The lint-white ſwells her throat,
But neither are ſae ſweet, ſae clear,
As Jamie's tuneſu' note.

Had awa', &c.

Gently touch the warbling Lyre.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to reſt,
Fill her ſoul with fond deſire,
Softeſt notes will ſooth her breaſt,
Pleaſing dreams affect in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the moſſy bank ſhe lies,
Nature's verdant velvet bed,
Beauteous flowrets meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head,
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whiſpers ſound.

Parody on the above.

GENTLY ſtir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roaſt;
Get me, quick, 'tis my deſire,
In the dripping-pan a toaſt,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dreſſer ſee it lies;
O the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
On the ſweeteſt graſs it fed:
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table ſpread the cloth,
Let the knives be ſharp and clean;
Pickles get of ev'ry ſort,
And a ſallad criſp and green:
With ſmall-beer, and ſparkling wine,
O, ye gods! how I ſhall dine!

Love's the Tyrant of the Heart.

Sung in '*King Henry the Eighth.*'

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
Full of miſchief, full of woe;
All his joys are mix'd with ſmart,
Thorns beneath his roſes grow;
And, ſerpent like, he ſtings the breaſt
Where he's harbour'd and careſs'd.

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Daddy Neptune.

DADDY Neptune, one day,
To Freedom did ſay,
" If ever I live upon dry land,
" The ſpot I ſhould hit on,
" Would be little Britain,"
Says Freedom, " why that's my own iſland.
" 'Tis a nice little iſland,
" 'Tis a tight little, right little iſland.

Julius Cæſar, the Roman,
Who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he could not come by land,
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon,
Their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the ſake of the iſland.
Oh! it's a nice little iſland,
'Tis a right little, tight little iſland.

Then, another great war-man,
Call'd Billy, the Norman,
Cry'd, " hang it, I don't much like my land,
" It would ſure be more handy
" To leave this Normandy,
" And go to this beautiful iſland.
" Shan't we go and viſit this iſland?
" The right little, tight little iſland."

Then, ſays Harold the king,
As hiſtories ſing,
" While I live, it ſhall never be thy land;"
So he dy'd I well wot,
Becauſe he was ſhot
In bravely defending the iſland,
Poor Harold, the king of the iſland,
Like a Briton he dy'd for his iſland.

Yet 'twas partly deceit
Help'd the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict
We had never been lick'd,
Had we ſtuck to the king of the iſland.
Then let us ſtand firm to the iſland,
The right little, tight little iſland.

The Spaniſh Armadas'
Set out to invade us,
And ſwore that if e'er they came nigh land,
They could not do leſs
Than hang poor Queen Beſs,
And kick up a duſt in the iſland.
Oh! the poor Queen of the iſland,
The Dons would have plunder'd the iſland.

Thoſe proud, puff'd up rakes,
Thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth, but before they could ſpy land,
Our Drake had the luck
To make their pride duck,
And ſtoop to the boys of the iſland.
Huzza, for the tars of the iſland,
Of the right little, tight little iſland.

Now I don't wonder much,
That the French and the Dutch,
Have oft ſince been tempted to try land,
And I wonder much leſs
They have met no ſucceſs,
For why ſhould we give 'em the iſland;
Pray an't it our own little iſland?
A nice little, tight little iſland.

Then as Freedom and Neptune,
Have hitherto kept tune,
In each ſinging, " this ſhall be my land"
Let the Army of England,
Or all they can bring, land,
We'll ſhew 'em ſome play for the iſland.
Oh, how we will fight for the iſland,
The right little, tight little iſland!

The monſtrous Great Nation,
With great botheration,
Would vapour o'er lowland and highland,
May our *Nelſon* be bleſt,
Who has lower'd their creſt,
And taught them reſpect for the iſland.
Oh! 'tis a nice little iſland,
A tight little, right little iſland.

Now they all have the hip,
And at ſea ſcarce a ſhip,
Let 'em go and build more upon dry land,
While our conqueſts increaſe,
Till the bleſſings of peace
Shall glad ev'ry heart in the iſland.
Oh! it's a nice little iſland,
A right little, tight little iſland.

Were I to chooſe the greateſt Bliſs.

WERE I to chooſe the greateſt bliſs,
That e'er in love was known,
'Twould be the higheſt of my wiſh
T'enjoy your heart alone.

Kings might poſſeſs their kingdoms free,
And crowns unenvy'd wear,
They ſhould no rival have of me,
Might I reign monarch there.

The Man who with a gentle Heart.

In imitation of *Horace. Lib.* 1. *Ode* 22.

THE man who with a gentle heart,
In life ſerene ſteals thro' his part,
Needs not the villain's buſy art,
To pile his gold on gold;
Which, tho' ſecur'd in iron cheſt,
Still burns within his tortur'd breaſt,
By day and night exiling reſt
From him whoſe mind is ſold.

If he can boaſt a quiet mind,
Domeſtic bleſſings he ſhall find,
Below the roof that keeps out wind,
And all the weather's harm.
The ſpear that glows in honour's field,
The ſword that ſkilful warriors wield,
Nor yet Achilles' high wrought ſhield,
Need he with ſuch to arm.

Place me far diſtant from thoſe plains,
Where ſtands no cot, where pipe no ſwains,
Where blow bleak winds, where fall the rains,
And breathes a dangerous air;
Place me, oh, Bacchus, near ſome caſk,
For ever forc'd to fill my flaſk,
With pleaſure I'll renew my taſk,
And bleſs my daily care.

The Tankard of Ale.

NOT drunk, nor yet ſober, but brother to both,
I met a young man upon Ayleſbury vale,
I ſaw by his face
That he was in good caſe,
To come and take ſhare of a tankard of ale.

The hedger who works in the ditches all day,
And labours ſo very hard at the plough-tail,
He'll talk of great things,
About princes and kings,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The beggar whoſe portion is always his prayers,
Not having a tatter to hang on his tail,
Is as rich in his rags
As the churl in his bags,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The widow that bury'd her huſband of late,
She's ſcarcely forgotten to weep or to wail,
But thinks ev'ry day ten
Till ſhe's marry'd again,
When once ſhe ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The old pariſh vicar, when he's in his liquor,
Will merrily at his pariſhioners rail,
"Come, pay all your tithes,
"Or I'll kiſs all your wives,"
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The old pariſh clerk, with his eyes in the dark,
And letters ſo ſmall that he ſcarcely can tell,
He'll read ev'ry letter,
And ſing the pſalm better,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

If wrangling or jangling, or any ſuch ſtrife,
Or any things elſe that may happen to fail,
From words turn to blows,
And a ſharp bloody noſe,
We're friends again over a tankard of ale.

Kiſſes make Men loth to go.

MY love bound me with a kiſs,
That I ſhould no longer ſtay,
When I felt ſo ſweet a bliſs,
I had leſs pow'r to part away.
Alas! that women do not know,
Kiſſes make men loth to go.

Yet ſhe knows it, wot I well;
For I heard when Venus' dove
In her ear did ſoftly tell,
That kiſſes were the ſeals of love;
Oh! muſe not then tho' it be ſo,
That kiſſes make men loth to go.

Wherefore thus did ſhe inflame
My deſires, and heat my blood,
So ſkantilie to quench the ſame,
And ſtarve whom ſhe had given food?
Alas! for common ſence can ſhew,
Kiſſes make men loth to go.

Had ſhe bad me go at firſt,
It would not have griev'd my heart,
Hope delay'd had been the worſt,
But, ah! to kiſs and then to part!
How deep it ſtruck, ſpeak gods, you know,
Kiſſes make men loth to go.

While frequent on Tweed.

WHILE frequent on Tweed and on Tay,
Their harps all the muſes have ſtrung,
Should a river more limpid than they,
The wood-fringed Eſk flow unſung;
While Nelly and Nancy inſpire
The poet with paſtoral ſtrains,
Why ſilent the voice of the lyre,
On Mary, the pride of the plains?

Oh! Nature's moſt bountiful bloom,
May flouriſh unſeen and unknown,
And the ſhadows of ſolitude gloom,
A form that might ſhine on a throne,
Through the wilderneſs bloſſoms the roſe
In ſweetneſs, retir'd from the ſight,
And Philomel warbles her woes,
Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid,
Amid ſhades that her triumph deny,
How often the hero forbid,
From the path that conducts to the ſky!
A Helen has pin'd in the grove,
A Homer has wanted his name,
Unſeen in the circle of love,
Unknown to the temple of fame.

Yet let us walk forth to the ſtream,
Where poet ne'er wander'd before,
Enamour'd of Mary's ſweet name,
How the echoes will ſpread to the ſhore!
If the voice of the muſe be divine,
Thy beauties ſhall live in my lay,
While reflecting the foreſt ſo fine,
Sweet Eſk o'er the vallies ſhall ſtray.

Wind, gentle Evergreen.

WIND, gentle Evergreen, to form a ſhade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet Ivy wind thy boughs and intertwine
With bluſhing roſes and the cluſt'ring vine.
Thus will thy laſting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung.

BALLAD.

The London 'Prentice.

The following ballad relates to a noble piece of chivalry performed in queen *Elizabeth*'s days, and therefore claims a place here; though it muſt be acknowledged we have not been able to diſcover who the hero was, nor any account of the facts on which the ballad is founded.

OF a worthy London 'prentice
My purpoſe is to ſpeak,
And tell his brave adventures
Done for his country's ſake;
Seek all the world about
And you ſhall hardly find
A man in valour to exceed
This gallant 'prentice mind.

He was born in Cheſhire,
The chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London,
A 'prentice for to be;
A merchant on the bridge
Did like his ſervice ſo,
That for three years his factor,
To Turkey he ſhould go.

And in that famous country
One year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen,
Elizabeth, his princeſs,
He nobly did make known,
To be the phœnix of the world,
And none but her alone.

In armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a ſteed,
A ſcore of knights moſt hardy
One day he made to bleed;
And brought them all unto the ground,
Who proudly did deny
Elizabeth to be the pearl
Of princely majeſty.

The king of that ſame country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his ſon, there preſent,
To pull this youngſter down;
Who at his father's words
Theſe boaſting ſpeeches ſaid,
"Thou art a traytor, Engliſh boy,
"And haſt the traytor play'd."

"I am no boy, nor traytor,
"Thy ſpeeches I defy,
"For which I'll be revenged
"Upon thee by and by;
"A London 'prentice ſtill
"Shall prove as good a man,
"As any of your Turkiſh knights,
"Do all the beſt you can."

And therewithal he gave him
A box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck aſunder,
As plainly doth appear.
"Now, know, proud Turk," quoth he,
"I am no Engliſh boy,
"That can with one ſmall box o'th' ear
"The prince of Turks deſtroy."

When as the king perceived
His ſon ſo ſtrangely ſlain,
His ſoul was ſore afflicted
With more than mortal pain:
And in revenge thereof,
He ſwore that he ſhould die
The cruel'ſt death that ever man
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lions were prepared
This 'prentice to devour,
Near famiſh'd up with hunger,
Ten days within the tower,
To make them far more fierce,
And eager for their prey,
To glut themſelves with human gore,
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,
At length grew nigh at hand,
When all the noble ladies
And barons of the land,
Attended on the king,
To ſee this 'prentice ſlain,
And bury'd in the hungry maws
Of thoſe fierce lions twain.

Then in his ſhirt of cambrick,
With ſilks moſt richly wrought,
This worthy London 'prentice
Was from the priſon brought,
And to the lions given
To ſtanch their hunger great,
Which had eat in ten days ſpace
Not one ſmall bit of meat.

But GOD that knows all ſecrets,
The matter ſo contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
They were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
They ſcarcely could withſtand
The noble force and fortitude,
And courage of his hand:

For when the hungry lions
Had caſt on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
With echo of their cries:
And running all amain
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thruſt his arms,
With all his might and power:

From thence by manly valour,
Their hearts he tore in ſunder,
And at the king he threw them,
To all the people's wonder.
"This I have done," quoth he,
"For lovely England's ſake,
"And for my country's maiden queen
"Much more will undertake."

But when the king perceived
His wrathful lion's hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
His rigour ſoon perverts,
And turned all his hate
Into remorſe and love,
And ſaid, "it is ſome angel
"Sent down from heav'n above."

"No, no, I am no angel,"
The courteous young man ſaid,
"But born in famous England,
Where GOD's word is obey'd;
Aſſiſted by the heavens,
Who did me thus befriend,
Or elſe they had moſt cruelly
Brought here my life to end.

The king, in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven,
And for his foul offences
Did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no land
Like England may be ſeen,
No people better govern'd,
By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
He pardon'd him his life,
And gave his daughter to him,
To be his wedded wife:
Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet peace,
In ſpending of their happy days
In joy and love's increaſe.

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The Lily of the Vale.

THE fragrant lily of the vale,
So elegantly fair,
Whoſe ſweets perfume the fanning gale,
To Chloe I compare;
What tho' on earth it lowly grows,
And ſtrives its head to hide,
Its ſweetneſs far outvies the roſe,
That flaunts with ſo much pride.

The coſtly tulip owes its hue
To many a gaudy ſtain,
In this we view the virgin white
Of innocence remain:
See, how the curious floriſt's hand
Uprears its humble head,
And to preſerve the charming flow'r,
Tranſplants it to his bed.

There while it ſheds its ſweets around,
How ſhines each modeſt grace,
Enraptur'd how its owner ſtands,
To view its lovely face!
But pray my, Chloe, now obſerve
The inf'rence of my tale:
May I the Floriſt be, and thou
The Lily of the Vale.

Oh, how fleeting.

A Duet.

OH, how fleeting are the joys
Wretched mortals fondly boaſt,
Ev'ry pleaſure Care annoys,
Scarcely taſted e'er 'tis loſt.

Still betray'd by Fortune's wiles,
Tho' we know her inſincere;
By experience taught ſhe ſmiles,
But to frown the more ſevere.

Truſting to his faithleſs guide,
Reaſon's ever led aſtray;
Thus life's precious moments glide,
Fool'd by hope from day to day.

Behold the mighty Bowl.

THERE, there behold the mighty bowl,
Now I'll quench my thirſty ſoul,
Richeſt fragrance flows around,
All our cares ſhall here be drown'd.

Hail, great Bacchus, pow'r divine,
Theſe and ſuch like gifts are thine,
Of thy praiſe our ſong ſhall be,
While we thus are bleſt by thee.

By the Stream ſo cool.

BY the ſtream ſo cool and clear,
And thro' the caves where breezes languiſh,
Soothing ſtill my tender anguiſh,
Hoping ſtill to find my lover,
I have wander'd far and near,
Oh, where ſhall I the youth diſcover?

Sleeps he in your breezy ſhade,
Ye rocks, with moſs and ivy waving,
On ſome bank where wild waves laving,
Murmur thro' the twiſted willow;
On the bank, oh, were I laid,
How ſoft ſhould be my lover's pillow!

My fond Shepherds.

MY fond ſhepherds of late were ſo bleſt,
Their fair nymphs were ſo happy and gay,
That each night they went ſafely to reſt,
And they merrily ſung thro' the day.
But, ah! what a ſcene muſt appear,
Muſt the ſweet rural paſtimes be o'er?
Shall the tabor no more ſtrike the ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Muſt the flocks from their paſtures be led,
Muſt the herds go wild ſtraying abroad?
Shall the looms be all ſtopt in each ſhed,
And the ſhips be all moor'd in the road?
Muſt the arts be all ſcatter'd around,
And all commerce grow ſick of her tide?
Muſt religion expire on the ground?
And ſhall virtue ſink down by her ſide?

Mallet.

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Wine does Wonders.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,
Makes the heavy light and gay;
Throws off all their melancholy:
Makes the wiſeſt go aſtray,
And the buſy toy and play,
And the poor and needy, jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
Men in years forget they're old;
Women leave their coy diſdaining,
Who, till then, were ſhy and cold;
Makes a niggard ſlight his gold,
And the ſoppiſh entertaining.

Wine's a Miſtreſs gay and eaſy.

WINE's a miſtreſs gay and eaſy,
Ever free to give delight;
Let what may perplex and teaze ye,
'Tis the bottle ſets all right.

Who would leave a laſting treaſure,
To embrace a childiſh pleaſure,
Which ſoon as taſted takes its flight?

Pierce the caſk of gen'rous claret,
Rouze your hearts, e'er 'tis too late;
Fill the goblet, never ſpare it,
That's your armour 'gainſt all fate.

Apollo's Deciſion.

A NYMPH and a ſwain to Apollo once pray'd,
The ſwain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd;
Their intent was to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaſte, or a ſwain that was true

Apollo was mute, and had like t'ave been poſ'd;
But ſagely, at length, he this ſecret diſcloſ'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide,
And the nymph may be chaſte that has never been try'd.

Congreve.

The Whims of Folks.

THE whims of folks in love to know,
I believe would fairly poſe Old Nick:
This moment faſt—next moment ſlow;
Now conſenting,
Now repenting,
Nor at this, nor that will ſtick;
But changing ſtill,
They won't—they will—
When they mean yes, they'll anſwer no;
And fume and fret,
This hour to get
What they diſlik'd an hour ago.

If you expect to find them here,
To t'other ſide they quickly veer;
The wind and tide,
In the ſame mode will longer bide:
Like two fond turtles, ſide by ſide,
This hour they woo,
And bill and coo!
Then, by and by,
No reaſon why,
They make the devil and all to do.

How gentle was my Damon's air.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air,
Like ſunny beams his golden hair,
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More ſweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
How hard ſuch beauties to reſign,
And yet that cruel taſk is mine.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each ſtream,
Dear conſcious ſcenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the ſtreams remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains pleaſe no more,
Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loſs deplore,
All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain,
Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain. *Milton.*

I am young, and I am friendleſs.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Maid of the Mill.*'

I AM young, and I am friendleſs,
And poor, alas! withal;
Sure my ſorrows will be endleſs,
In vain for help I call.
Have ſome pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Tho' the gift be ne'er ſo ſmall.
May you poſſeſſing,
Ev'ry bleſſing,
Still inherit, ſir,
All you merit, ſir,
And never know what it is to want;
Sweet heav'n your worſhip all happineſs grant.

Soft Invader of my Soul.

SOFT invader of my ſoul,
Love! who can thy pow'r controul?
All that haunt earth, air, and ſea,
Own thy force and bend to thee.

All the dear enchanting day,
Celia ſteals my hearts away.
All the tedious live-long night,
Celia ſwims before my ſight.

Happy, happy were the ſwain
Who might ſuch a prize obtain,
Other joys he need not prove,
Bleſt enough in Celia's love.

All that temptingly beguiles,
Sparkling eyes and dimpling ſmiles,
Ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace,
Dwell on Celia's beauteous face.

Open, gen'rous, free from art,
Virtue lives within her heart,
Modeſty and truth combin'd,
Suit her perſon to her mind.

Vain is Beauty's gaudy Flow'r.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
Pageant of an idle hour,
Born juſt to bloom and fade;
Nor leſs weak, leſs vain than it,
Is the pride of human wit,
The ſhadow of a ſhade.

Saint George and the Dragon.

OF *Hector*'s deeds did *Homer* ſing;
And of the ſack of ſtately Troy,
What griefs did fair *Helena* bring,
Which was ſir *Paris*' only joy:
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds, an Engliſh knight.

Againſt the Saracens ſo rude
Fought he full long and many a day;
Where many giants he ſubdu'd,
In honour of the chriſtian way:
And after many adventures paſt
To Egypt land he came at laſt.

Now, as the ſtory plain doth tell,
Within that country there did reſt
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full ſore oppreſt:
Who by his poiſonous breath each day,
Did many of the city ſlay.

The grief whereof did grow ſo great
Throughout the limits of the land,
That they their wiſemen did entreat
To ſhew their cunning out of hand;
What way they might this fiend deſtroy,
That did the country thus annoy.

The wiſemen all before the king
This anſwer fram'd incontinent:
"The dragon none to death could bring
"By any means they could invent:
"His ſkin more hard than braſs was found,
"That ſword nor ſpear could pierce nor wound."

When this the people underſtood,
They cried aloud moſt piteouſly,
"The dragon's breath infects their blood,
"That every day in heaps they die:
"Among them ſuch a plague it bred,
"They ſcarcely could inter the dead."

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appeaſe the dragon's rage,
But to preſent ſome virgin clear,
Whoſe blood his fury might aſſwage;
Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wiſemen found,
Which truly muſt obſerved be;
Wherefore throughout the city round
A virgin pure of good degree
Was by the king's commiſſion ſtill
Ta'en up to ſerve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop ſome virgin flow'r,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour:
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then officers came to the king
That heavy meſſage to declare,
Which did his heart with ſorrow ſting;
"She is," quoth he, "my kingdom's heir;
"O, let us all be poiſon'd here,
"E'er ſhe ſhould die, who is my dear."

Then roſe the people preſently,
And to the king in rage they went;
They ſaid his daughter dear ſhould die,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
"Our daughters are all dead," quoth they,
"And have been made the dragon's prey:
"And by their blood we reſcu'd were,
"And thou haſt ſav'd thy life thereby;
"And now, in ſooth, it is but fair,
"For us thy daughter ſo ſhould die."
"Oh, ſave my daughter," ſaid the king;
"And let ME feel the dragon's ſting."

Then fell fair *Sabra* on her knee,
And to her father dear did ſay,
"Oh, father ſtrive not thus for me,
"But let me be the dragon's prey;
"It may be for my ſake alone
"This plague upon the land was thrown.

"'Tis better I ſhould die," ſhe ſaid,
"Than all your ſubjects periſh quite;
"Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
"For my offence, to work his ſpite:
"And after he hath ſuck'd my gore,
"Your land ſhall feel the grief no more."

"What haſt thou done, my daughter dear,
"For to deſerve this heavy ſcourge?
"It is my fault, as may appear,
"Which makes the gods our ſtate to purge;
"Then ought I die, to ſtint the ſtrife,
"And to preſerve thy happy life?"

Like madmen all the people cry'd,
"Thy death to us can do no good;
"Our ſafety only doth abide
"In making her the dragon's food."
"Lo! here I am, I come," quoth ſhe,
"Therefore do what you will with me."

"Nay, ſtay, dear daughter," quoth the queen,
"And as thou art a virgin bright,
"That haſt for virtue famous been,
"So let me cloath thee all in white;
"And crown thy head with flowers ſweet;
"An ornament for virgins meet."

And when ſhe was attir'd ſo,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the ſtake then ſhe did go;
To which her tender limbs they bind;
And being bound to ſtake a thrall
She bade farewell unto them all.

"Farewell, my father dear," quoth ſhe,
"And my ſweet mother, meek and mild;
"Take you no thought nor weep for me,
"For you may have another child:
"Since for my country's good I die,
"Death I receive moſt willingly."

The king and queen, and all their train
With weeping eyes then went their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as ſhe did there weeping lie,
Behold—*St. George* came riding by;

And ſeeing there a lady bright
So rudely ty'd unto a ſtake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He ſtraight to her his way did take:
"Tell me, ſweet maiden," then, quoth he,
"What caitiff thus abuſeth thee?

"And lo! by this croſs here I vow,
"Which here is figur'd on my breaſt,
"I will revenge it on his brow,
"And break my lance upon his cheſt:"
And ſpeaking thus whereas he ſtood,
The dragon iſſu'd from the wood.

The lady that did firſt eſpy
The dreadful dragon coming ſo,
Unto *St. George* aloud did cry,
And wiled him away to go;
"Here comes that curſed fiend," quoth ſhe,
"That ſoon will make an end of me."

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon ſoon eſpy'd,
And like a knight of courage ſtout,
Againſt him did moſt fiercely ride;
And with ſuch blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horſe's feet.

For with his lance, which was ſo ſtrong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thruſt along,
For he could pierce no other place:
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon ſtraight he ſlew.

The ſavour of his poiſon'd breath
Could do this holy knight no harm.
Thus he the lady ſav'd from death,
And home he led her by the arm;
Which when king *Ptolemy* did ſee,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as this valiant champion there
Had ſlain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield.
He in the court of Egypt ſtaid
Till he moſt falſely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
He courted her his only joy;
But when their love was brought to light
It turn'd unto their great annoy:
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did reſort

Daily to take the pleaſant air,
For pleaſure ſake he us'd to walk,
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with *Lady Sabra* talk:
Their love he ſhew'd unto the king,
Which to *St. George* great woe did bring.

Thoſe kings together did deviſe
To make the chriſtian knight away,
With letters him in courteous wiſe
They ſtraightway ſent to Perſia:
But wrote to th' Sophy him to kill,
And treach'rouſly his blood to ſpill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and moſt ſubtily
By much vile means they had regard
To work his death moſt cruelly;
Who, as through Perſia land he rode,
With zeal deſtroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he ſtraight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
He bitterly did wail and weep:
Yet like a knight of courage ſtout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the king of Perſia
By night this valiant champion ſlew,
Tho' he had faſted many a day;
And then away from thence he flew
On the beſt ſteed the Sophy had;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

To'ards Chriſtendom he made his flight
But met a giant on the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
Moſt valiantly a ſummer's day:
Who yet, for all his bats of ſteel,
Was forc'd the ſting of death to feel.

Back o'er the ſeas with many bands
Of warlike ſoldiers ſoon he paſt,
Vowing upon thoſe heathen lands
To work revénge; which at the laſt,
Ere thrice three years were gone and ſpent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save only Egypt land he ſpar'd
For *Sabra* bright her only ſake,
And ere for her he had regard,
He meant a tryal kind to make:
Meanwhile the king o'ercome in field
Unto *St. George* did quickly yield.

Then ſtraight Morocco's king he ſlew,
And took fair *Sabra* to his wife,
But meant to try if ſhe were true
Ere with her he would lead his life:
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then, that lovely dame
The brave *St. George* conducted ſtraight;
An eunuch alſo with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait;
Theſe three from Egypt went alone.
Now mark *St. George*'s valour ſhown.

When as they in a foreſt were,
The lady did deſire to reſt,
Mean while *St George*, to kill a deer
For their repaſt did think it beſt;
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilſt he did go to kill the deer.

But lo! all in his abſence came
Two hungry lions, fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the ſame
In pieces ſmall, the truth to tell;
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they ſhew'd ſhe was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's ſake
His courage ſtraight he did advance,
And came into the lion's ſight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit diſmay
Who, like a ſtout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lions ſlay
Within the Lady *Sabra*'s ſight:
Who all this while, ſad and demure
There ſtood, moſt like a virgin pure.

Now when *St. George* did ſurely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erſt was woe,
And all his love did ſoon renew:
He ſet her on a palfrey ſteed,
And towards England came with ſpeed.

Where being in ſhort ſpace arriv'd
Unto his native dwelling place;
Therein with his dear love he liv'd
And fortune did his nuptials grace:
They many years of joy did ſee,
And led their lives at Coventry.

Price, [Numb. 64] One Penny.

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When Fairies dance round.

Air—'*By the pale Light of the Moon*'

WHEN fairies dance round on the graſs,
And frolic to night's awful noon;
Each elf, with his tight little laſs,
Trips to the pale light of the moon.

If't chance that the grey dawn of day
Breaks in on their revels too ſoon,
Diſturb'd they all ſkuttle away,
And follow the glimpſe of the moon.

Fairer than the op'ning Lilies.

FAIRER than the op'ning lilies,
Freſher than the morning roſe,
Are the blooming charms of Phillis;
Richer ſweets does ſhe diſcloſe.

Long ſecure from Cupid's power,
Soft repoſe had lull'd my breaſt,
Till in one ſhort fatal hour
She depriv'd my ſoul of reſt.

Child of pleaſure and vexation,
Fly my verſe, and paint my flame;
Whiſper ſoft that tender paſſion,
Which I muſt not, cannot name!

Lovely fair, remove my anguiſh,
Give my ſoul her wonted eaſe,
Since you've taught me how to languiſh,
Teach, oh! teach me how to pleaſe.

With the Man that I love.

WITH the man that I love, were I deſtin'd to dwell,
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, or a cell;
Retreats the moſt barren, moſt deſert, would be
More pleaſing than courts, or a palace to me.

Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aſpire,
To what folly eſteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliſs where their wiſhes are plac'd;
Inſenſible creatures! 'tis all they can taſte.

Fine Ladies may tell us.

Sung in '*The Rival Candidates.*'

FINE ladies may tell us
They hate pretty fellows,
Deſpiſe little Cupid—his quiver and dart,
But when Love's only by,
Not a prude will deny
That man, tho' a tyrant's the lord of her heart.

So bewitching a creature!
So noble each feature!
My boſom commands me to take his dear part;
Then how can I conceal
What my eyes will reveal?—
That he muſt, and he will be—the lord of my heart.

From the Court to the Cottage.

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur and what they call gay;
Where pride without meaſure,
And pomp without pleaſure,
Makes life, in a circle of hurry, decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noiſe of the town
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain ruſſet gown;
My friends ſhall be few,
But well choſen and true,
And ſweet recreation our ev'ning ſhall crown.

With a rural repaſt, a rich banquet to me,
On a moſſy green turf, near ſome ſhady old tree,
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And Temp'rance my friendly phyſician ſhall be.

E'er calm and ſerene, with contentment ſtill bleſt,
Not too giddy with joy, nor with ſorrow depreſt,
I'll neither invoke,
Nor repine at Death's ſtroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my reſt.

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Since robb'd of all, &c.

SINCE robb'd of all that charms my view,
Of all my ſoul e'er fancy'd fair,
Ye ſmiling native ſcenes adieu,
With each delightful object there!
Oh, when my heart revolves the joys
Which in your ſweet receſs I knew,
The laſt dread ſhock which life deſtroys,
Is heaven compar'd to loſing you!

Ye vales which to the raptur'd eye
Diſclos'd the flow'ry pride of May,
Ye circling hills, whoſe ſummits high
Bluſh'd with the morning's earlieſt ray,
Where, heedleſs oft how far I ſtray'd,
And pleas'd my ruin to purſue,
I ſung, my dear, my cruel maid,
Adieu! for ever, ah, adieu!

Ye dear aſſociates of my breaſt,
Whoſe hearts with ſpeechleſs ſorrow ſwell,
And thou, with hoary age oppreſt,
Dear author of my life, farewell!
For me, alas! thy fruitleſs tears,
Far, far remote from friends and home,
Shall blaſt thy venerable years,
And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt
For dear relations torn away,
Yet ſharper pangs my vitals melt,
To hopeleſs love a deſtin'd prey;
While ſhe, an angry hav'n and main,
Deaf to the helpleſs ſailor's pray'r,
Enjoys my ſoul's conſuming pain,
And wantons with my deep deſpair.

From curſed gold what ills ariſe,
What horrors life's fair proſpect ſtain!
Friends blaſt their friends with angry eyes,
And brothers bleed by brothers ſlain!
From curſed gold I trace my woes;
Could I this ſplendid miſchief boaſt,
Nor would my tears unpitied flow,
Nor would my ſighs in air be loſt.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care
Nurs'd me an infant on the breaſt,
Had early fate ſurpriz'd me there,
And wrapt me in eternal reſt;
Then had this breaſt ne'er learn'd to beat,
And tremble with unpitied pain,
Nor had a maid's relentleſs hate
Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oh, in the pleaſing toils of love,
With ev'ry winning art I try'd
To catch the coyly fluct'ring dove,
With killing eyes and plumy pride;
But far, on nimble pinions borne,
From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,
She ſought the northern climes of ſcorn,
Where ever freezing winter reigns.

Ah, me! had heav'n and ſhe prov'd kind,
Then full of age, and free from care,
How bleſt had I my life reſign'd,
Where firſt I breath'd this vital air.
But ſince no flatt'ring hope remains,
Let me my wretched lot purſue,
Adieu, dear friends, and native plains,
To all but grief and love, adieu!

Braw, braw Lads of Gala-water.

BRAW, braw lads of Gala-water,
O, braw lads of Gala-water,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, ſae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, ſae ſweet her mou,
The mair I kiſs ſhe's a' my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moſs among the heather,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie,
The laſſie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
That coſt her many a blirt and bleary.

Shepherd Youths and Village Maids.

RECITATIVE.

Shepherd youths and village maids,
Liſten to a ſhepherd's ſtrain:
Learn, when love your heart invades,
How its truth to aſcertain.

AIR.

IF in abſence 'lone you grieve,
Pine and court the penſive hour,
If no pleaſures can relieve,
Then doth Love your peace devour.
If that grief you ſtrive to hide,
Feigning mirth and forcing chear,
If a ſmile would ſeem to chide,
Yet in chiding ſwells the tear;
Starting drops unerring prove.
Then, and only then, you love.

When no more the ſong invites,
Pipe or dance upon the green,
Dead to all the gay delights,
Wont to charm the maid ſerene;
If in thoſe you take no part,
Cloſ'd the ear, and fix'd the eye,
If in crowds the vacant heart
Heaves th' involuntary ſigh;
Careleſs ſorrows ſadly prove,
Then, and only then, you love.

When the favour'd object's near,
If your joy, beyond controul,
Bids the glad, the glift'ning tear,
More than ſpeak the raptur'd ſoul,
If the chance, tho' welcome touch
Thrills through ev'ry panting vein,
If you cannot gaze too much,
Wiſh, yet dread to gaze again,
Stolen glances fondly prove,
Then, and only then, you love.

When again the village ſports
With redoubl'd ſweetneſs charm,
Brighter all the known reſorts,
Dearer all the ſoft alarm;
When the moments gliding by,
New enjoyments daily riſe,
When each joy is extaſy,
Shar'd with thoſe you fondly prize,
Happy hours, tho' tranſient prove,
Then you live, for then you love.

In defence of her Sex.

IN defence of her ſex ſure a woman may ſpeak,
Pray what is it now that you men would be at?
Do you think that we mind each occaſion you ſeek,
To laugh at our dreſs, little waiſts, and all that?
No, don't, ſirs, believe it, ſuch nonſenſe muſt fall,
Convinc'd, when we look but a moment about us,
That whether we're all waiſt, or no waiſt at all,
You can't, for the life of you, men, do without us

'Tis filly to ſport with our fancies and dreſs,
As we can ſubdue you whenever we pleaſe:
For ſince we've the power, you all muſt confeſs,
To make you aſk pardon for that on your knees:
Then prithee, dear ſirs, leave our ſhort waiſts alone,
'Tis the whim of the day, and we'll have it, don't doubt us:
So give o'er your jeſting, and candidly own,
You can't, for the life of you, men, do without us

That women have tongues I believe you well know,
But pray do not force us to put them in uſe,
For ſure if you give them but freedom to go,
You'll find it a hard thing to ſtop their abuſe;
Beſides, look at home—on the dreſs of yourſelves,
With your ſpencers and pantaloons flocking about us:
But I tell you again, oh, ye confident elves,
You can't, for the ſoul of you, men, do without us

The Willow Tree.

HOW now, ſhepherd, what means that?
Why wears thou willow in thy hat?
Are thy ſkarfs of red and yellow,
Turn'd to branches of green willow?
"She is changed, ſo am I,
"Sorrow lives when joys do die;
"It is Phillis, only ſhe,
"That makes me wear the willow tree."

Is't the laſs that lov'd thee long?
Is it ſhe has done thee wrong?
She that lov'd thee long and beſt,
Is her love now turn'd to jeſt?
"She who lov'd me long and beſt,
"Bids me ſet my mind at reſt;
"She loves a new love, loves not me—
"That makes me wear the willow tree."

Come, then, ſhepherd, let us join,
Since thy love is like to mine;
For ſhe I ever thought moſt true,
Has alſo chang'd me for a new.
"Herdſman, if thy hap be ſo,
"Thou art partner of my woe;
"Thine ill hap doth mine appeaſe,
"For company doth ſorrow eaſe."

Courage, man, and do not mourn,
For her who holds thy love in ſcorn,
Reſpect not them who love not thee,
But caſt away thy willow tree.
"For her ſake I live in pine,
"Phillis once was true love mine,
"Which forgotten ne'er ſhall be,
"Altho' I wear the willow tree."

Shepherd, if thou'll be rul'd by me,
Caſt away thy willow tree,
For thy grief doth her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.
"Herdſman, I'll be rul'd by thee,
"Here lies grief and willow tree,
"Henceforth I will be as they
"That love a new love ev'ry day."

BALLAD.

The Birth of St. George.

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,
I ſing the wonderous birth
Of brave *St. George*, who's val'rous arm
Rid monſters from the earth:

Diſtreſſed ladies to relieve
He travell'd many a day;
In honour of the chriſtian faith,
Which ſhall endure for aye.

In Coventry ſometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High ſteward of this noble realm;
Lord *Albret* was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,
Whoſe beauty did excel;
This virtuous lady being with child,
In ſudden ſadneſs fell:

For thirty nights no ſooner ſleep
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes;
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy did ſuprize.

She dreamt, a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb;
Whoſe mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone and ſad was ſhe;
She nouriſh'd conſtant woe:
Yet ſtrove to hide it from her lord,
Leſt he ſhould ſorrow know.

In vain ſhe ſtrove; her tender lord,
Who watch'd her ſlighteſt look,
Diſcover'd ſoon her ſecret pain,
And ſoon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cauſe
She weeping did impart,
With kindeſt ſpeech he ſtrove to heal
The anguiſh of her heart.

"Be comforted, my lady dear,
"Thoſe pearly drops refrain;"
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
"I'll try to eaſe thy pain.

"And for this foul and fearful dream,
"That cauſeth all thy woe,
"Truſt me I'll travel far away,
"But I'll the meaning know."

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And ſhedding many a tear,
To the weird lady of the woods
He purpos'd to repair.

To the weird lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day,
Thro' lonely ſhades and thickets rough
He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With diſmal yews o'erhung;
Where cypreſs ſpread its mournful boughs,
A pois'nous nightſhade ſprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,
He hears no chearful ſound;
But ſhrill night-ravens yelling ſcream,
And ſerpents hiſs around.

The ſhriek of fiends and damned ghoſts
Ran howling thro' his ear:
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he ſtrives to win his way,
And pierce thoſe ſickly dews;
Three times to bear his trembling corſe
His knocking knees refuſe.

At length upon his beating breaſt
He ſigns the holy croſs;
And, rouſing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallow'd moſs.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And op'ning in the ſolid rock,
He found th' inchanted cave.

An iron grate clos'd up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorn;
And, faſten'd by a ſilver chain,
Near hung a brazen horn.

Then offering up a milk-white lamb,
Three times he blows amain;
Three times a deep and hollow ſound
Did anſwer him again.

"Sir knight, thy lady bears a ſon,
"Who like a dragon bright,
"Shall prove right dreadful to his foes,
"And terrible in fight.

"His name advanc'd in future times
"On banners ſhall be worn;
"But, lo! thy lady's life muſt paſs
"Before he can be born."

All ſore oppreſt with fear and doubt
Long time lord *Albret* ſtood;
At length he winds his doubtful way,
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to claſp his lovely dame
Then faſt he travels back;
But when he reach'd his caſtle gate,
His gate was hung with black.

In every court and hall he found
A ſullen ſilence reign;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plain;

And bitterly lament and weep,
With many a grievous groan:
Then ſore his bleeding heart miſgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With faultering ſtep he enters in,
Yet half afraid to go;
With trembling voice aſks why they grieve,
Yet fears the cauſe to know.

"Three times the ſun hath roſe and ſet;"
They ſaid, then ſtopt to weep:
"Since heaven hath laid thy lady dear
"In death's eternal ſleep.

"For, ah! in travail ſore ſhe fell,
"So ſore that ſhe muſt die;
"Unleſs ſome ſhrewd and cunning leech
"Could caſe her preſently.

"But when a cunning leech was ſet,
"Too ſoon declared he,
"She, or her babe muſt loſe its life,
"Both ſaved could not be."

"Now take my life," the lady ſaid,
"My little infant ſave:
"And, oh, commend me to my lord,
"When I am laid in grave.

"O tell him how that precious babe
"Coſt him a tender wife:
"And teach my ſon to liſp her name,
"Who dy'd to ſave his life."

"Then calling ſtill upon thy name,
"And praying ſtill for thee;
"Without repining or complaint,
"Her gentle ſoul did flee."

What tongue can paint lord *Albret*'s woe,
The bitter tears he ſhed,
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
To find his lady dead?

He beat his breaſt, he tore his hair;
And ſhedding many a tear,
At length he aſk'd to ſee his ſon;
The ſon that coſt ſo dear.

New ſorrow ſeiz'd the damſels all:
At length they fault'ring ſay,
"Alas! my lord, how ſhall we tell?
"Thy ſon is ſtole away!—

"Fair as the ſweeteſt flower of ſpring,
"Such was his infant mein:
"And on his little body ſtampt
"Three wond'rous marks were ſeen:

"A blood-red croſs was on his arm;
"A dragon on his breaſt:
"A little garter all of gold
"Was round his leg expreſt.

"Three careful nurſes we provide
"Our little lord to keep:
"One gave him ſuck, one gave him food,
"And one did lull to ſleep.

"But lo! all in the dead of night,
"We heard a fearful ſound:
"Loud thunder clapt; the caſtle ſhook;
"And lightning flaſht around.

"Dead with affright at firſt we lay;
"But rouſing up anon,
"We ran to ſee our little lord:
"Our little lord was gone!

"But how or where we could not tell:
"For lying on the ground,
"In deep and magic ſlumbers laid,
"The nurſes there we found."

"Oh, grief on grief!" lord *Albret* ſaid:
No more his tongue could ſay,
When falling in a deadly ſwoon,
Long time he lifeleſs lay.

At length reſtor'd to life and ſenſe
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe,
No future joy his heart could taſte,
No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
A fair and ſtately oak,
Whoſe vig'rous arms are torn away
By ſome rude thunder-ſtroke.

At length his caſtle irkſome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forſakes
In foreign lands to roam.

There up and down he wander'd far,
Clad in a palmer's gown;
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thiſtle down.

At length, all weary'd, down in death
He laid his reverend head.
Meanwhile amid the lonely wilds
His little ſon was bred.

There the weird lady of the woods
Had borne him far away,
And train'd him up in feats of arms,
And ev'ry martial play.

Price, [Numb. 65] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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The Beaus of the Year Ninety-nine.

Sung by *Mrs. Mountain*, with great applauſe, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

MY mother oft talk'd of the beaus of the town,
Who by ſword, knot or bag, had gain'd great renown,
With powder, pomatum, and other perfumes,
You might ſmell out a beau, tho' in different rooms.
Well, to London I'm come, to ſee theſe fine elves,
But I find them ſo alter'd, they don't know themſelves;
Our beaus, for I find they retain ſtill the name,
Take a different road to the temple of fame.

Pantaloons and ſhort ſtick,
Half boots and half coat,
A neat colour'd handkerchief
Tied round the throat,
A ſcrubbing bruſh head,
With check collar ſo fine,
Mark the beaus and the ſmarts of the year 99.

In the days when my mother was airy and young,
Smart fellows, ſhe tells me, danc'd, ogled and ſung,
They dreſs'd too ſo jaunting, our hearts to trepan,
On tiptoe to pleaſe us were ſtill to a man;
Now lounging and careleſs, it plainly appears
That the faſhion's much alter'd within a few years.
The faſhion of wiſhing to pleaſe is gone by;
Not to pleaſe is the plan they ſucceſsfully try.

Pantaloons, &c.

Now Faſhion with no bright allurements betray,
Our belles quite diſguſted her votaries ſurvey,
When the boſom of beauty own love's pleaſing pain,
'Tis for one of thoſe men, who ſuch faſhion diſdain.
Take the hint, O ye men, to find grace in thoſe eyes,
Throw off this diſgraceful poſtillion diſguiſe;
Appear like your fathers, like gentlemen move,
And, like them, be rewarded with beauty and love.

Pantaloons, &c.

Ring the Bell, and fill the Bowl.

RING the bell, and fill the bowl,
Wine inſpires the jovial ſong;
Care ſhall never dare controul,
While liquor can our mirth prolong.

Come, ye youths, who ſigh and pine
For ſome ſilly, fickle fair;
Come, and drown in ſparkling wine,
All your folly, all your care.

Ye wretches on whom Fortune frowns,
Whom duns and creditors beſet,
Good ſtore of wine will troubles drown,
Come, drink yourſelves quite out of debt.

Ye huſbands who have ſcolding wives,
Come here, and leave the ſhrews at home;
With Comus lead more happy lives;
Come, haſte away, O! pr'ythee, come.

Beauty and Muſic charm the Soul.

BEAUTY and muſic charm the ſoul,
Tho' ſep'rate in the fair;
What mortal can their pow'r controul,
When Heav'n has join'd them there?

What needed, then, my Celia's art,
To ſing or touch the lyre?
Your charms before had won my heart;
'Twas adding flame to fire.

Love.

HOW ſweet a torment 'tis to love!
And ah! how pleaſant is the pain!
I would not, if I could, remove,
And now put off the am'rous chain.

Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,
And me of liberty beguile,
I, like a martyr, love my cauſe,
And on my fair tormentor ſmile!

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The Maid to my Mind.

I HAVE ſeriouſly weigh'd it,
And find it but juſt,
That a wife makes a man
Either bleſſed or curſt;
I declare I will marry,
Ah! can I but find,
Mark me well, ye young laſſes,
The maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miſs,
Who advice will deſpiſe,
Nor the girl who's ſo fooliſh
To think herſelf wiſe,
Nor ſhe who to all men
Alike would prove kind;
Not one of theſe three
Is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude who in public
Will never be free,
Yet in private a toying
For ever will be,
Nor coquette that's too forward,
Nor jilt that's unkind;
Not one of theſe three
Is the maid to my mind.

Nor ſhe who for pleaſure
Her huſband will ſlight,
Nor the poſitive dame,
Who thinks always ſhe's right,
Nor ſhe who a dupe
To the faſhion's inclin'd;
Not one of theſe three
Is the maid to my mind.

But the fair with good-nature
And carriage genteel,
Who her huſband can love
And no ſecrets reveal,
In whoſe breaſt I may virtue
And modeſty find;
This, this, and this only's
The maid to my mind.

When Vapours o'er the Meadow die.

Sung in '*The Capricious Lovers.*'

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,
And morning ſtreaks the purple ſky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And Philomel laments her love,
Each ſigh I breathe my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my boſom feels.

With ſecret pleaſure I ſurvey
The frolic birds in am'rous play,
While fondeſt cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps and beats for joy.

With your Wife, Sir, ne'er diſpute.

Sung in '*The Golden Pippin.*'

WITH your wife, Sir, ne'er diſpute.
Lady of the manor ſhe;
Due to her the choiceſt fruit,
Due to her the branch and tree:
And you know ſhe'll have her right;
Yes, Sir, morning, noon, and night.

A Man to my Mind.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue,
And ſtale virgins deſpis'd,
To all bachelors greeting,
Theſe lines are premis'd;
I'm a maid that would marry—
Ah! could I but find,
(I care not for fortune)
A man to my mind!

Not the fair-weather fop,
Fond of faſhion and dreſs;
Not the 'ſquire, who can reliſh
No joys but the chace;
Nor the free-thinking rake,
Whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's
The man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd ſot,
Who topes world without end;
Nor the drone, who can't reliſh
His bottle and friend;
Nor the fool, that's too fond;
Nor the churl that's unkind;
Neither this—that—nor 'tother's
The man to my mind.

Not the wretch with full bags,
Without breeding or merit;
Nor the flaſh, that's all fury
Without any ſpirit;
Nor the fine maſter fribble,
The ſcorn of mankind!
Neither this—that—nor t'other's
The man to my mind.

But the youth whom good ſenſe
And good-nature inſpire;
Whom the brave muſt eſteem,
And the fair ſhould admire;
In whoſe heart love and truth
Are with honour conjoin'd;
This, this, and no other's
The man to my mind. *Cunningham.*

Pry'thee, Fool, be quiet.

YOUNG Jockey ſought my heart to win,
And woo'd as lovers woo;
I, vers'd in all our ſex's art,
Did juſt as maidens do:
Whate'er he'd ſigh, whate'er he'd vow,
I'd ſtudy to be ſhy at;
And when he preſs'd his fate to know,
'Twas, pr'ythee, fool, be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain
He made a mighty fuſs;
Why if, you know, one loves a ſwain,
'Tis wrong to ſay one does:
He told me paſſion could not live
Without more pleaſing diet;
And pray what anſwer could I give,
But, pr'y thee, fool, be quiet.

At length he made a bold eſſay,
And like a man he cry'd,
Thy hand, my dear, this very day
Shall Celia be my bride:
Convinc'd he would have teiz'd me ſtill,
I could not well deny it;
And now, believe me, when I will,
I make the fool be quiet.

A Laughing Song.

GOOD people of every condition,
Attend to a merry new ſong;
Know, that Laughter's the only phyſician
To make you live happy and long.

And ſure 'tis a folly to grieve,
Let the bottle go briſkly about;
The hypocrite laughs in his ſleeve,
Whilſt the honeſt man dares to laugh out.

The merchant indulges his mirth
When his veſſel's ſafe moor'd at the quay:
She's inſur'd for near double her worth,
And he laughs if ſhe founders at ſea.

The broker enjoys his commiſſion
When he buys, for his principal, well;
And, when ſtock's in a ſickly condition
He's merry, becauſe he muſt ſell,

The felon will laugh at the jailor,
When the bill of indictment is wrong;
The poet will laugh at his tailor,
Who truſts him a ſuit for a ſong.

The girl who has cheated her keepers,
Laughs to think that old men are ſo mad;
The heir, in his hat band and weepers,
Will laugh o'er the grave of his dad.

Phyſicians ſtill laugh at the ſick,
Who conſent to be bliſter'd and bled;
Philoſophers laugh at the quick,
And the ſexton will laugh at the dead,

Then, my friends, let's renounce all our errors;
By virtue we'll ſtand or we'll fall:
He laughs at the monarch of terrors,
Who one day will laugh at us all.

A Lover of Mirth.

BALLAD.

Fair Eleanor.

OR THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK CASTLE.

FAST o'er the hills the evening grey,
Her duſky mantle ſpread;
And weſtward far the ling'ring day,
A glimm'ring twilight ſhed.

When from his cell, a holy wight
Went forth with air ſedate;
Beneath the ſhelter of the night,
Unſeen, to contemplate.

A ſlender wand he careful bore,
His tottering ſteps to guide;
The croſs, and beads his order wore,
Hung graceful by his ſide.

His hoary locks, and wrinkl'd brow
A length of years conteſs'd;
His head, that age began to bow,
Reclin'd upon his breaſt.

A modeſt air his face o'erſpread,
And courteous was his ſmile;
His heart, that ſcience long had fed,
The world could not defile.

Beſide an abby's mould'ring walls,
He ſtood a while to reſt:
And ſtraight to meditation falls,
And ſmote his aged breaſt.

Now in the eaſt the lamp of night,
In awful grandeur roſe:
And beaming with the new born light,
The rich horizon glows.

The ambient ſurface of the deep,
With orient ſurges roll'd;
The craggy ſhore o'er hanging ſteep,
Seem'd laſh'd with liquid gold!

The hermit view'd the ſcene around,
With holy, calm delight,
And O! he cry'd, who ſhall be found
Worthy thy glorious ſight.

Thou, who can'ſt ſhed the liquid day,
And poiſe the ſtarry ſphere:
Can'ſt bid the tranquil zephyrs play,
And furious tempeſt tear.

Thus while the pious ſoul he ſpoke,
And contemplating ſtood,
A diſtant ſound his rapture broke,
Far iſſuing from the flood.

And ſoon a ſtately barque appear'd,
With canvas floating wide,
And to the ſhore ſtraight onward ſteer'd,
Faſt bounding o'er the tide.

'Twas ſilence all, ſave from the ſtrand,
The breakers lowly ſigh'd:
The veſſel now approach'd the land,
And daſh'd their ſurf aſide.

And now a voice attracts his ears,
That utter'd plaintive woe;
And all aſtoniſh'd now he hears
A ſolemn dirge and ſlow,

Soft ſtealing on the floating breeze,
The mingled anthem roſe;
Now low, then ſwelling by degrees,
And now it fainter grows.

He heard, and wond'ring ſtood the while,
The mourning train drew nigh;
While from behind the hollow pile,
Re-echo'd every ſigh.

A ſadd'ning ſcene, the hermit wept,
And ſtraight with pious care,
To meet the troop in ſilence ſtep'd,
And utter'd ſilent pray'r.

And then the chief he thus addreſs'd,
With court'ous words and kind;
" Still prompt to ſuccour the diſtreſt"
" In me a brother find.

" Say whence, right valiant knight, and where,
" Your journey ſad, I pray?
" Before you lies a mountain drear,
" And per'lous is the way.

" Kind father," then the knight reply'd,
" My journey here muſt ceaſe;
" I come to lay a hapleſs bride
" In yonder holy place,

" From Spain I came, and this my care,
" The lady of a Knight;
" Erſt called *Eleanor* the fair,
" Of beauty once moſt bright.

" Her husband, late of British land,
" The holy crosier wore:
" And 'gainst the Moor a high command
" For Spain he gallant bore.

" What boots it to the valiant dead,
" The tear, let fall in vain:
" Pierc'd by a Moorish spear he bled,
" On Murcia's bloody plain.

" Fair *Eleanor* with grief oppress'd,
" Soon left this world of pain;
" And to fulfill her last request,
" I've cross'd the heaving main.

" The story of this hapless maid,
" Would melt the coldest heart;
" Which while this last sad act's delay'd,
" I will recount in part.—

The yielding sod was laid aside,
The last retreat of man:
The mattock rang, the hermit sigh'd,
And thus the knight began.

" In Cornwall there once lived a knight,
" Of high and matchless fame:
" And to commence my tale aright,
" *Fitz Maurice* was his name.

" In war a deathless name he bore,
" His greatest joy and pride:
" The sword his mighty grandsire wore,
" Still grac'd his lordly side.

" And many a trusty knight and squire,
" In costly mail array'd,
" Stood ready all at his desire,
" To draw the temper'd blade.

" High on a rock his castle stood,
" That long o'er look'd the tide:
" And o'er the rude assailing flood,
" Still frown'd in gothic pride.

" And flank'd with strong and stately tow'rs,
" With battlements on high:
" Whereon th' approach of hostile pow'rs,
" With ease he might descry.

" With regal cheer his table flow'd,
" Where strangers well might feed;
" For bountifully he bestow'd
" On all who stood in need.

" His heart was of that princely mood.
" That knew no sordid view:
" And many a virtue now untold,
" His manly bosom knew.

" One only daughter fair had he,
" As fair as might be found;
" Nay, one so wond'rous fair as she,
" Dwelt not on English ground.

" And many a lord from foreign land,
" The maiden's love besought:
" But she to all refus'd her hand,
" That was not to be bought.

" But thus she said, who gains my heart,
" Shall have my hand beside;
" For by this hand, my better part
" Shall never be bely'd.

" Her loving father wond'ring stood,
" To hear his daughter speak:
" While tears of joy, a tender flood,
" Ran down his aged cheek.

" And O! my child, he fondly cry'd,
" A father's blessing take;
" Thy wishes ne'er shall be deny'd,
" All for thy virtue's sake.

" Which made him to repent full sore,
" That he this promise gave;
" This promise that in sorrow bore
" His grey hairs to the grave.

" For wand'ring from his lineal pride,
" She lov'd a shepherd swain:
" For whom in silence long she sigh'd,
" And long conceal'd her pain.

" One day, as from his turrets high,
" He view'd his wide domains;
" Where wood-crown'd hills were seen in view
" With flow'r enamell'd plains,

" His daughter with the shepherd swain,
" In converse he espy'd;
" Beneath the shrubs that skirt the plain,
" Fast by the greenwood side.

" Then straight up rose his anger red,
" Fierce glar'd his martial eye:
" And O! he cry'd, shall it be said
" My honour thus shall die."

Thus far the knight did so relate,
When, sadly by his side,
The hermit falling from his seat,
All breathless he espy'd.

Then careful did he strive to rise
The old man from the ground;
And ply assistance various ways,
But all in vain he found.

At length, suspended life began
Its feeble course to bear:
And down his cheeks successive ran
The dew drops of despair.

" I am," he cry'd, " O hold, my heart
" Thus bursts to find relief;
" That father, who with piercing smart,
" Now feels a father's grief.

" O lead me to my long lost child,
" She who was once so dear;
" 'Tis she," he cry'd, with accent wild,
And sunk upon the bier.

" O *Eleanor*," he cry'd, " arise,
" Thy poor old father see:
" Look up, and bless these longing eyes,
" That long have wept for thee."

And then he rent his snow white locks,
And tore his silver beard;
And sigh'd so piteous that the rocks
To sigh again were heard.

" And have I been, O! heaven," he cry'd,
" A father for this end?
" Let not your mercy be deny'd,
" But here my sorrows end."

And then her cold and lifeless head
He to his bosom press'd;
In one deep sigh his sorrows fled,
And clos'd his eyes in rest.

Now in the east the matin fair
Declar'd the 'proaching day;
The knight interr'd the hapless pair,
And mournful sought the sea.

Price, [Numb. 66] One Penny.

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OR

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Wine, Wine in the Morning.

WINE, wine in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That, like eagles, we ſoar
In the pride of the day;
Gouty ſots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the ſun ripes the grape,
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him
When by noon we're at height;
They ſteal wine, who take it
When he's out of ſight.

Boy, fill all the glaſſes,
Fill them up, now he ſhines;
The higher he riſes,
The more he refines:
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

O'er the Bowl we'll laugh and ſing.

O'ER the bowl we'll laugh and ſing;
Melancholy hence away!
Ring, ring, the bowl is empty;
Fill it, landlord, let's be gay.
Rouſe, ye genial ſons of mirth!
Now's the time to baffle care;
Tho' we're mortal now on earth,
Let us fancy heaven here.

Happineſs alone purſue;
Where is more than dwells in wine?
Each full bumper gives a new
Pleaſure to the theme divine.
Why ſhould man, with ſorrow pining,
Loſe a life of joy and eaſe?
When his bliſs is ſtill refining
In ſublime delights like theſe.

When Calliope and Clio to Britain's rude Iſle.

WHEN Calliope and Clio to Britain's rude iſle
Perchance on a viſiting came,
All then was confuſion, till they deigned to ſmile,
And hoiſt here the ſtandard of fame.

In proceſs of time, by the muſes grand aid,
Our iſland extended her ſway
O'er empires and kingdoms; no land ever made
Of commerce and arts ſuch diſplay.

At length, full determin'd to fix their abode
In England, the muſes agreed;
For the ſoil here was good, and whenever they ſow'd
It was certain to propagate ſeed.

Thus favour'd, we'll ſpurn at the ſcroyls of the age,
And their impotent boaſtings deſpiſe;
For envy, and rancour, what ills they preſage,
On themſelves are moſt certain to riſe.

A Glaſs of good Punch.

Sung in '*Poor Vulcan.*'

THESE mortals ſay right, in their jovial abodes,
That a glaſs of good punch is the drink of the gods;
Take only a ſmack of
The nectar we crack of,
You'll find it is punch and no more:
The ingredients they mingle,
Are contraries, ſingle;
So are ours, they're the elements four.
Then, Bacchus, for thou art the drunkard's protector,
Iſſue inſtant a fiat,
And let who dare deny it,
That nectar's good punch, and that good punch is nectar.

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The Blind Sailor.

COME, never ſeem to mind it,
Nor count your fate a curſe;
However ſad you find it,
Yet ſome-body is worſe;
In danger ſome muſt come off ſhort,
Yet why ſhould we deſpair;
For if bold tars are Fortune's ſport,
Still are they Fortune's care.

Why, when our veſſel blew up,
A fighting that there Don,
Like ſquibs and crackers flew up
The crew, each mother's ſon;
They ſunk, ſome rigging ſtopt me ſhort,
While twirling in the air;
Aud thus if tars are Fortune's ſport,
Still are they Fortune's care.

Young Peg of Portsmouth's common,
Had like to 'ave been my wife;
Long ſide of ſuch a woman,
I'd led a pretty life;
A landſman, one Jem Devenport,
She convoy'd to Horn Fair;
And thus though tars are Fortune's ſport,
They ſtill are Fortune's care.

A ſplinter knocked my noſe off,
My bow ſprit's gone, I cries,
Yet well it kept their blows off,
Thank God 'twas not my eyes;
Chance if again their fun's that ſort,
Let's hope I've had my ſhare;
Thus if bold tars are Fortune's ſport,
They ſtill are Fortune's care.

Scarce with theſe words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burſt and douted
Both my two precious glims:
Well, then they're gone, cried I in ſhort,
Yet fate my life did ſpare;
And thus though tars are Fortune's ſport,
They ſtill are Fortune's care.

I'm blind, and I'm a cripple,
Yet chearful would I ſing
Were my diſaſters triple,
'Cauſe why 'twas for my king;
Beſides, each chriſtian I exhort,
Pleas'd will ſome pittance ſpare;
And thus though tars are Fortune's ſport,
They ſtill are Fortune's care.

Dibdin.

Ten years, like Troy, my ſtubborn Heart.

TEN years, like Troy, my ſtubborn heart
Withſtood th' aſſault of fond deſire:
But now, alas! I fell a ſmart,
Poor I, like Troy, am ſet on fire.

With care we may a pile ſecure,
And from all common ſparks defend:
But oh! who can a houſe ſecure,
When the celeſtial flames deſcend!

Thus was I ſafe, till from your eyes
Deſtructive fires are brightly given:
Ah! who can ſhun the warm ſurprize,
When, lo! the lightning comes from heav'n.

The Drummer.

DAPPER Ted Tatroo is my natty name,
For a roll or a reveil y,
Among the girls loud ſounds my fame,
When I my quarters rally;
For, with fife and drum,
I ſmirking come;
Leer, cock my hat,
Swear, and all that,
Nor ever dread
A broken head,
Where the cauſe of ſtrife's a doxy:
But as for wars,
And wounds and ſcars,
And fighting foes,
And thumps and blows,
I'd rather fight by proxy.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,
And gaſp without aſſiſtance,
In baggage waggon perch'd up, I
Stand umpire at a diſtance;
And with fife and drum,
I ſmirking come,
'Mongſt ſoldiers wives,
Who lead merry lives,
Nor ever dread
A broken head,
Where the cauſe of ſtrife's a doxy:
Let their huſbands go,
And 'gainſt the foe,
Gain glory's ſcars,
In honor's wars,
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Yet think I am not renowned,
In Foreign wars and civil,
Why, ſir, when ſafe at home and ſound,
Zounds! I could fight the devil!
And with fife and drum,
Can ſmirking come,
And cock my hat,
Leer, and all that,
Nor ever dread
A broken head,
Where the cauſe of ſtrife's a doxy:
Let others go,
And 'gainſt the foe,
Gain glory's ſcars,
In honor's wars,
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Thus thro' the world I make a noiſe,
Where'er I'm a ſojourner,
The mighty wonder and ſurprize
Of ev'ry chimney corner
Where with fife and drum,
I ſmirking come,
And rap out zounds,
And talk of wounds,
Nor ever dread
A broken head,
Where the cauſe of ſtrife's a doxy:
They're fools who go,
And 'gainſt the foe,
In glory's wars,
Gain honor's ſcars;
I'm wiſe, and fight by proxy.

As tippling John was jogging on.

Sung in '*The Provok'd Wife.*'

AS tippling John was jogging on,
Upon a riot night;
With tott'ring pace, and fiery face,
Suſpicious of high flight:
The guards, who took him by his look,
For ſome chief fire-brand,
Aſk'd, whence he came; what was his name:
Who are you? ſtand, friend, ſtand.

I'm going home; from meeting come.
Ay, ſays one, that's the caſe:
Some meeting he has burnt, you ſee
The flame's ſtill in his face.
John thought 'twas time to purge the crime;
And ſaid, 'twas his intent,
For to aſſwage his thirſty rage;
That meeting 'twas he meant.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
Says one; pray, let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd,
Are you high-church, or low?
John ſaid to that, I'll tell you what,
To end debates and ſtrife;
All I can ſay, this is the way
I ſteer my courſe of life.

I ne'er to Bow nor Burgeſs go,
To ſteeple-houſe, nor hall;
The briſk bar-bell beſts ſuits my zeal,
With, gentlemen, d'ye call?
Now judge, am I low-church, or high?
From tavern or the ſteeple,
Whoſe merry toll exalts the ſoul,
And makes us high-flown people.

The guards came on, and look'd at John,
With countenance moſt pleaſant:
By whiſper round, they all ſoon found,
He was no dang'rous peaſant:
So while John ſtood the beſt he cou'd,
Expecting their deciſion;
Pox on't, ſays one, let him be gone,
He's of our own religion.

Make Hay whilſt the Sun ſhines.

TIS a maxim I hold, whilſt I live to purſue,
Not a thing to defer, which to day I can do:
This piece of good counſel attend to, I pray,
For while the ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,
In her ear gently pour the ſoft poiſon of love:
With kiſſes and preſſes your rapture convey,
For while the ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

If Chloe is kind, and gives ear to your plaint,
Declare your whole ſentiments free from reſtraint:
Enforce your petition, and make no delay;
For while the ſun ſhines is the time to make hay.

But ſhould you the preſent occaſion let paſs,
The world may with juſtice proclaim you an aſs:
Then briſkly attack her, if longer you ſtay,
The ſun may not ſhine, and you cannot make hay.

Donnybrook Fair.

Written by J. S. DODD, M. D.

Tune—"*Dear Catholic Brother.*'

ATTEND my dear honeys, and I will declare,
The fun that I had at laſt Donnybrook fair;
My Juggy and I, we went there in a noddy,
Alone, by ourſelves, with but one other body.

And that other body was Terence O'Regan,
A goſſip to me, and my dear Juggy Fagan:
With both our ſhilalas we ſtoutly ſet out,
Och! we ſtuck to the ſtuff, and we made a fine rout.

My Juggy and I to preſerve our character,
Were dreſt top from toe in our own manufacture;
For the devil a morſel of Manchester cotton,
To hurt our own weavers, would ſhe ever put on.

And Terry and I both ſo ſightly were ſeen,
With our coats and our ſmall cloaths of Carrick ratteen;
For never no purchaſe ſhould ever be made
From thoſe who petition'd againſt our free trade.

When we got to the fair, Och! we tippl'd the whiſkey,
'Till Terry, and Juggy, and I, were both friſky;
Then we danc'd like a lipperchon, ſung with our voice,
'Till the devil's own mother ne'er ſaw ſuch a noiſe.

Quite hungry we grew, with our ſqualling and dancing,
And we took a ſpoleen for to ſettle our prancing;
But a fair is worth nothing without a good fight,
So we kick'd up a duſt and we battled outright.

'Twould do your hearts good to behold all the thumps,
The kicks, cuff and knocks, and the bloody noſe dumps,
We whack'd, and we thwack'd 'till we bled at both ends,
Then we kiſs'd and we drank, to ſhew we were all friends.

To crown all our frolicks, as homeward we came
The driver fell off; and the horſe it grew lame,
Poor Juggy was ſick, and did hic-cup and ſtare.
And theſe were the pleaſures of Donnybrook fair.

When Molly ſmiles beneath her Cow.

WHEN Molly ſmiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart I can't tell how;
When Molly is on Sunday dreſt,
On Sundays I can take no reſt.

What can I do? On working days
I leave my work on her to gaze.
What ſhall I ſay? at ſermons I
Foget the text, when Molly's by.

Good maſter curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching and my plough;
And if for this you'll raiſe a ſpell,
A good fat gooſe will thank you well.

The Cottagers.

FAR from the buſtle of the Town,
In Hymen's pleaſing yoke,
Contented drew a harmleſs pair,
Whom Vice could ne'er provoke.

An humble Farm their wants ſupply'd,
They knew one only care—
Anna, the beauty of the dale,
Surpaſſing all the fair.

The damaſk roſe bloom'd in her cheek;
Her hair had learn'd to flow
In artleſs ringlets round her neck,
White as the new-fall'n ſnow.

In crowds the ſons of wealth repair'd
This lovely nymph to view;
Nor left untried the num'rous arts
Which wanton minds purſue.

But giddy ſplendor ſued in vain;
For *Anna's* placid breaſt
Nature had taught to ſpurn the thought
Which was not ſtrictly chaſte.

But *William*, ſtranger to all guile,
Indulg'd a latent flame,
And felt a paſſion fire his ſoul
He knew not how to name;

Eager he flew to ev'ry ſport
Where *Anna* lent her aid;
Divinely happy, if a ſmile
Fell from the heav'nly maid.

His flame the nymph could not reſiſt;
Her tender boſom heav'd
With mutual fondneſs for the ſwain;
His ev'ry vow believ'd.

The guileful proffers of the gay
She calmly heard unmov'd;
To *William*'s truth ſhe gave her hand,
For him ſhe truly lov'd.

Edwin and Anna.

SINKING in the weſtern ſky,
Phœbus ſheds a glowing light;
O'er the wide and barren heath
Slowly falls the gloom of night.

Wandering, ſad, with weary ſteps,
Anna quits her once-lov'd home,
Driven by keen and bitter ſorrow
Through the weary waſte to roam.

Once ſhe lov'd the gentle *Edwin*,
Heedleſs of his humble lot;
Nor even now, though baniſh'd from him,
Is his love and faith forgot.

Ev'ry hour, once paſs'd ſo gaily,
To remembrance ſtill is dear,
And her truth reſiſts temptation,
Though her *Edwin* is not near.

Allen, rich and high in favour,
Seeks fair *Anna* for his bride,
And her friends, by av'rice guided,
Claims obedience on her ſide.

Driven by force and ſharp reproaches,
In deſpair ſhe ſeeks the ſhore,
Where ſhe ſaw her love departing;
Him ſhe fears to ſee no more!

Now the black'ning tempeſt riſing,
High the ſurge with fury roars,
Vivid lightning glares around her,
And the rain unceaſing pours.

Careleſs of the ſtormy weather,
Anna ſtrains her frantic eyes,
And beholds the wrecking veſſel,
In the gloomy proſpect riſe.

Vainly buffeting the billows,
Seamen every effort try;
Soon ſhe ſplits upon the breakers—
Hark!—how diſmal is the cry.

Anna views with ſpeechleſs horror
This ſad ſcene,—a wreck ſhe ſpies,
And the name of *Iſadora*
Stikes at once her wond'ring eyes.

'Twas the bark in which young *Edwin*,
When he bid her laſt adieu,
Ventur'd to a diſtant climate,
Wealth and honour to accrue.

"Though in life," ſhe cry'd, "we're parted,
"Still in death we meet again:
"*Edwin!*—now I die with pleaſure,
"Since we ſhare an equal pain!"

As ſhe ſprung into the ocean,
One poor ſailor gain'd the ſteep,
Who with looks of terror view'd her
Wildly plunge into the deep.

Silly maiden! thus preſuming
To arraign the power of Fate!
While you madly ſeek deſtruction
Heav'n may ſend relief too late.

Prompted by a ſecret impulſe,
Quick he dives into the main,
And with tranſport graſp'd her garments,
Truſting once more land to gain.

Providence his hopes befriending,
Throws them on the friendly ſhore,
Where with looks of fondeſt rapture,
Edwin ſees his love once more.

"*Anna!*—deareſt of all maidens!
"Hear thy faithful *Edwin*'s voice!
"Now reſtor'd with hard ſav'd treaſure,
"Come to bid thy heart rejoice."

Soon reviv'd by his endearments,
Anna heard the joyful tale,
And with heartfelt tranſport led him
To the cottage in the vale.

There, atoning by contrition,
For her impious raſh attempt,
Soon ſhe gain'd her father's pardon,
As on gain his ſoul was bent.

Now rich *Allen* is diſcarded;
Edwin claims her for his own;
Thus was conſtancy rewarded—
Thus be true love ever known!

Never may the virtuous ſuffer
With the preſſure of deſpair;
But rely—that heav'nly goodneſs
Will at length remove their care.

Price, [Numb. 67] One Penny.

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Young Pat.

IN the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath,
And ſure ever ſince he has teaz'd me to death;
For ſo ſweetly he ſings, and makes love with ſuch art,
By the faith of St. Patrick he's ſhot thro' my heart.
With his gramachree, Molly,
Och, what can I do?

He vows, if I'll enter the conjugal life,
He'll—oh, to be ſure—only make me his wife!
Then ſo tender he looks when we lovingly chat,
That I long to be married—but won't tell him that.
With his gramachree, &c.

Laſt Sunday at church he muſt fain tell the prieſt,
In a week or two more, we'd be wedded, at leaſt;
And ſure ſince he ſaid it, my conſcience does ſay,
If he don't lead me there, I will ſhew him the way
With his gramachree, &c.

Autumn's plenteous Crops appear.

AUTUMN's plenteous crops appear,
(Glorious ſeaſon of the year)
See, the happy nymphs and ſwains,
(Source of all the paſt'ral ſtrains)
O'er their arms are ſickles hung,
And the ruſtic ballad's ſung,
As they trip acroſs the plains,
Happy nymphs and happy ſwains.

Yellow ſtems bow down their heads,
Homage to the rural maids;
Jocund whilſt at work they're found,
And the village news goes round:
Each ſwain near the laſs he loves,
And the day in friendſhip moves;
To the joys of harveſt field,
Ev'ry pleaſure elſe muſt yield.

See them now, with ſtomachs good,
Round a diſh of ſolid food,
Sitting in a ſhady ſeat,
Shelter'd from meridian heat:
And by harmleſs chat and jokes,
Shew how bleſt are country folks;
Happy, happy, happy they
Chearful paſs the time away.

The Veſtry Dinner.

CHURCH Warden I've been, let me ſee, very often,
You know 'tis a place of much truſt:
And its monſt'rous fatigues and its hardſhips to ſoften
We eat, aye and drink, till we burſt:
We meets and we talks about how and conſarning,
As ſpokeſman, I'm always beginner,
But never ſo pleas'd as to give out this warning:
Next Monday's a veſtry dinner:
And none but an ill, foul-mouth'd fellow'd abuſe,
A ſnug little dinner, and plenty of booze.

At job pariſh meetings, how oft' I've attended,
And talk'd till I chatter'd my fill;
As how things were ſo bad that they ought to be mended,
But firſt we all ſwallow'd our jill:
For why? talk's fatiguing, and moiſture is wanting
By all ſpeakers, or elſe I'm no ſinner!
And to make us more thrifty, to hear we're all panting,
Next Tueſday's a veſtry dinner.
And none, &c.

When talking of paupers, it ſo hurts one's feelings,
(Indeed I'm not dealing a flam)
So preys on the narvous, you'll oft' ſee us reeling,
Tho' nothing we've touch'd but a dram:
But e'er we have ſettled about the relieving
Each famiſh'd and half-ſtarv'd poor ſinner,
I cries in the midſt of our ſorrow and grieving,
Next We'n'ſday's a veſtry dinner.
And none, &c.

Feaſts on Thurſdays and Fridays, and Saturdays follow,
On bus'neſs 'tis always we dine:
Well-fed argument, folks ſay, your ſtarv'd-talk beats hollow,
When moiſten'd with tongue-oiling wine!
Then who'd not be warden, who breathes in his ſenſes,
Fine picking he'll find on the bone!
Ev'ry week-day I'll feaſt upon pariſh expenſes,
And on Sunday ſtarve on my own.
And none, &c.

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The Fox Chaſe.

Written by Mr. Mozeen.

Air, '*Shela Ne Guira.*'

HARK, hark, jolly ſportſmen, awhile to my tale,
Which to pay your attention, I'm ſure cannot fail,
'Tis of lads, and of horſes, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er ſtone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar.
A pack of ſuch hounds, and a ſet of ſuch men,
'Tis a ſhrewd chance if ever you meet with again;
Had Nimrod, the mighti'ſt of hunters, been there,
'Foregad he had ſhook like an aſpin for fear.

In ſeventeen hundred, and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by moſt of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in ſearch of a fox.
The Laughlinſtown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And Johnny Adair, too, was with us that day;
Joe Debill, Hall Preſton, that huntſman ſo ſtout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and ſo we ſet-out.

We caſt off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton ſet up a moſt tuneable roar;
"Hark," to Wanton, cry'd Joe, and the reſt were not ſlack,
For Wanton's no trifle, eſteem'd in the pack.
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And ev'ry hound join'd in the muſical din;
Had Diana been there, ſhe'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddeſs to wife.

Then minutes paſt nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way;
As ſtrong from Killeager, as tho' he could fear none,
Away he bruſh'd round by the houſe of Killternan.
To Carrick-mines thence, and to Cherry-wood, then
Steep Shank-hill he climb'd, and to Ballyman-glen,
Bray Common he croſs'd, leap'd lord Angleſey's wall,
And ſeem'd to ſay "little I value you all."

He ran Buſh's grove, up to Carbury Byrn's,
Joe Debill, Hall Preſton, kept leading by turns;
The earth it was open, yet he was ſo ſtout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he choſe to keep out;
To Malpas high hills was the way then he flew,
At Dalkey ſtone-common we had him in view;
He drove on by Bullock, thro' ſhrub Glanagery,
And ſo on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Thro' Roche's-town wood like an arrow he paſs'd,
And came to the ſteep hills of Dalkey at laſt:
There gallantly plung'd himſelf into the ſea,
And ſaid in his heart "ſure none dare follow me."
But ſoon to his coſt, he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could ſtop the purſuit of the ſtaunch mettl'd hounds;
His policy here did not ſerve him a ruſh,
Five couple of tarters were hard at his bruſh.

To recover the ſhore, then again was his drift,
But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of ſpeed and of cunning alack,
Being way-laid, and kill'd by the reſt of the pack.
At his death there were preſent the lads that I've ſung,
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung:
Thus ended, at length, a moſt delicate chace,
That held us five hours and ten minutes ſpace.

We return'd to Killruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells hoſpitality, truth, and my Lord;
We talk'd o'er the chaſe, and we toaſted the health
Of the man that ne'er vary'd for places or wealth.
"Owen Bray baulk'd a leap" ſays Hall Preſton,
"'twas odd,"
"'Twas ſhameful" cry'd Jack "by the great liv-
"ing ***
Said Preſton, "I holloo'd, get on, tho' you fall,
"Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."
Each glaſs was adapted to freedom and ſport,
For party affairs were conſign'd to the court:
Thus we finiſh'd the reſt of the day and the night
In gay flowing bumpers, and ſocial delight.
Then till the next meeting bid fare-well each brother,
So ſome they went one way, and ſome went another;
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

How bleſt has my Time been.

HOW bleſt has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſy my own,
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we ſtray
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play,
How pleaſing their ſport is, the wanton ones ſee,
Who borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me.

To try her ſweet temper, ſome times am I ſeen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green,
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and ſmiles.

What tho' on her cheek the roſe loſes its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro';
Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair,
In ſearch of true pleaſure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life you muſt find it at home.

Sylvia.

YE verdant woods and chryſtal ſtreams,
By whoſe enamel'd ſide
I ſhar'd the ſun's refreſhing beams,
While Colin was my guide,
No more your ſhades or murmurs pleaſe
Poor Sylvia's love-ſick mind;
No rural ſcenes can give her eaſe,
Since Colin proves unkind.

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the ſky
With clouds of darkeſt hue,
Wither, ye plants—ye flow'rets die,
Uncheer'd with balmy dew;
Ye ſweetly warbling birds, no more
Your ſongs can cheer my mind,
My hours of joy, alas! are o'er,
Since Colin proves unkind.

I'll hie me to ſome dreary grove,
For ſighing ſorrow made,
Where nought but plaintive ſtrains of love,
Reſound thro' ev'ry ſhade;
Where the ſad turtle's melting grief,
With Philomela's join'd,
Alone ſhall yield my heart relief,
Since Colin proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids!
And ſhun the ſoft deceit,
Tho' love's own eloquence perſuades,
'Tis all a dangerous cheat.
Fly, quickly fly the faithleſs ſwain,
His treach'rous arts deſpiſe,
So ſhall you live exempt from pain,
While hapleſs Sylvia dies

The Cottage of Content.

IN a cottage I live, and the cot of Content,
Tho' its roof 's neither lofty nor low,
May boaſt that 'tis bleſt like a patriarch's tent,
With all the kind gods can beſtow:
'Tis a ſtation that yields me a ſpring of delight,
Which lordlings may envy to ſee;
And a king might behold it, and ſay, does this wight
A bleſſing poſſeſs more than me?

My tenement ſtands on the brow of a hill,
Where on mammon and pride I look down;
While the cuckoo's note join'd with the clack of the mill
I prefer to the clack of the town:
Of my houſe I'm the ſov'reign, my wife is my queen,
And ſhe rules while ſhe ſeeks to obey;
Thus the autumn of life like the ſpring-tide ſerene,
Makes November as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb, and I riſe with the lark,
Health, ſpirits, and vigour to ſhare,
For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark,
Which the deeds of the day planted there:
And tho' bigots each night, to elude heav'n's wrath,
To their ſaints and their wooden gods pray;
Superſtition I court not for daggers of lath,
In my ſleep to drive demons away.

Yet let not the egotiſt boaſt of his bliſs,
Nor to ſelf be life's comforts confin'd,
As he certainly merits all bleſſings to miſs,
Who has no ſocial impulſe of mind:
For my friend I've a board, a bottle and bed,
And more welcome that friend if he's poor;
Nor ſhall he who looks up for a ſlice of my bread,
Tho' a ſtranger, be ſhut from my door.

No ſervant I ſtint, nor put key on my cock,
To ſave a poor horn of ſmall-beer;
Nor butt'ry, nor pantry diſgrac'd with a lock,
All proclaim that old Gripe-all ſtarves here:
For the miſer on bolts and on bars may depend,
To keep thieves and robbers at bay:
But domeſtic attachment my houſe ſhall defend,
From free-booters by night and by day.

Woman as cunning as Man.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Shepherd's Lottery.*'

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain;
The conqueſt I prize, tho' the ſlaves I diſdain;
I'll teaze them, and vex them,
I'll plague and perplex them:
Since men try all arts our weak ſex to betray,
I'll ſhew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the vain,
By turns I encourag'd each amorous ſwain;
They knelt, and they trembled,
I ſmil'd and diſſembled,
Since men try all arts our weak ſex to betray,
I'll ſhew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counſel believe,
Reſiſt all their wiles, the deceivers deceive:
Their canting and whining,
Their ſighing and pining,
Are all meant as baits our weak ſex to betray:
Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

Evelyn.

OH, my dear Evelyn, why would you ſlight me,
One that had ſuch a gragh for you?
Don't you remember when you would invite me,
To take one pog nor two with you?
Oh, my dear Shawn, I was but a ſhoking,
When that I told you that ſame ſkale;
Hi, ho, you may be a packing,
You ne'er ſhall pog my ſheek nor beal.
Whic, whac, &c.

Oh, my dear Evelyn, that's a ſad ſtory,
For one that loves you from his cree;
I thought you were the beſt of women's,
Ah, why would you prove falſe to me?
When your father and your mother
They would be a crying,
Why would not you marry your own dear Shawn?
Hi, ho, gi mana diute tatoo malta der maldd.
Whic, whac, &c.

I have got bonny cows and gowins,
That will give you bonny milk and curds,
And ev'ry thing that's fitting for the women's;
Na critan too miſha, aſk the hurds,
With a pawder in braw and a ſilver croſs,
The like in your life you never ſaw,
Hi, ho, armanda dona, the ſuggart will bleſs
Your pawder in braw.
Whic, whac, &c.

Oh, my dear Shawn, then ſend for the ſuggart,
That I may be maw raw likin with you;
I wear no brog or borrogh coat,
But a ſtawkie gloſs, and a high-heel ſhoe:
Oh, yes, and by my faith and better you ſhall wear,
When that is ell colloping gloſs,
Hi, ho, armadanda dona, what ſport will be there,
When we come upon the maſs.
Whic, whac, &c.

Phillis.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Shepherd's Lottery.*'

WHAT beauties does my nymph diſcloſe?
Leſs fair the ſilver lily blows;
Such bluſhes glow not on the roſe,
As on the cheeks of Phillis.
The other day, upon the green,
I ſaw a nymph of heav'nly mien;
I ran to greet the Cyprian queen,
But found it was my Phillis.

By moſſy grot with ivy bound,
Where fragrant woodbines curl round,
And daiſies dapple o'er the ground,
I ſit and murmur Phillis.
And when the lark with dewy wings,
To hail the morn exulting ſprings,
I riſe and tune the trembling ſtrings,
To praiſe my deareſt, Phillis.

When firſt I ſaw the blooming maid,
I gaz'd, enraptur'd and diſmay'd;
My falt'ring tongue was quite afraid
To tell my pangs to Phillis.
Then Cupid aim'd his ſharpeſt dart;
At once I felt the pleaſing ſmart,
That very hour I loſt my heart;
And now it dwells with Phillis.

Sir Lancelot du Lake.

WHEN Arthur firſt in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of arms great vict'ries wan,
And conqueſt home did bring:

Then into England ſtraight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that reſorted unto him,
And were of his round table:

And many juſts and turnaments,
Whereto were many preſt;
Wherein ſome knights did then excel,
And far ſurmount the reſt.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He, for his deeds and feats of arms,
All others did excel.

When he had reſted him awhile,
In play, and game, and ſport,
He ſaid he would go prove himſelf
In ſome advent'rous ſport.

He armed rode in foreſt wide,
And met a damſel fair,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good ear.

"Such would I find," quoth Lancelot;
"For that cauſe came I hither."
"Thou ſeem'ſt," quoth ſhe, "a knight full good,
"And I will bring thee thither.

"Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
"That now is of great fame;
"Therefore tell me what wight thou art,
"And what may be thy name."

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth ſhe, "it likes me then;
"Here dwells a knight who never was
"Yet match'd with any man;

"Who has in priſon three ſcore knights
"And four, that he did wound:
"Knights of king Arthur's court they be,
"And of his table round."

She brought him to a river ſide,
And alſo to a tree;
Whereon a copper baſon hung,
And many ſhields to ſee.

He ſtruck ſo hard, the baſon broke,
And Tarquin ſoon he ſpy'd:
Who drove a horſe before him faſt,
Whereon a knight lay ty'd.

"Sir knight," then ſaid Sir Lancelot,
"Bring me that horſe-load hither:
"And lay him down, and let him reſt;
"We'll try our force together:

"For, as I underſtand, thou haſt,
"So far as thou art able,
"Done great deſpite and ſhame unto
"The knights of the round table."

"If thou be of the table round,
Quoth Tarquin, ſpeedily,
"Both thee and all thy fellowſhip
"I utterly defy."

"That's over much," quoth Lancelot;
"Defend thee by and by."
They ſet their ſpears unto their ſteeds,
And each at other fly.

They couch'd their ſpears, (their horſes ran
As though there had been thunder)
And ſtruck them each amidſt their ſhields,
Wherewith they broke in ſunder.

Their horſes backs break under them,
The knights were both aſtound:
To 'void their horſes they made haſte,
And light upon the ground.

They took them to their ſhields full faſt,
Their ſwords they drew out then,
With mighty ſtrokes moſt eagerly
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full ſore,
For breath they both did ſtand;
And leaning on their ſwords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, "hold thy hand,

"And tell to me what I ſhall aſk."
"Say on," quoth Lanc'lot, "tho',"
"Thou art," quoth Tarquin, "the beſt knigh
"That ever I did know.

"And like a knight, that I did hate;
"So that thou be not he,
"I will deliver all the reſt,
"And eke accord with thee."

"That is well ſaid," quoth Lancelot;
"But ſince it muſt be ſo,
"What knight is that thou hateſt thus;
"I pray thee to me ſhew?"

"His name is Lancelot du Lake,
"He ſlew my brother dear;
"Him I ſuſpect of all the reſt;
"I would I had him here!"

"Thy wiſh thou haſt, but yet unknown,
"I'm Lancelot du Lake,
"Now knight of Arthur's table round,
"King Haud's ſon of Schuwake;

"And I deſire thee do thy worſt."
"Ho, ho," quoth Tarquin, "tho',
"One of us two ſhall end our lives
"Before that we do go.

"If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
"Then welcome ſhalt thou be;
"Wherefore ſee thou thyſelf defend,
"For now defy I thee."

They buckled then together ſo,
Like unto wild boars ruſhing,
And with their ſwords and ſhields they ran
At one another flaſhing:

The ground beſprinkled was with blood;
Tarquin began to yield;
For he gave back for wearineſs,
And low did bear his ſhield.

This ſoon Sir Lancelot eſpy'd,
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
And ruſhing off his helm,

Forthwith he ſtruck his neck in two;
And, when he had ſo done,
From priſon threeſcore knights and four
Deliver'd ev'ry one.

[Numb. 68]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Iriſh Wedding.

Sung by Mr. CALLAN, in '*The Iriſhman in London*,' with great applauſe.

SURE wont you hear, what roaring cheer,
Was ſpread at Paddy's wedding, oh!
And how ſo gay, they ſpent the day
From churching to the bedding, oh!
Firſt book in hand, came father Quipes,
With the Bride's dadda, the Baily O,
While the chaunter, with the merry pipes,
Struck up a lilt ſo gaily O,
Tiddery, tiddery, &c.

Now there was Mat, and ſturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy O
And Murdock Mags, and Tirloch Skags,
M'Laughlin and Dick Durfey O;
And then the girls, rigg'd out in wipes,
Led on by dad O'Reilly O, While, &c.

When Pat was aſk'd, if his love would laſt,
The chancel echo'd wid laughter O,
By my ſoul, ſays Pat, you may ſay that
To the end of the world and after O;
When tenderly her hand he gripes,
And kiſſes her genteely O, While, &c.

Then a roaring ſet, at dinner was met,
So frolickſome and ſo friſky O,
Potatoes galore, a ſkirrag or more,
With a flowing madder of whiſky O;
Then round, to be ſure, didn't go the ſwipes,
At the Bride's expence ſo gaily O, While, &c.

And then at night, O what delight,
To ſee them cap'ring and prancing O,
An opera's ball were nothing at all,
Compar'd to the ſtile of their dancing O;
And then to ſee old father Quipes,
Beating time with his ſhillela O, While, &c.

And now the knot ſo ſucky are got,
They'll go to ſleep without rocking O,
While the Bride maids fair, ſo gravely prepare
For throwing of the ſtocking O;
Decadorus we'll have, ſays father Quipes,
Then the bride was kiſs'd round genteely O,
While to wiſh them good ſun the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt ſo gaily O.
Tiddery, tiddery, &c.

Johannot's Grinder.

Sung by him at the *Theatre-Royal, Crow-ſtreet*, with great applauſe.

SEARCH all the world high and low,
Many a freak you'll be finding,
What do you think's all the go?
By de hoky it's nothing but grinding;
Terry Io! Io!
Scandal the devil can't bind her,
The world is all "how came ye ſo?"
And every profeſſion's turn'd grinder.

Law's a ſtate mill, and thoſe elves
The lawyers, like terrible giants,
Grind all the griſt for themſelves,
And leave all the chaff for their clients,
Terry Io! Io! &c.

Doctors grind you for fees ſo pell mell
That they kill you for mere preſervation;
For they know if they let you grow well
You'd die ſoon enough of ſtarvation,
Terry Io! Io! &c.

The gameſter he grinds by the card,
O, ſure he's the devil's own couſin,
The taylor he grinds by the yard,
And the baker he grinds by the dozen.
Terry Io! Io! &c.

The miller grinds north, eaſt, weſt, ſouth,
The barber at grinding's a crammer;
The church-warden's got a wide mouth,
And his grinders are like a ſledge hammer,
Terry Io! Io! &c.

Like coblers to make both ends meet,
Thus at grinding all ſtick to their tether;
But old nick, who all grinders can beat,
Will grind the whole botting together.
Terry Io! Io! &c.

Britain's grinders are ſound wooden walls,
The Cambrian and Scot a'n't behind her,
And, for aid, when Hibernia calls,
Sure Paddy's the devil's own grinder.
Terry Io! Io! &c.

If ever eras'd from this breaſt,
Are your generous favours ſo binding,
May the devil grind me with the reſt,
Juſt to properly finiſh his grinding.
Terry Io! Io! &c.

The Rural Ball.

THE gay Daddle Diddle had new ſtrung his fiddle,
And hobbled away to the Roſe.
Where he met with Tom Trot, who with pipe and with pot
Sat, jovially painting his noſe.

There was Gregory too, and Nelly and Sue,
And Peg that match'd Billy the tinker;
There were Maudlin and Jerry, and Martin the Merry,
And he with one peep, Ben the blinker.

There were Judy his joy, for ſhe lov'd the blind boy,
(A ſweet cooing couple they were)
And Martin the merry ſung hey down, down derry,
'Cauſe Fanny, his fair-one, was there.

There was bandy-legg'd Joe, almoſt how-came ye ſo,
And Hannah that twiſts like a lizard;
With hunch-backed Nan, and her timber-toed Jan,
Who the juſtice once took for a wizard.

Firſt a chirruping cup, and old catgut ſtruck up,
And flouriſh'd a tune of his own;
But Peg baul'd aloud, ſhe wou'd batter his crown,
Unleſs he wou'd play Bobbing Joan.

Then how they did jump, huſtle, buſtle and ſtump,
And jig it, and jog it, and trip it,
Till they ſweat, ſtunk and ſtar'd, as if they'd been ſcar'd,
And about, in and out they did whip it.

Now tir'd with dancing, *id eſt* with their prancing,
They ſat foot to foot, and did ſwill;
Till Peg, with a hic-cup, a duſt try'd to kick up,
'Cauſe Nan was too free with her Will.

But Will, with a frown, ſwore he'd ſtraight knock her down,
If ſhe did not ſit ſtill, and be quiet;
For that no ſaucy punk, becauſe mad and drunk,
Shou'd break up the ball with a riot.

That's right, ſaid Tom Trot; and ſeizing the pot,
Here's a health to the ſtrength of the nation.
They pledg'd him around, all but Peg, who, they found,
Was ready to ſplit with vexation.

Mild Maudlin, quite mellow, kiſs'd Jerry, dear fellow!
Love's paſſion had ſcorch'd 'em to tinder;
Grinning Greg, with ſweet Sue, would have made much ado,
But the tell-tales about them did hinder.

Martin friſk'd with fair Fanny; ſays ſhe, lor' how can ye?
Pooh! ſee how my handkerchief's torn,
Ben leer'd at his Judey, as in a brown ſtudy,
But Hannah was left all forlorn.

Nelly's bibo, Tom Trot, was ſo fond of his pot,
Neglected, poor girl, ſhe might lie;
Not regarding her ſcorn, or threats of the horn,
He ſwore he would drink 'till he'd die.

Now they all being muzzy, each Hob and his huzzy,
Some ſung, others laugh'd, and ſome cry'd;
But old Tap-tub then come, and ſoon bundled them home,
Where we'll leave 'em till next merry tide.

The Married Man.

I AM marry'd and happy; with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliſs,
And who only looſe pleaſures engage:
You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the wrong
When you merrily marriage deride;
For, to marriage the permament pleaſures belon
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawleſs connexions ariſe,
Are fugitive, never ſincere;
Oft ſtolen with haſte, or ſnatch'd by ſurprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:
But thoſe which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Are from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's lateſt hour will endure.

The love which ye boaſt of, deſerves not the nar
True love is with ſentiment join'd;
But yours is a paſſion, a feveriſh flame,
Rais'd without the conſent of the mind.
When, dreading confinement, ye miſtreſſes hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;
Ye are led, and miſled, by a flatt'ring falſe fire,
And are oft by that fire deſtroy'd.

If you aſk me from whence my felicity flows,
My anſwer is ſhort—from a wife;
Who for cheerfulneſs, ſenſe, and good-nature, choſe,
Which are beauties that charm us for life.
To make home the ſeat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each ſtudies to ſeize;
And we find ourſelves happy, from morning night,
By our mutual endeavours to pleaſe.

Maſter Jenkins.

Sung in '*The Wives Revenged.*'

MASTER Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe,
And ſwore he'd ne'er be married,
But 'gainſt each huſband threw ſome wipe,
Or dry jeſt drolly carried:
Maſter Jenkins thought a wife
The greateſt mortal evil,
And ſwore, to lead a huſband's life
Muſt be the very devil.

Maſter Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe,
At home, content, and married,
Regardleſs of each ſneer or wipe,
Or dry jeſt drolly carried:
Maſter Jenkins ſwore a wife
Was not ſo great an evil;
And any but a huſband's life
Was now the very devil.

Maſter Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe,
And had been ſome months married:
Severely now he felt each wipe,
For horns the poor man carried:
Maſter Jenkins curs'd his wife,
And ſwore of ſuch an evil,
To get well quit he'd part with life,
Or ſend her to the devil.

A jolly brisk Tar.

A Jolly brisk tar, but a little time since,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince,
Fell foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin
To pass without calling, reel'd jovially in.
Derry down, &c.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's eye;
By the main-mast, a sail, boys! then leapt from his place,
And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were met,
Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast,
To be drest and served up in the old English taste.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And makes the room ring with three British cheers;
Then he sits himself down without further debate,
And claps an old quid in his next neighbour's plate.
Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprize,
When they shrugg'd up their shoulders, and turn'd up their eyes;
From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem;
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.
Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice;
Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,
Cry'd, "down with your arms, or I'll soon sweep the deck."
Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the tar;
"I have him," "says he, but he cou'd say no more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels stood before.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen unite,
Each takes up his knife, and prepares for the fight;
"Of quarters," cries Jack, "I would not have you think;
"Strike, strike, you frog-eaters, strike, strike, or you sink."
Derry down, &c.

So saying, he handled his trusty oak stick,
And pour'd in his broadsides so stout and so thick;
So well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Were decently laid with their host on the floor.
Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
For fear that Jack's stick should alight on their pate,
Acknowledg'd him victor and lord of the main,
Withall humbly entreating to bury their slain.
Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but insisted that they
For the beef, for the pudding and porter should pay:
They agreed; so the sailor reel'd off with his wench,
And sung as he reel'd, "Down, down, down with "the French."
Churchill. Derry down, &c.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me:
I met him with good will.
I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay:
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.
Oh! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by:
The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
O! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn.
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O! the broom, &c.

Oh! fie Shepherd, fie.

AS t'other day o'er the green meadow I past,
A swain overtook me, and held my hand fast;
Then cry'd "my dear Lucy, thou cause of my care,
"How long must thy faithful young Thyrsis despair?
"To crown my soft wishes, no longer be shy!"
But frowning, I answered, "Oh! fie, shepherd, fie."

He told me his passion, like time should endure,
That beauty, which kindled his flame, would secure;
That all my sweet charms were for pleasure design'd,
And youth was the season to love, and be kind.
Lord what cou'd I say! I could hardly deny,
And faintly I utter'd, Oh! fie, shepherd, fie.

He swore with a kiss that he could not refrain,
I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again;
My conduct, ye fair-ones, in question ne'er call,
Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all:
Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,
Now guess, if I still said, Oh! fie, shepherd, fie.

The Queen of Love.

WOU'D you the charming queen of love
Invite with you to dwell,
No want your poverty shou'd prove,
No state your riches tell:

Both her and happiness to hold,
A middle state must please;
They shun the house that shines with gold,
And that which shines with grease.

The wandering Jew.

This ballad is founded on a legend that has long been credited in moſt parts of Chriſtendom, and is, perhaps, as well grounded on uninterrupted tradition as many of the ſtanding miracles now believed. The origin of the ſtory is particulary deſcribed here—and there have been ſome books written on the ſubject.

WHEN as in fair Jeruſalem
Our Saviour Chriſt did live,
And for the ſins of all the world
His own dear life did give;
The wicked Jews with ſcoffs and ſcorns
Did daily him moleſt,
That never, till he left this life,
Our Saviour could not reſt.

When they had crown'd his head with thorns,
And ſcourg'd him to diſgrace,
In ſcornful ſort they led him forth,
Unto his dying place;
Where many thouſands in the ſtreet
Beheld him paſs along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pitied this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the ſtreet he went,
And nought he found but churliſh taunts,
By every one's conſent:
His painful croſs he bore himſelf,
A burden far too great,
Which made him in the ſtreet to faint,
With blood and water ſweat.

Being weary thus, he ſought for reſt,
To eaſe his burthen'd ſoul,
Upon a ſtone; the which a wretch
Did churliſhly controul;
And ſaid, "away, thou king of Jews,
"Thou ſhalt not reſt thee here:
"Paſs on; thy execution place
"Thou ſee'ſt now draw near."

And thereupon he thruſt him thence;
At which our Saviour ſaid,
"I ſure will reſt, but thou ſhalt walk,
"And have no journey ſtay'd."
With that this curſed ſhoe-maker,
For offering Chriſt this wrong,
Left wife and children, houſe and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had ſeen the blood
Of Jeſus Chriſt thus ſhed,
And to the croſs his body nail'd,
Away with ſpeed he fled
Without returning back again
Unto his dwelling-place,
And wandered up and down the world,
A runnagate moſt baſe.

No reſting could he find at all,
No eaſe, nor heart's content;
No houſe, nor home, nor biding-place;
But wand'ring forth he went
From town to town in foreign lands,
With grieved conſcience ſtill,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-paſſed ill.

Thus after ſome few ages paſt
In wandering up and down;
He much again deſired to ſee
Jeruſalem's renown;
But finding it all quite deſtroy'd,
He wander'd thence with woe,
Our Saviour's words, which he had ſpoke,
To verify and ſhow.

"I'll reſt," ſaid he, "but thou ſhalt walk,"
So doth this wandering Jew
From place to place, but cannot reſt
For ſeeing countries new;
Declaring ſtill the power of him,
Where're he comes and goes,
And of all things done in the eaſt,
Since Chriſt his death, he ſhows.

The world he oft hath compaſs'd round
And ſeen thoſe nations ſtrange,
That hearing of the name of Chriſt,
Their idol gods do change:
To whom he hath told wondrous things
Of time forepaſt, and gone,
And to the princes of the world
Declares his cauſe of moan,

Deſiring ſtill to be diſſolv'd,
And yield his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He ſhall not yet ſee death.
For neither looks he old nor young,
But as he did thoſe times,
When Chriſt did ſuffer on the croſs,
For mortal ſinners crimes.

He hath paſt through many a foreign place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria:
Where Paul and Peter preached Chriſt.
Thoſe bleſt Apoſtles dear;
There he hath told our Saviour's words,
In countries far and near.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German town;
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,
He wandereth up and down:
Where learned men with him confer
Of thoſe his lingering days,
And wonder much to hear him tell
His journies, and his ways.

If people give this Jew an alms,
The moſt that he will take
Is not above a groat a time:
Which he, for Jeſus' ſake,
Will kindly give unto the poor,
And thereof make no ſpare,
Affirming ſtill that Jeſus Chriſt
Of him hath daily care.

He ne'er was ſeen to laugh nor ſmile,
But weep and make great moan;
Lamenting ſtill his miſeries,
And days forepaſt and gone:
If he hear any one blaſpheme,
Or take God's name in vain,
He tells them that they crucify
Their Saviour Chriſt again.

"If you had ſeen his death," ſaid he,
"As theſe mine eyes have done,
"Ten thouſand thouſand times would ye
"His torments think upon:
"And ſuffer for his ſake all pain
"Of torments and all woe"
Theſe are his words and eke his life,
Where're he comes or goes.

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Baniſh Sorrow.

Written by the Rt. Hon. GEORGE OGLE.

BANISH ſorrow, grief's a folly,
Thought, unbend thy wrinkl'd brow,
Hence, dull Care and Melancholy,
Mirth and wine invite us now.
Bacchus empties all his treaſure,
Comus gives us mirth and ſong,
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleaſure,
Let us join the jovial throng.

Youth ſoon flies, 'tis but a ſeaſon;
Time is ever on the wing;
Let's the preſent moment ſeize on,
Who knows what the next may bring.
All our days by mirth we meaſure;
Other wiſdom we deſpiſe,
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleaſure,
To be happy's to be wiſe.

Why ſhould therefore Care perplex us?
Why ſhould we not merry be?
While we're here there's nought to vex us,
Drinking ſets from cares all free;
Let's have drinking without meaſure,
Let's have mirth while time we have;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleaſure,
There's no drinking in the grave.

My Daddy is gone to his Grave.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Jovial Crew.*

MY daddy is gone to his grave;
My mother lies under a ſtone;
And never a penny I have,
Alas! I am quite undone.

My lodging is in the cold air,
And hunger is ſharp, and bites;
A little, ſir, good ſir, ſpare,
To keep me warm o'nights.

The Roſe.

Air,—'*The Laſs of Patie's Mill.*'

YES, ev'ry flower that blows
I paſs'd unheeded by,
'Till this enchanting roſe
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye;
It ſcented ev'ry breeze
That wanton'd o'er the ſtream,
Or trembled thro' the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck the beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From ſome celeſtial ſhade
The damaſk charmer fell;
And as her balmy ſweets
On Chloe's breaſt ſhe pours,
The queen of beauty greets
The gentle queen of flowers. *Cunningham.*

Whilſt on my dear Pudding feaſting.

A Burleſque on '*Whilſt thy dear Boſom lying,*' for which ſee No. 54.

WHILST on my dear pudding feaſting,
Tommy, who can ſpeak my joy?
Oh! what raptures am I taſting,
When I eat what will not cloy:
Ev'ry look with tranſport kills me;
Ev'ry ſmell excites a wiſh;
Ev'ry melting mouthful fills me;
Ev'ry joy is in my diſh.

Tho' 'tis ſweet as e'er I can wiſh,
One bit more I cannot touch;
Pleaſure turns almoſt to anguiſh,
When a perſon eats too much.
Take, ah! take this pudding from me;
Tommy, I am ſure I'll ſplit;
Turn, yet turn and leave it, Tommy;
Who'd not die by eating it?

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Colin's Complaint Burleſqued.

See No. 46.

BY the ſide of a glimm'ring fire,
Melinda ſat penſively down,
Impatient of rural eſquire;
And vex'd to be abſent from town:
The cricket from under the grate,
With a chirp to her ſighs did reply:
And the kitten, as grave as a cat,
Sat mournfully purring hard by.

"Alas! ſilly maid that I was,"
Thus ſadly complaining ſhe cry'd,
"When firſt I forſook that dear place,
"'Twas better by far I had dy'd:
"How gaily I paſs'd the long day,
"In a round of continu'd delight?
"Park, viſits, aſſemblies, and play,
"And quad'rille to enliven the night.

"How ſimple was I to believe
"Deluſive poetical dreams,
"The flattering landſcapes they give
"Of groves, meads, and murmuring ſtreams;
"Bleak mountains, and wild ſtaring rocks,
"Are the wretched reſult of my pains;
"The ſwains greater brutes than their flocks,
"And nymphs as polite as the ſwains.

"What though I have ſkill to enſnare,
"Where ſmarts in bright circles abound;
"What though at St. James's at prayers,
"Beaus ogle devoutly around?
"Fond virgin, thy power is loſt
"On a race of rude Hottentot brutes;
"What glory in being the toaſt
"Of noiſy dull ſquires in boots?

"And thou, my companion ſo dear,
"My all that is left of relief,
"Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
"Forbear to diſſuade me from grief:
"'Tis in vain then, you'll ſay, to repine,
"At ills which cannot be redreſt;
"But in ſorrow ſo pungent as mine,
"To be patient, alas! is a jeſt.

"If farther, to ſooth my diſtreſs,
"Thy tender compaſſion is led,
"Call Jenny to help to undreſs,
"And decently put me to bed.
"The laſt humble ſolace I wait,
"Would heaven indulge me the boon,
"Some dream leſs unkind than my fate,
"In a viſion tranſport me town.

"Clariſſa mean time weds a beau,
"Who decks her in golden array,
"The fineſt at ev'ry fine ſhow,
"And flaunts it at park and at play;
"Whilſt here we are left in the lurch,
"Forgot and ſecluded from view,
"Unleſs when ſome bumpkin at church,
"Stares wiſtfully over a pew."

Why beats my Heart?

Sung in the Opera of '*Alfred*.'

WHY beats my heart with ſuch devotion?
Why ſwim my eyes, when you are near?
'Tis love that gives the buſy motion;
'Tis joy that drops the falling tear.

The Weſt-country Bumpkin.

JOHN BULL was a bumpkin born and bred
At a clodhopping village in Glouceſterſhire,
And as for this world, or the world that's to come,
For to puzzle his noddle 'twas never the near:
For he never was known to ſet foot in a church,
Till the day he took Dorothy there for a wife:
And ſays John "by my dad, I was never before
"In a place like a church, all the days of my life.

"For there I look'd up and zeen nine or ten fellows
"A zinging as loud as their lungs could clink;
"So thinking that I was got into an ale-houſe,
"I look'd up and ax'd if they'd nothing to drink:
"When up came a man and he pull'd off my hat,
"And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place,
"I thought that for zartain he muſt be the landlord;
"Or elſe I'd have fetch'd him a punch in the face.

"Howſomdever I fancied 'twas never the near
"For to kick up a duſt and to frighten the bride,
"So I went further in for to look at the place,
"And, Lard, what a comical zight I eſpy'd:
"There are men folks and women folks penn'd up
"together,
"Like ſo many wethers and ewes at a fair;
"Beſides a long booby-hutch, built up for holding,
"The whole corporation, juſt-aſſes and mare.

"Then up got a little man into a tub,
"And he look'd juſt as tho'f he'd been roll'd in
the dirt,
"For you could not ſuppoſe he could be very clean,
"When he'd got nothing on but a long black ſhirt;
"Excepting a little white flobbering bid,
"Tuck'd under his chin and ſlit in two;
"To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black ſhirt,
"I was puzzled to think what a plague he could do.

"For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,
"And for marcy upon us did heartily pray,
"Another below that ſat in a cheſt,
"Was mocking of every word he did ſay:
"And when he had fairly tired him out,
"To the very laſt word—to do nothing by halves,
"I verily thought he was going to fight him,
"For he ſtood up and call'd for a couple of ſtaves!

"But the little man tho'f he had a black ſhirt on,
"Whipp'd over another as white as a clout,
"And then in a twink, with a twiſt of his fiſt,
"He ſet open the tub and he let himſelf out;
"Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
"And as tho'f he had got neither ſhame nor grace,
"And dipping his fingers in a trough,
"And ſplaſh'd the cold water all over his face.

"To be ſure I thought 'twas a ſhameful thing,
"To ſerve a poor baby ſuch a woundy trick,
"For tho'f he did ſqueak like a pig that is ſtuck,
"They did mind him no more than a gooſemun-
chick!
"Ods bobs, and I thought if the maggot ſhould bite,
"And they wanted to make but a child of a man,
"Who could tell but in turn ſuch a baby as I,
"May be ſous'd in the trough like a ſop in the pan

"So I took to my heels, and I ſcamper'd away,
"Like a luſty fellow for ſure and ſure,
"And ſwore in my guts if they ever catch'd I,
"O' the in-a-door-ſide of a church any more;
"They ſhould plump me up to the ears in the hog-tro'
"Juſt like a toaſt in a tankard then,
"And ſouſe me and ſop me, and ſop me and ſouſe
"me,
"A hundred times over and over again."

Nancy Dawſon.

OF all the girls in our town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
That dance, and prance it up and down,
There's none like Nancy Dawſon.
Her eaſy mien, her ſhape ſo neat,
She foots, ſhe trips, ſhe looks ſo ſweet,
Her ev'ry motion is complete;
I die for Nancy Dawſon.

See how ſhe comes to give ſurprize,
With joy and pleaſure in her eyes;
To give delight ſhe always tries,
So means my Nancy Dawſon.
Was there no taſk t'obſtruct the way,
No Shuter bold, nor houſe ſo gay,
A bet of fifty pounds I'll lay,
That I gain'd Nancy Dawſon.

She how the opera takes a run,
Exceeding Hamlet, Lear, and Lun,
Though in it there would be no fun,
Was't not for Nancy Dawſon.
Tho' Beard and Brent charm'd ev'ry night,
And female Peachum's juſtly right,
And Filch and Lockit pleaſe the ſight,
'Tis crown'd by Nancy Dawſon.

See little Davy ſtrut and puff,
Plague on the opera, and ſuch ſtuff,
My houſe is never full enough,
A curſe on Nancy Dawſon.
Tho' Garrick he has had his day,
And forc'd the town his laws t'obey,
Now Johny Rich is come in play,
With help of Nancy Dawſon.

Of all the Plagues of Human Life.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Devil to Pay.*'
Air,---'*Under the Greenwood Tree*'

OF all the plagues of human life,
A ſhrew is ſure the worſt;
Scarce one in ten that takes a wife,
But with a ſhrew is curſt.

Since then the plague in marriage lies,
Who'd ruſh upon his fate?
When he for freedom, bondage buys,
And ſtill repents too late.

Fill up the mighty ſparkling Bowl.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Devil to Pay.*'
Air,---'*Charles of Sweden.*'

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleaſure:
Let none at cares of life repine,
To deſtroy our pleaſure:

Fill up the mighty ſparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal ſoul
May drink and ſing without controul,
To ſupport our pleaſure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, ſhalt thou be
Guardian to our pleaſure,
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleaſure;

And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their ſtay,
And ſing their praiſes, that we may
Live and die with pleaſure.

Anne Page.

See Shakeſpear's Merry Wives of Windſor.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At duſk of eve methought I ſpy'd,
Poor Slender's ghoſt that whimp'ring cry'd,
"Oh, ſweet, oh, ſweet Anne Page.

"Ye gentle birds give ear,
"Who talk of am'rous rage,
"Who ſpoil the lily, rob the roſe,
"Come learn of me to weep your woes:
"Oh, ſweet, oh, ſweet Anne Page.

"Why ſhould ſuch labour'd ſtrains
"Your formal muſe engage?
"I never dreamt of flame or dart
"That fir'd my breaſt or pierc'd my heart,
"But ſigh'd, oh, ſweet Anne Page.

"And you, whoſe love-ſick minds
"No med'cine can aſſwage!
"Accuſe the leecher's heart no more,
"But learn of Slender to deplore;
"Oh, ſweet, oh, ſweet Anne Page.

"And ye whoſe ſouls are held,
"Like linnets in a cage!
"Who talk of fetters, links and chains
"Attend and imitate my ſtrains:
"Oh, ſweet, oh, ſweet Anne Page.

"And you who boaſt or grieve,
"What horrid wars we wage:
"Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
"Yet mean as I do when I ſigh,
"Oh, ſweet, oh, ſweet Anne Page.

"Hence ev'ry vain conceit
"Of ſhepherd or of ſage;
"'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
"Expreſſes all you have to ſay,
"Oh, ſweet, oh, ſweet Anne Page!"

Marriage.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Devil to Pay.*'

OF all ſtates in life ſo various,
Marriage ſure is moſt precarious;
'Tis a maze ſo ſtrangly winding,
Still we are new mazes finding;
'Tis an action ſo ſevere,
That naught but death can ſet us clear;
Happy's the man, from wedlock free,
Who knows how to prize his liberty:
Were men wary
How they marry,
We ſhould not be by half ſo full of miſery.

BALLAD.

William and Sufan.

'TWAS in his veſſel ſailing,
When gentle breezes blew,
Sweet William lay bewailing
The fate of lovely Sue:
All on his bed extended
The faithful ſailor lay,
His grief was never ended,
He mourn'd her night and day.

Juſt at the midnight hour
A gentle voice he heare,
And at his cabin-door
The black-eye'd maid appears:
All pale ſhe look'd, though ſmiling,
And dreſs'd in ſpotleſs white,
Like ſome bright cloud as ſailing
When Cynthia ſmiles at night.

"Why mourns my faithful lover?"
The damſel viſion ſaid;
"Who hath the ſea croſs'd over
"To tell thee I was dead?
"What tongue the fatal ſtory
"Unto thine ear convey'd?
"And why art thou ſo ſorry
"To loſe a filly maid?"

"None brought the hapleſs meſſage,"
The weeping lover ſaid;
"None came the tedious paſſage
"To tell me thou wert dead:
"But fancy ever teeming,
"The fatal ſtory told;
"At midnight I was dreaming
"I ſaw thee dead and cold.

"Then from my ſleep I ſtarted,
"And thus in anguiſh cry'd,
"Why were we ever parted?
"Ah! why has Suſan dy'd?
"Since then my wretched boſom
"No peace or comfort knew,
"And now, like a full bloſſom,
"I'll drop and die with you."

The Witch of Wokey.

The following contains ſome variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed, they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. *Shenſtone.*

Wokey-Hole is a noted cavern in Somerſetſhire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful ſtories as the Sybils cave in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickneſs of the gloom, cannot be diſcovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is croſt by a ſtream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of theſe are evident petrifactions, which on account of their ſingular forms, have given riſe to the fables alluded to in this poem.

IN ancient days tradition ſhews,
A baſe and wicked elf aroſe,
The witch of Wokey hight:
Oft have I heard the fearful tale,
From Sue and Roger, of the vale,
On ſome long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary, diſmal cell,
Which ſeem'd, and was, yclept Hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide:
Nine wicked elves, as legends ſayne,
She choſe to form her guardian train,
And kennel near her ſide.

Here ſcreeching owls oft made their neſt,
While wolves its craggy ſides poſſeſt,
Night-howling thro' the rock:
No wholeſome herb could here be found;
She blaſted ev'ry plant around,
And bliſter'd ev'ry flock.

Her haggard face was foul to ſee;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to be,
Her eye of deadly leer;
She nought deviſ'd, but neighbour's ill;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets ſung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er bleſt her longing arms:
And hence aroſe her ſpight to vex,
And blaſt the youth of either ſex,
By dint of helliſh charms.

From Glaſton came a learned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell deſpight,
And well he did, I ween:
Such miſchief never had been known,
And, ſince his mickle learning ſhown,
Such miſchief ne'er has been.

He chaunted out his godly book,
He croſt the water, bleſt the brook,
Then—pater noſter done;
The ghaſtly hag he ſprinkled o'er;
When, lo! where ſtood a hag before,
Now ſtood a ghaſtly ſtone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:
Tho' paſſing ſtrange indeed the tale,
And doubtful may appear,
I'm bold to ſay, there's ne'er a one,
That has not ſeen the witch in ſtone,
With all her houſhold gear.

But tho' this learned clerk did well;
With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
She left this curſe behind:
That Wokey nymphs forſaken quite,
Tho' ſenſe and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman kind.

For, lo! even, as the fiend did ſay,
The ſex have found it to this day,
That men are wond'rous ſcant:
Here's beauty, wit, and ſenſe combin'd,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then ſuch maids unpitied moan?
They might as well, like her, be ſtone,
As thus forſaken dwell.
Since Glaſton now can boaſt no clerks;
Come down from Oxenford, ye ſparks,
And, oh! revoke the ſpell.

Yet ſtay—nor thus deſpond, ye fair;
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;
I hear the gracious voice:
Your ſex ſhall ſoon be bleſt again,
We only wait to find ſuch men,
As beſt deſerve your choice.

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THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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The Libertine repulſed.

HENCE, Belmour, perfidious! this inſtant retire,
No farther entreaties employ;
Nor meanly pretend any more to admire
What baſely you wiſh to deſtroy.

Say, youth, muſt I madly ruſh on upon ſhame,
If a traitor but artfully ſighs!
And eternally part with my honour and fame
For a compliment paid to my eyes?

If a flame, all diſhoneſt be vilely profeſt,
Thro' tenderneſs muſt I incline,
And ſeek to indulge the repoſe of a breaſt
That would plant endleſs tortures in mine!

No, Belmour—a paſſion I can't but deſpiſe,
Shall never find way to my ears;
Nor the man meet a glance of regard from my
theſe eyes,
That would drench them for ever in tears.

Can the lover who thinks, nay, who wiſhes me baſe,
Expect that I e'er ſhould be kind?
Or atone with a paltry addreſs to my face,
For the injury done to my mind?

Hence, Belmour, this inſtant, and ceaſe every dream,
Which your hope ſaw ſo fooliſhly born;
Nor vainly imagine to gain my eſteem,
By deſerving my hate and my ſcorn.

In vain you bid your Captive live.

Sung in "*The Padlock.*"

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny:
Give me your ſmiles, your wiſhes give,
To him who muſt without you die.

Shrunk from the ſun's enliv'ning beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their ſcent and hue:
It's ſource dry'd up, bid flow the ſtream,
Or me exiſt depriv'd of you.

Hang me if I marry.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
Muſt my fond ſuit miſcarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry.

Then ſpeak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry.

Tho' charms and wit aſſail,
The ſtroke I well can parry:
I love to kiſs, to toy and play;
But do not chooſe to marry.

Young Molly of the dale
Maks a meer ſlave of Harry;
Becauſe, when they had toy'd and kiſs'd,
The fooliſh ſwain would marry.

Theſe fix'd reſolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play,
But hang me if I marry.

Simple Strephon, ceaſe complaining.

SIMPLE Strephon, ceaſe complaining,
Talk no more of fooliſh love;
Think not my poor heart to reign in,
Think not all you ſay can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
Thrice ten thouſand ſlaves a day;
Thrice ten thouſand times your betters
Gladly would my rule obey.

Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who ſtill forbids you,
To ſome other tell your moan;
Chuſe where'er your fancy leads you,
Let Clorinda but alone.

Simple Strephon, &c.

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The tippling Deities.

OLD Saturn, that drone of a god,
And father of all the divine,
Still govern'd the world with a nod,
Yet fancy'd brisk women and wine;
And when he was whimsical grown
By sipping his plentiful bowl,
Then frankly the truth he would own,
That a wench was the joy of his soul.

Great Jupiter, like his old dad,
To love and a bottle inclin'd,
When mellow was constantly glad
To find a plump girl to his mind;
And then, as the story is told,
He'd conjure himself in her arms,
As once in a shower of gold
He rifled fair Danae's charms.

Stern Mars, the great god of the field,
All day tho' delighting in blood,
At night his fierce godship would yield
To beauty, and wine that was good:
With nectar he cherish'd his heart;
And rais'd up his wanton desires;
Then to Venus, his darling, impart
The warmth of his amorous fires.

Apollo, the patron of bays,
Full goblets would merrily drain,
And sing forth poetical lays
When the fumes had got into his brain;
But still as he whimsical grew,
By toping the juice of the vine,
To Parnassus daily he flew,
To kiss all the musical nine.

Sly Mercury too, like the rest,
Made wenching and wine his delight,
And thought himself perfectly blest
With a bottle and mistress at night:
No wonder debauches he lov'd,
And cheating his pleasure he made,
For the gods have ev'ry one prov'd,
That pimping was always his trade.

Plump Bacchus, that tun-belly'd sot,
His thirst could but seldom allay,
'Till astride o'er a hogshead he got,
And drank all the liquor away:
As long as upright he could sit,
He'd bawl for the finishing glass;
When drunk, then the vessel would quit,
And reel to his favourite lass.

The Sweet Neglect.

From BEN JONSON's '*Silent Woman*' Act I. Scene I. First Acted in 1609.

STILL to be neat, still to be dress't.
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robe loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

The charms of the Bottle.

YE mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend,
Whose life is a series of pain without end,
For ever depriv'd of hope's all cheering ray,
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day;
Obey the glad summons, the bar-bell invites,
Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest,
By hard-hearted duns too continually prest,
When brats begin crying and squalling for bread,
And wife's never silent till fast in her bed;
Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,
Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot
Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape-shot.
Obey the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull, pedantical, text-spinning vicar,
To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his liquor,
O how would he wish for that power divine,
To change, when he would, simple water to wine!
Obey the glad summons, &c.

If wine, then, can miracles work, such as these,
And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and ease,
Despair not, that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,
Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.
Obey the glad summons, &c.

'Tis not my Patty's sparkling Eyes.

'TIS not my Patty's sparkling eyes,
Her air, her easy grace,
Her thrilling accents, that I prize,
Or yet her blooming face.

Such charms as these in others shine,
Whose beauty's all they boast;
But when that beauty does decline,
Their greatest power is lost.

But lovely Patty's wit refin'd,
Her sense, good-nature, ease,
Divine perfections of the mind,
And firm desire to please:

'Tis these that raise the maiden's fame,
That prompt desire and love,
And kindle in my breast a flame
That time can ne'er remove.

The Choice.

A Man that's neither high nor low,
In party nor in stature;
No noisy rake, nor fickle beau,
That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And let him be no learn'd fool
That nods o'er musty books;
That eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
And weighs my words and looks.

Let him be easy, frank, and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd;
Always have something smart to say,
But silent, if requir'd.

Patty of the Mill.

FAR ſweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
Whoſe fragrance ſheds a rich perfume,
And all the meadows fill;
Much fairer than the lily blows,
More lovely than the bluſhing roſe,
Is Patty of the mill.

The neighb'ring ſwains her beauty fir'd,
With wonder ſtruck they all admir'd,
And prais'd her from the hill;
Each ſtrove with all his ruſtic art,
To ſoothe and charm the honeſt heart
Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
A fixed heart, more true to love
Than turtles when they bill;
A chearful ſoul, a pleaſing grace,
And ſweet content, ſmiles in the face
Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
Exalt the honeſt, virtuous mind,
And guards it from all ill:
Ye fair, for ever conſtant prove;
Be ever kind, be true to love,
Like Patty of the mill.

The Laſs with the delicate air.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
Whoſe fame every virgin with envy does fill,
Of beauty is bleſs'd with ſo ample a ſhare,
That men call her the laſs with the delicate air.

One evening laſt May as I travers'd the grove,
In thoughtleſs retirement, not thinking of love,
I chanc'd to eſpy the gay nymph, I declare,
And really ſhe'd got a moſt delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green moſſy bed,
A chaplet compoſing, the fair-one was laid;
Surpriz'd and tranſported, I could not forbear,
With rapture to gaze on her delicate air.

From that moment young cupid ſelected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart:
And from thence how to gain the dear maid was my care,
For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When ſhe ſaw me, ſhe bluſh'd and complain'd I was rude,
And begg'd of all things, that I would not intrude.
I anſwer'd, "I could not tell how I came there,"
But laid all the blame on her delicate air;

Said, her heart was the prize which I ſought to obtain,
And hop'd that ſhe'd grant it to eaſe my fond pain.
She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my ſoul with her delicate air.

A thouſand times ſince I've repeated my ſuit,
But ſtill the tormentor affects to be mute;
Then tell me, ye ſwains, who have conquer'd the fair,
How to win the dear laſs with the delicate air.

Pitty Patty.

THE morning young Jockey
Would make me his bride,
He ſtole to my chamber,
And ſat by my ſide;
When he open'd the curtains,
Such joy 'twas to me,
That my heart play'd a tune
That went pitty patty.

But feigning to ſleep, (Oh,
How great was my bliſs!)
So gently, ſo kind,
He gave me a kiſs!
Then my head to his boſom
He preſs'd with ſuch glee,
That my heart play'd a tune
That went pitty patty.

Grown bold with ſucceſs,
He ventur'd to take
A ſecond ſalute—
Then 'twas time to awake.
"Ariſe, love," he ſaid,
"To the kirk let us flee,
"As our hearts play a tune
"That goes pitty patty.

BALLAD.

The Jew's Daughter.

This ballad is founded upon the ſuppoſed practice of the Jews, in crucifying or otherwiſe murdering the Chriſtian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice, which hath been always alledged in excuſe for the cruelties exerciſed upon that wretched people, but which probably never happen'd in a ſingle inſtance. For if we conſider, on the one hand, the ignorance and ſuperſtition of the times when ſuch ſtories took their riſe, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerneſs with which they would be catch'd up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurr'd by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could could have to excite them to a crime of ſo much horror, we may reaſonably conclude the whole charge to be groundleſs and malicious. The following ballad is probably built upon ſome Italian legend, and bears a great reſemblance to the Prioreſſe's tale in Chaucer: the poet ſeems alſo to have had an eye to the known ſtory of Hugh of Lincoln, a child ſaid to have been there murder'd by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The concluſion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be ſeen in Chaucer.

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa:
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,
Said, will ye cum in and dine?
I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white
To intice the zoung thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the ſweit bairne did win.

And ſcho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir ſpak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny hert's bluid:
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dreſſing borde,
And dreſt him like a ſwine,
And laughing ſaid, gae nou and pley
With zour ſweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie ſtil and ſleip;
Scho caſt him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and maſs was ſung,
And every lady went hame:
Than ilka lady had her zong ſonne,
Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And fair, fair gan ſhe weip:
And ſhe ran into the Jewis caſtel,
Quhan they wer all a ſleip.

My bonny ſir Hew, my pretty ſir Hew,
I pray thee to me ſpeik:
'O lady rinn to the deip draw-well
'Gin ze zour ſonne wad ſeik.'

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
My bonny ſir Hew, an ze be here,
I pray thee ſpeik to me.

The lead is wond'rous heavy, mither,
The well is wond'rous deip,
A keen pen-knife ſticks in my hert,
A word I dounae ſpeik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling ſheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toune,
Its thair we twa ſall meet.

* * * * * *

Gilderoy

Was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the laſt century, if we credit the hiſtories and ſtory books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. but theſe ſtories have probably no other authority than that of Grub-ſtreet.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roſes tull his ſhoone,
His ſtockings were of ſilken ſoy
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie ſight,
To ſee ſae trim a boy;
He was my jo and heart's delight,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! ſicke twa charming een he had,
A breathe as ſweet as roſe,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But coſtly ſilken clothes;
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We ſcant were ſeven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd with mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding ſark of holland fine
Wi' ſilken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor laſſie eir could ſing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we ſpent our prime,
Till we were baith ſixteen,
And aft we paſt the langſome time
Among the leaves ſae green;
Aft on the banks we'd ſit us thair,
To ſweetly kiſs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he ſtill had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To ſtir in feats of ſtrife!
And he in many a vent'rous deed
His courage bald would try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My beniſon gang wi' thee!
"God ſpeed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
"For gane is all my joy;
"My heart is rent ſith we maun part,
"My handſome Gilderoy!"

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun;
Nane eir durſt meet him man to man,
He was ſae brave a boy.
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winſome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or aſs,
For ſheep, or horſe, or mare;
Had not their laws been made ſae ſtrick,
I neir had loſt my joy,
Wi' ſorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amiſſe,
He mought hae baniſht been,
Ah! what ſair cruelty is this,
To hang ſike handſome men:
To hang the flower o'Scottiſh land,
Sae ſweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had ſae white a hand,
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy ſae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle ſtrong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the reſt,
He was ſae trim a boy,
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued beſt,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpſe away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
I waſht his comelye clay;
And ſiker in a grave ſae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winſome Gilderoy.

[Numb. 71]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The fond deſpairing Maid.

HOPE, thou ſource of ev'ry bleſſing,
Parent of each joy divine;
Ev'ry balmy ſweet poſſeſſing,
Ev'ry promis'd bliſs be thine.
Softeſt friend to heart-felt anguiſh,
Lend, oh! lend thy pow'rful aid;
Bid the lover ceaſe to languiſh,
Cheer the fond deſpairing maid.

Soothe, ſweet Hope, the maiden's ſighing,
For with love her heart's oppreſt:
Ever to her ſorrows flying,
Thou canſt give her joy and reſt.
Softeſt friend, &c.

A glaſs of good Wine.

MY merry companions, ſo jovial and free,
You know I'm a poet, then liſten to me,
Inſpire my muſe, jolly Bacchus divine,
I'll chaunt in the praiſe of a glaſs of good wine.

The female whoſe flattering looking-glaſs tells
How much all the reſt of her ſex ſhe excels,
In vain from its aid may attempt to outſhine;
More charms ſhe'd receive from a glaſs of good wine.

The ſhort-ſighted ſpark with perſpective apply'd,
In putting the fair to the bluſh takes a pride;
Give o'er, bold intruder, your cruel deſign,
Greater beauties you'll find in a glaſs of good wine.

Old bald-pated Time, who good company ſpoils,
When pleaſure is reigning and good-humour ſmiles,
With us round the bowl would moſt chearfully join,
Was his hour-glaſs chang'd to a glaſs of good wine.

If, then, ſuch perfections the grape does produce,
Ye Powers above, ſend enough for our uſe;
Your bounty to prove drain the ſea of it's brine,
And let it again ebb and flow with good wine.

Ralph of the Mill.

Written by *Mr. Hawkins.*

AS Hebe was tending her ſheep, t'other day,
Where the warblers whiſtle and ſing,
A rural young ſwain came tripping that way,
As briſk and as blithe as a king.
The youth was a ſtranger to trouble and care,
Contentment e'er guided his will,
Yet ever regarded the ſmiles of the fair,
Though always bred up in a mill.

Love ſtole in his breaſt at the ſight of the maid,
For he could not her charms but adore—
'And if thou art cruel, dear Hebe,' he ſaid,
'I ſurely ſhall love you the more,'
Such tenderneſs melted her into ſurprize,
(For Hebe was never unkind)
And all of a ſudden love glow'd in her eyes,
Which ſpoke the dictates of her mind.

They ſat themſelves down at the foot of a hill,
And chatted together ſo free,
Till Ralph, the young ſwain, made ſigns to the mill,
Whilſt claſping the nymph on his knee;
And thus, in a tranſport, the miller reply'd—
'Thy charms, dear girl, are divine!'
Then preſs'd her ſweet lips, and with rapture he cry'd—
'O Hebe! conſent to be mine.'

She liſten'd attentive to all his requeſt,
And freely comply'd to his will.
And now, to her ſolace, ſhe's marry'd and bleſt
With honeſt young Ralph of the mill.
Peace follows their ſteps wherever they go,
In bliſs all their hours are ſpent;
But, leaders of faſhion, I'd have you to know,
Their 'happineſs flows from content.'

Gentle Youth, ah! tell me why.

Sung in '*Love in a Village.*'

GENTLE youth, ah! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly,
Ceaſe, oh! ceaſe to perſevere;
Speak not what I muſt not hear:
To my heart it's eaſe reſtore;
Go, and never ſee me more.

Change for a Guinea.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN, for his entertainment called '*King and Queen.*'

JACK Binacle met with an old Shipmate,
That ſail'd with him on board of the Thunder,
And they talk'd of their pranks at a pretty round rate,
And made all the hearkeners wonder;
For tho' brave at ſea, when you get him aſhore,
A tar often turns out a ninny,
For now he muſt jog,
His leave's out with his grog
Here, houſe, what's to pay? come ſport us the ſcore;
Hand us over the change for a Guinea.
For a ſailor's life is a roaring life,
He laughs while the winds and the waves are at ſtrife,
So ſafe on ſhore,
He can pay his ſcore,
And ſport the ſplendid Guinea.

The Landlord's ſweet daughter now comes in his view,
Up to tars when they get into harbour;
Her ſhoes are Morocco, her petticoat's blue,
Her wig's juſt come from the barber.
Jack ſtares in her face with a whimſical phiz,
Reviews her and looks like a ninny;
For each chalk on his ſcore,
She counts two or more,
He fix'd on her eyes while ſhe penetrates his,
And cheats him while changing his Guinea.
For a ſailor's life is a careleſs life,
He ſings while the waves and the winds are at ſtrife:
To be cheated on ſhore,
While, to pay his ſcore,
He ſports the ſplendid Guinea.

Here's two eighteen penn'orths, that five and a kick,
Three penn'orth of 'bacco, a ſhilling;
For a ſix-penny 'bacco-box, quite ſpan and ſpick,
Half a crown, and a tizzy the filling.
Jack hears not a word, chucks her under the chin,
Lord how can you be ſuch a ninny?
Let me reckon your ſcore,
For two ſix-penn'orths more,
Two hogs and three ſimons for what's to come in,
So there's three ſhillings out of a Guinea.
For a ſailor's life is a roaring life,
He whiſtles while billows and winds are at ſtrife:
From the landlord's long ſhore,
For a five ſhilling ſcore,
To get three ſhillings out of a Guinea.

Well, well, cries out Jack, you know figures and ſuch,
I dare ſay, you're right, miſtreſs Moggy;
All my wonderment is, we ſhould tip off ſo much
In the time, and yet never get groggy;
But no ſailor at toſs-pot e'er yet play'd amiſs,
Then he's cunning and never a ninny.
Come, put round the grog,
For away we muſt jog.
So now my dear girl if you'll give me a kiſs,
You may pocket your change for a Guinea.
For a ſailor's life is a careleſs life,
He minds neither billows nor winds at ſtrife,
But pays his ſcore
With ſpirit on ſhore,
And that's all the uſe of a Guinea.

Dennis Delany.

IN ſweet Tipperary, the pride of the throng,
I have danc'd a good jig, and have ſung a good ſong;
On the green where I caper'd I ſcarce bent the graſs,
To my bottle a friend, and no foe to a laſs:
At hurling my fellow could never be found,
For whoever I joſtled ſoon came to the ground,
And the girls all ſwore that they never met any
Could tickle their fancy like Dennis Delay.
With my whack about, ſee it out,
Dennis, my jewel,
Ah! why would you leave us,
How could you be cruel?
Paddy Whack may go trudge it, with Murtagh O'Blaney,
We'll part with them all for you, Dennis Delany.

Young Sheela O'Shannon was ſo fond of me,
That whenever we met we could never agree,
Says I, my dear Sheela, we'll ſoon end the fray,
For no longer in ſweet Tipperary I'll ſtay.
When the girls all found I was going to leave them,
They ſwore that from death father John could not ſave them:
They would part with relations, tho' ever ſo many,
If I'd let them go with me, ſweet Dennis Delany.
With my whack about, &c.

To the road then I went, and I trudg'd it along,
And by way of being ſilent, I lilted a ſong,
Hey for Dublin, ſays I, where I'll ſee ſome fine laſſes,
Get married and drunk, nor ne'er mind how time paſſes.
But when I arriv'd, and found every lady
Short waiſted—thinks I, they are married already:
By my ſoul, now, ſays I, marriage here is the faſhion,
To get young recruits for the good of the nation.
With my whack about, &c.

To the grand Panorama* that ev'ry one talks of,
Away then I goes, and immediately walks off;
But where I aſtoniſh'd as much as e'er man was,
To ſee a ſea fight on an ocean of canvas.
But ſome were a weeping, and ſome were a wailing,
Where London once ſtood† to ſee ſhips now ſailing;
But what in my mind made it ſtill ſeem the ſtranger,
Tho' I ſtood in the midſt, I was ſtill out of danger.
With my whack about, &c.

As I came back again, then quite ſober and ſteady,
I meet three or four buckeens attacking a lady,
With my ſlip of ſhillelagh I made them forbear,
For an Iriſhman always will fight for the fair.
But the Police they call'd, who came great and ſmall,
Devil burn me, ſays I, but I'll lather you all,
And tho' I was fighting them, this I will ſay,
They were tight active fellows at—running away.
With my whack about, &c.

Then to ſee a fine play which I ne'er ſaw before,
To Crow-ſtreet I went, with three or four more,
And up ſtairs I walk'd to ſee things the better,
The play-bill I bought tho' I knew not a letter:
But the crowd was ſo great and the players ſo funny
I laugh'd more I'm ſure, than the worth of my money,
Altho' with their noiſe, they ſet me quite mad.
When the boys above ſtairs call'd for Moll in the Wad.
With my whack about, &c.

* A grand Exhibition (painted on Canvas) of the glorious Sea Fight on the 1ſt. of June, 1794. between the Engliſh and French fleets.

† Alluding to an Exhibition prior to the above, which gave a complete view of the Cities of London and Weſtminſter.

Hoſier's Ghoſt.

Tune,—*'Come and liſten to my Ditty.'*

——was written by the ingenious author of LEONIDAS, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards, by admiral Vernon, Nov. 22d. 1739——The caſe of Hoſier, which is here ſo pathetically repreſented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was ſent with a ſtrong fleet into the Spaniſh Weſt-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or, ſhould they preſume to come out, to ſeize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Baſtimentos near Porto-Bello, but being reſtricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that ſtation until he became the jeſt of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in theſe ſeas, till far the greater part of his men periſhed deplorably by the diſeaſes of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, ſeeing his beſt officers and men thus daily ſwept away, his ſhips expoſed to inevitable deſtruction, and himſelf made the ſport of the enemy, is ſaid to have died of a broken heart. See Smollet's hiſt.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently ſwelling flood,
At midnight with ſtreamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon ſate all-glorious,
From the Spaniards late defeat,
And his crews, with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet.

On a ſudden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard;
Then, each heart, with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,
And, with looks by ſorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave,
His pale bands were ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford * rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts behind him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh! heed our fatal ſtory;
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt;
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was loſt,
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres, ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping;
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave:
Mark thoſe numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my ſailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his diſmal tale is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this Spaniſh town affright,
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the Baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fall'n, my country crying,
He has play'd an Engliſh part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail;
Sent in this foul clime to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feed my conſtant woe:
Here the Baſtimentos viewing,
We recall our ſhameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er theſe waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam, depriv'd of reſt,
If, to Britain's ſhores returning,
You neglect my juſt requeſt:
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—ſham'd in me.

* The admiral's ſhip.

Anacreontic.

AS wanton cupid ſaw, one day,
A linnet warbling on a ſpray,
He long'd to make the bird his prey.—

See, here, the ſtring that ties my bow;
Says he, I warrant that will do,
For ſuch an artleſs bird as you.

Then round the flutterer's neck he caſt
The ſilken cord, and ty'd it faſt—
I've got you ſafe, (he cries) at laſt.

In vain with out-ſtretch'd wings and beak
He tries the urchin's ſtring to break;
No more allow'd his flight to take.

No more he riſes from the ground,
But hops and hovers round and round,
Within his fetters, narrow bound.

So cupid, with enſnaring arts,
Lets fly abroad his poiſon'd darts,
And ſeizes wretched lovers hearts;

Torments them with his wanton play,
Makes them his tyrant pow'r obey,
Yet ſeems to rule with gentle ſway;

But ſoon miſtaken mortals find
How faſt a ſilken cord can bind;
The lover, not the boy, is blind.

Conſtant Penelope.

A looking-glaſs for ladies, or a mirrour for married women.

Tune,—Queen Dido, or Troy Town.

WHEN Greeks and Trojans fell at ſtrife,
And lords in armour bright were ſeen;
Where many a gallant loſt his life
About fair Hellen, beauty's queen;
Ulyſſes, general ſo free,
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When ſhe this woeful news did hear,
That he would to the wars of Troy;
For grief ſhe ſhed full many a tear,
At parting from her only joy;
Her ladies all about her came,
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulyſſes, with a heavy heart,
Unto her then did mildly ſay,
"The time is come that we muſt part,
"My honour calls me hence away;
"Yet in my abſence, deareſt, be
"My conſtant wife, Penelope.

"Let me no longer live, ſhe ſay'd,
"Than to my lord I true remain;
"My honour ſhall not be betray'd
"Until I ſee my love again:
"For ever I will conſtant prove,
"As is the loyal turtle dove."

Thus did they part with heavy cheer,
And to the ſhips his way he took;
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear,
Still caſting many a longing look:
She ſaw him on the ſurges glide,
And unto Neptune thus ſhe cry'd:

"Thou God, whoſe power is in the deep,
"And ruleſt in the ocean main,
"My loving lord in ſafety keep
"Till he return to me again:
"That I his perſon may behold,
"To me more precious far than gold."

Then ſtraight the ſhips with nimble ſails
Were all convey'd out of her ſight:
Her cruel fate ſhe then bewails,
Since ſhe had loſt her heart's delight:
"Now ſhall my practice be," quoth ſhe,
"True virtue and humility."

"My patience I will put in ure,
"My charity I will extend;
"Since for my woe there is no cure,
"The helpleſs now I will befriend:
"The widow and the fatherleſs,
"I will relieve, when in diſtreſs."

Thus ſhe continued year by year
In doing good to every one;
Her fame was noiſed every where,
To young and old the ſame was known;
No company that ſhe would mind,
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulyſſes fought for fame,
'Mong Trojans hazarding his life:
Young gallants, hearing of her name,
Came flocking for to tempt his wife;
For ſhe was lovely, young, and fair,
No lady might with her compare.

With coſtly gifts and jewels fine,
They did endeavour her to win;
With banquets, and the choiceſt wine,
For to allure her unto ſin:
Moſt perſons were of high degree,
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modeſty and comely grace
Their wanton ſuits ſhe did deny;
No tempting charms could e'er deface
Her deareſt huſband's memory;
But conſtant ſhe would ſtill remain,
Hoping to ſee him once again.

Her book her daily comfort was,
And that ſhe often did peruſe;
She ſeldom looked in her glaſs;
Powder and paint ſhe ne'er would uſe;
I wiſh all ladies were as free
From pride as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,
And likewiſe in her ſpinning-wheel;
Her maids about her every night
Did uſe the diſtaff, and the reel:
The ſpiders, that on rafters twine,
Scarce ſpun a thread more ſoft and fine.

Sometimes ſhe would bewail the loſs
And abſence of her deareſt love:
Sometimes ſhe thought the ſeas to croſs,
Her fortune on the waves to prove;
"I fear my lord is ſlain," quoth ſhe,
"He ſtays ſo from Penelope."

At length the ten years ſiege of Troy
Did end; in flames the city burn'd;
And to the Grecians was great joy,
To ſee the towers to aſhes turn'd:
Then came Ulyſſes home to ſee
His conſtant, dear Penelope.

O blame her not if ſhe was glad,
When ſhe her lord again had ſeen.
"Thrice-welcome home, my dear," ſhe ſay'd,
"A long time abſent thou haſt been:
"The wars ſhall never more deprive
"Me of my lord whilſt I'm alive."

Fair ladies all, example take;
And hence a worthy leſſon learn
All youthful follies to forſake,
And vice from virtue to diſcern:
And let all women ſtrive to be
As conſtant as Penelope.

Price, [Numb. 72] One Penny.

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Swains, awake!

Tune—'*Shepherds, I have loſt my love.*'

SWAINS! we've ſlept and loſt our love,
Freedom fair as Anna,
Fav'rite wiſh of all who rove
Within the iſle of Granu.

We for her our forks would wield,
Armour of the meadows;
Bare our breaſt, and ſtand the ſhield
Of orphans and of widows.

Never will ſhe venture home
While her friends are jarring;
All her advocates are firm—
Againſt her foes they're warring.

Swains, awake! and freedom's ſtores,
Like the ſtreams of Banna,
Shall refreſh the thirſty ſhores
Around the iſle of Granu.

The Village Maid.

SILENT I tread this lonely wood,
Silent I ſhed the piteous tear,
No hope to cheer my drooping ſoul,
Bereft of him I hold moſt dear.

Still do I ſeek theſe dreary ſhades,
A love-lorn maid the village ſcorn,
Since Henry won my plighted faith,
Then left me here to ſigh forlorn.

On moſſy bank oft time recalls
The image of the blooming youth;
Was there he ſtole my eaſy heart,
With vows of conſtancy and truth.

Faint from her lips her accents flew,
And faintly beam'd her eyes ſo bright,
She ſunk upon the moſſy bank,
She ſunk to everlaſting night.

As Strephon on the Mountain Brow.

AS Strephon on the mountain brow,
Has won my right good will,
With him alone I'd keep my vow,
With him I'd climb the hill.

But if that vow ſhould broken be,
And I thoſe charms forego,
That ſtream that's in my plighted faith,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

Struck with her charms, and gen'rous truth,
I view the conſtant fair.
To her alone I pledge my troth,
And own my conſtant care.

But if that vow, &c.

Phebe.

YOU ſay ſhe's fair: 'tis no ſuch matter,
'Tis not her glaſs, but you that flatter,
And few that beauty e'er can ſpy,
Which ſtrike the partial lover's eye.

Phebe, my council pray approve;
Thank heav'n for a good man's love:
All markets will not pay your price,
So ſtrike a bargain in a trice.

This Deſert of Wildneſs.

'TIS in vain for ſuccour calling,
Hope no more my boſom cheers!
Cruel fate that bliſs appalling,
With her ſcroll of joyleſs years.

Come deſpair and diſtraction confound me,
Add ſtill to my life's wretched load,
And while your mix'd horrors ſurround me,
This deſert of wildneſs ſhall be my abode.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Patrick's Day; or the Saint of Shillela.

Air,—'*Shaunbuoy.*'

WELL met, my good friends,
To the laudible ends,
Of ſociety, mirth and good humour;
No nation on earth,
(Thank the ſoil gave us birth)
United in love more than we are:
The ſocial graces
I ſee in your faces,
Then each fill a glaſs to regale—a;
For this is the day,
As old hiſtories ſay,
That gave us the ſaint of Shillela.

His memory rare,
Let us ever revere,
So up with your bumpers to crown it;
But ſtay—in his wine,
Let each lad ſteep a vine
Of the Shamrockſhire plant, 'till he drown it:
The emblem is good,
For it means when of food
You have taken a plentiful meal—a;
You ſhould it dilute,
And without all diſpute,
It was done by the ſaint of Shillela.

Great George, let ſome brag on,
Who conquer'd the dragon,
And bury'd his ſpear in his belly;
Of St. Andrew too,
And his bonnet ſo blue,
There's many fine ſtories will tell ye;
Of Taffy's big Leek,
Then there's others will ſpeak
In raptures a fabulous tale—a,
But Paddy's white Wand,
On true record doth ſtand,
To prove him the ſaint of Shillela.

Toad, ſerpent and ſnake,
From each bramble and brake,
He ſoon by his power collected;
No plague thro' the land,
But repair'd to his Wand,
As by Heaven's kind order directed;
When ſwarmed together,
Like birds of a feather,
He ſent them the ocean to ſail—a
And ſince, there's no vermin
Can do the leaſt harm in
The purify'd land of Shillela.

From hence, too, we find
Many ills of the mind
Were baniſh'd from our happy dwelling;
Each foul is the ſeat
Of what's noble and great,
Tho' vain my own praiſe to be telling:
While our neighbours around
With theſe reptiles abound,
Thro' envy they ſuffer and rail—a;
But ſtill let them curſe,
With their own venom burſt,
At the happier fate of Shillela.

We are open and free,
To the heart you may ſee,
For candour no people before us;
Polite and ſincere,
As witneſs the fair
In every country adore us;
Maids, widows and wives,
For our offices ſtrive,
And after us run to prevail—a:
For in love and war
There is none can compare
With the brave honeſt ſons of Shillela.

The ſervice in war,
Why, let Britons declare,
That by land and by ſea we have done them;
With truth they may ſing,
That for country and king,
No heroes more honour have won them;
With fortune and blood
We have firmly ſtood,
And never, like ſome, turn'd tail—a
And we're ready again,
On hill, ocean, or plain,
To prove we're the ſons of Shillela.

Then why this diſtinction
'gainſt ſuch a brave nation?
Why all this abuſe and reflection?
One king, and one cauſe,
Our religion and laws,
Should twine us in mutual affection:
But let rancour ſtill bite,
We'll together unite,
And in brotherly love never fail—a
And thus, with good cheer,
May live many a year,
To remember the ſaint of Shillela.

The Girl I left behind me.

I'M loneſome ſince I croſs'd the hills,
And o'er the moor that's ſedgy;
With heavy thoughts my mind is fill'd,
Since I parted with Naggy:
When e'er I return to view the place,
The tears doth fall and blind me;
When I think on the charming grace
Of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well,
When next to ſee doth move me;
The burning flames my heart doth tell,
Since firſt ſhe own'd ſhe lov'd me:
In ſearch of ſome one fair and gay,
Several doth remind me;
I know my darling loves me well,
Tho' I left her behind me.

The bees ſhall laviſh, make no ſtore,
And the dove become a ranger;
The falling water ceaſe to roar,
Before I'll ever change her:
Each mutual promiſe faithful made,
By her whoſe tears doth blind me;
And bleſs the hours I paſs away,
With the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image ſtill retains,
Whether aſleep or waking;
I hope to ſee my dear again,
For her my heart is breaking:
But if e'er I chance to go that way,
And that ſhe has not reſign'd me;
I'll reconcile my mind and ſtay
With the girl I left behind me.

Fa lal la.

The favourite Welch Air, in '*The Cherokee.*'

A SHEPHERD wander'd, we are told,
Fal lal la, *&c.*
To ſeek a ſtraggler of the fold,
Fal lal la, *&c.*
When paſſing o'er a fragrant glade,
Diſcri'd a young and blooming maid,
And thus to her his vows he paid,
Fal lal la, *&c.*

Ah! beauteous maid, if you'll be mine,
Fal lal la, *&c.*
Your brows with cowſlips I'll entwine,
Fal lal la, *&c.*
To you the flow'rets, as they ſpring,
In ruſhey baſkets I will bring,
And ſweetly by your ſide I'll ſing,
Fal lal la, *&c.*

The maiden quickly rais'd her head,
Fal lal la, *&c.*
Her eyes their wonted beauties ſhed.
Fal lal la, *&c.*
This ſacred ſpot, ah! ſhepherd, dear,
Approach not as my frowns you fear,
I from the ſun beams ſhelter here,
Fal lal la, *&c.*

With vows of truth he maid he plies,
Fal lal la, *&c.*
To languiſh now began her eyes,
Fal lal la, *&c.*
And as along the glade they went,
His ſoul on nought but love intent,
The yielding fair one bluſh'd conſent,
Fal lal la, *&c.*

Our Bottle and Friend.

COME, fill all your glaſſes in circular motion,
We'll drink to the bottom tho' deep as the ocean;
With freedom and pleaſure our money we'll ſpend,
For the ſake of enjoying our bottle and friend.

I hate the vile plagues of feuds and diſſentions,
Away with diſputing, with jars, and contentions;
Sweet hope from our boſoms they ſurely will ſend,
And mar the delights of our bottle and friend.

While oppoſite ſtateſmen are leading their factions,
And ſhewing their proweſs by words more than actions;
To this or that party our minds we'll ne'er bend,
Nor omit the enjoyment of bottle and friend.

While Lewis and Georgey for kingdoms are wrangling,
And Foxites and Pitties for power are jangling;
Each jolly companion aſſiſtance ſhall lend,
To heighten the ſweets of our bottle and friend.

With a bumper, my lads, then repleniſh your glaſſes,
Confuſion, let's drink, to all chattering aſſes;
Who on politic matters their lungs tear and rend,
And find no enjoyment in bottle and friend.

May thoſe who deceive us by outward profeſſions,
In a halter atone for all their tranſgreſſions;
Let this be my toaſt, now my ſong's at an end,
And may none of us want either bottle and friend.

The Chapter of Kings.

An admired hiſtorical ſong, written by Mr. COLLINS, author of '*The Evening Bruſh.*'

THE Romans in England they once did ſway,
And the Saxons they after them led the way,
And they tugg'd with the Danes 'till an overthrow,
They both of them got by the Norman bow:
Yet barring all pother,
The one and the other,
Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
But Billy his ſon by an arrow was ſlain;
And Harry the Firſt was a ſcholar bright,
But Stephy was forc'd for his crown to fight.
Yet barring, &c.

Second Harry, Plantagenet's name did bear,
And Cœur de Lion was his ſon and heir;
But Magna Charta we gain'd by John,
Which Harry the Third put his ſeal upon.
Yet barring, &c.

There was Teddy the Firſt, like a tyger bold,
But the Second by Rebels was bought and ſold;
And Teddy the Third was his ſubjects pride,
Tho' his grandſon Dicky was popp'd aſide.
Yet barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight;
Tho' Henny his ſon like a chick did pout
When Teddy his couſin had kick'd him out.
Yet barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
By butchering Dick who was knock'd in head;
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.
Yet barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
Tho' Mary made fire and faggot blaze;
But good queen Beſs was a glorious dame,
And bony king Jamy from Scotland came,
Yet barring, &c.

Poor Charley the Firſt was a martyr made,
But Charley his ſon was a comical blade;
And Jemmy the Second, when hotly ſpurr'd,
Ran away, do you ſee, from Willy the Third.
Yet barring, &c.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and ſea,
And Georgey the Firſt did with glory ſway;
And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
Long life to the Georgey we have in his ſtead.
And may his ſons' ſons
To the end of the chapter.
All come to be kings in their turn.

BALLAD.

Robin Good-Fellow.

——alias PUCKE, alias HOBGOBLIN, in the creed of ancient ſuperſtition, was a kind of merry ſprite, whoſe character and atchievements are recorded in this ballad, and in thoſe well-known lines of MILTON's l'allegro, which the antiquarian PECK ſuppoſes to be owing to it;

"Tells how the drudging GOBLIN ſweat
"To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet;
"When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
"His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn
"That ten day-labourers could not end;
"Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
"And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
"Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
"And crop-full out of doors he flings,
"Ere the firſt cock his mattins rings."

The

The reader will obſerve that our ſimple anceſtors had reduced all theſe whimſies to a kind of ſyſtem, as regular, and perhaps more conſiſtent, than many parts of claſſic mythology: a proof of the extenſive influence and vaſt antiquity of theſe ſuperſtitions. Mankind, and eſpecially the common people, could not every where have been ſo unanimouſly agreed concerning theſe arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed a learned friend in Wales, aſſures the editor, that the exiſtence of faries and goblins is alluded to by the moſt ancient Britiſh bards, who mention them under various names, one of the moſt common of which ſignifies, "The ſpirits of the mountains."

This ſong (which PECK attributes to BEN JONSON, tho' it is not found among his works) is given from an ancient black-letter copy in the Britiſh Muſeum. It ſeems to have been originally intended for ſome maſque.

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghoſts and ſhadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am ſent to view the night-ſports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'er ſee
And merry be,
And make good ſport, with ho, ho, ho!

More ſwift than light'ning can I fly
About this airy welkin ſoon,
And, in a minute's ſpace, deſcry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghoſt ſhall wag,
Or cry war Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feats will ſpy,
And ſend them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er ſuch wanderers I meet,
As from their night-ſports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on, with me to roam,
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or elſe, unſeen, with them I go,
All in the nick,
To play ſome trick,
And frolick it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
Sometimes an ox; ſometimes a hound;
And to a horſe I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round;
But if, to ride,
My back they ſtride,
More ſwift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and laſſes merry be,
With poſſets and with juncates fine;
Unſeen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and ſip their wine;
And, to make ſport,
I ſneeze and ſnort;
And out the candles I do blow,
The maids I kiſs;
They ſhrieke—Who's this?
I anſwer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to pleaſe,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And while they ſleep, and take their eaſe,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull,
I grind at mill
Their malt up ſtill;
I dreſs their hemp, I ſpin their tow,
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When houſe or hearth doth ſluttiſh lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And leave them naked all to view:
'Twixt ſleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw,
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought;
We lend them what they do require:
And for the uſe demand we nought;
Our own is all we do deſire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongſt them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But ſtudy how to cog and lye;
To make debate and miſchief too,
'Twixt one another ſecretly:
I mark their gloze,
And it diſcloſe
To them whom they have wronged ſo:
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them ſcolding, ho, ho, ho,

When men do traps and engines ſet
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houſes, get
Their ducks and geeſe, and lambs aſleep:
I ſpy the gin,
And enter in,
And ſeem a vermin taken ſo.
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guiſe;
And to our fairy king, and queen,
We chaunt our moon-light harmonies;
When larks 'gin ſing,
Away we fling;
And babes new-born ſteal as we go,
An elfe in bed
We leave in ſtead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghoſts and ſprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho!

Price [Numb. 73] One Penny.

THE

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OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

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The Grinder.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE in the new Opera of '*Ramah Droog.*'

WHEN I was a mighty ſmall boy,
Young Margery came to our town, ſir,
How I was bother'd with joy,
Like a kitten I friſk'd up and down, ſir,
Calling her my ſweet Pearl,
Following always behind her,
For her black eyes no girl
Could match my ſweet Margery Grinder.

My mother in vain bade me work,
Nor work, nor eat, could poor Barney,
So ſhe went to old father O'Rourke,
Told her ſtory, and after ſome blarney,
"Give me advice," ſays ſhe,
"No friend than you can be kinder,
Father O'Rourke a ſheep's eye
Had himſelf caſt on Margery Grinder.

"What Devil has got in the place,
"The folks are all mad," cries my mother,
There's captain Dermot M'Shean,
And that deaf lawyer, Patrick his brother,
Thedy the pur-blind beau,
And old O'Donovan blinder,
They're dancing a hobbling, all
After pert little Margery Grinder.

This, father O'Rourke gravely heard,
For grave was the father, tho' friſky,
"Mrs. Liffey," ſays he, "take my word,"
But he firſt took a noggin of whiſkey,
Barney will have the girl,
Catch her where'er he can find her,
So by his advice I was married
Next day to ſweet Margery Grinder.

On a Scolding Wife.

MY Wife has a tongue as good as e'er twang'd,
At every word ſhe bid me be hang'd,
She's ugly, ſhe's old, and a curſed ſcold,
With a damnable *Nunquam ſatis*,
For her tongue and her rail, if ever they fail,
Then the dee'l ſhall have her gratis.

My bonny Scot-man.

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat-man,
Ere I could for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungen'rous faſhion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to it's paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Who pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man.

A Catch.

WHEN V and I together meet,
We make up *ſix* in houſe or ſtreet,
Yet I and V may meet once more,
And then we two can make but *four*.
But when that V from I am gone,
Alas! poor I can make but *one*.

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The Prophets.

IN the firſt book of Job, which I now mean to quote,
At the fifth and ſix verſes you'll find it thus wrote:
"So Moſes invited ſome prophets to dine,
"And drink a few bottles of gooſeberry wine."
Derry down, &c.

Then Moſes was plac'd in a chair in a thrice,
And Aaron, his crony, deputed his vice,
When the glaſs moving quick, and the wine being ſtrong,
Moſes ſwore they ſhou'dn't ſtir till they'd each ſung a ſong.
Derry down, &c.

Some look'd aſkew, Sir, at firſt Moſes ſaw,
(But what'e'er Moſes ſaid, why you know, Sir, was law;)
Nay he frankly declar'd, that ſhould any decline,
He would fine them a bumper of gooſeberry wine.
Derry down, &c.

Little David, it ſeems, ſir, firſt was the choice,
For they very well knew he'd an excellent voice;
But he vow'd he cou'dn't ſing, they ſwore 'twas a thumper,
And poor little David was fin'd in a bumper,
Derry down, &c.

Rear admiral Noah, who much has been ſaid of,
And his jaunt on the water, which we have all read of,
Not liking thin gooſeberry, call'd for a dram,
And then gave them the ſong, which he ſung to young Ham.
Derry down, &c.

Noah's Song.—Air, *Heaving of the Lead.*

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object had in view;
An abbey tow'r, or harbour fort,
Which o'er the flood old Noah knew,
While oft the lead the ſeamen flung:
And to the watchful pilot ſung,
By the mark—Seven.

Ezekiel roſe next, ſir, a very great ſmoaker,
But in lighting his pipe, burnt his noſe with the poker;
Being ſkilful in muſic, and proud of his voice,
With exquiſite fancy, this ſong was his choice.
Derry down, &c.

Ezekiel's Song.—Air, *Knibb's Pound.*

Why Moſes, why Aaron, my boys,
I am glad I have met with you here:
For Zeky, as all of you knows,
He is fond of a drop of good beer;
If you mean for to paſs all the night,
Why ſay ſuch are your purpoſe and ends,
And truſt me we'll have a good 'bout,
For I love a good pot with my friends.

Then Solomon roſe next, ſir, all in his glory,
And ſaid he had much rather tell them a ſtory;
But the cry againſt that was a great deal too ſtrong,
For they would have nothing but "Solomon's ſong."
Derry down, &c.

Solomon's Song.

I've kiſs'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft do you ſee;
But of all the fair damſels that dance on the green,
Dear Sheba's the queen for me.

Next Habakkuk roſe, for they took them in courſe,
But Habakkuk's cold had made Habakkuk hoarſe;
He declar'd he cou'dn't ſing any more than the moon,
But if Moſes pleas'd he would whiſtle a tune—
Lillabullero.

Jeremiah's Song.—Air, *Queen Mary's Lamentation.*

I ſigh and lament me in vain,
Theſe walls can but echo my moan:
Alas! it encreaſes my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone.

Through the grates of my window I ſee
The boys as at marbles they play;
I cry, and exclaim out, ah, me!
I once could play better than they.

Then up roſe little Jonah, who look'd like a jelly,
For he was juſt come, ſir, from the whale's belly;
For three days and three nights was he left to deſpair,
But he'd ſing to Moſes what he ſuffer'd there.
Derry down, &c.

Jonah's Song.

Ceaſe, rude Boreas, bluſtering railer;
Liſt ye landmen all to me;
Meſſmates, hear a brother ſailor
Sing the dangers of the ſea;
In the horrid belly pent, ſir,
Think on what I ſuffer'd there;
Forc'd to keep a diſmal Lent, ſir,
And to breathe infectious air:

Nought but fiſh to feed upon, ſir,
And compell'd to eat it raw;
All my hopes were almoſt gone, ſir,
Ere I left the monſt'rous jaw.
Had I been a common ſwimmer,
I muſt ſurely have been drown'd;
'Twas ſo dark, that not a glimmer
Shone upon me all around.

Then Sampſon roſe next, once in proweſs ſo big,
But at that time, friend Sampſon, had juſt got his wig;
He related the tale of his dire miſhap,
How his wife ſhav'd his head as he ſlept in her lap.
Derry down, &c.

Sampſon's Song.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Sampſon has loſt all his hair.
Oh that I e'er ſhould have taken ſo ſound a nap,
Oh that I e'er ſhould have taken it in her lap,
Oh that I had but tied on my red night cap,
Then Sampſon had ne'er loſt his hair;
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Mercy on me, what can the matter be. &c.

They next call'd on Job, as a ſong was his ſort,
But they begg'd, as 'twas late, that his ſong might be ſhort;
So he ſung Chevy Chace, to a diſmal pſalm tune,
Which the Prophets all thought would have laſted till noon.
Derry down, &c.

Now Moſes it ſeems, ſir, who good hours kept,
While they ſat a ſinging, why he ſat and ſlept;
But wak'd by the noiſe, ſir, of calling encore,
He bid them get home, for they ſhould drink no more.
Derry down, &c.

Well-bred Aaron, it ſeems, ſir, at this took offence,
And ſwore want of good manners, ſhew'd want of good ſenſe;
This caus'd a diſpute, ſome reflections were caſt,
But for decency's ſake, we'll not mention what paſt.
Derry down, &c.

Good Advice.

YE ſwains who are courting a maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me,
Tho' little experience I've had,
I'll give you good counſel and free;
For women are changeable things,
And ſeldom a moment the ſame,
As time a variety brings;
Their looks new humours proclaim.

But he who in love would ſucceed,
And his miſtreſs's favour obtain,
Muſt mind it as ſure as his creed,
To make hay whilſt the ſun is ſerene;
There's a ſeaſon to conquer the fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay;
To watch the occaſion take care,
When 'tis gone in vain you'll aſſay.

The Kennel Raker.

Air,—'*Balance a Straw.*'

THO' I ſweep to and fro, old iron to find,
Braſs pins, ruſty nails, they are all to my mind,
Yet I wear a ſound heart, true to great George our king,
And tho' ragged and poor, with clear conſcience can ſing,

Tho' I ſweep to and fro, yet I'd have you to know
There are ſweepers in high life as well as in low.

The Stateſman he ſweeps in his coffers the blunt
That ſhould pay the poor ſoldiers that honour do hunt;
The action, tho' dirty, he cares not a ſtraw,
So he gets but the ready, the rabble may jaw.

Tho' I ſweep, &c.

I'm told that the Parſon, for I never go
To hear a man preach what he'll never ſtick to:
'Tis all for the ſweepings, he tips you the cant,
You might pray by yourſelves elſe, depend, ſirs, upon't.

Tho' I ſweep, &c.

One ſweeps you from this life, you cannot tell where,
And what place you go to the Doctor don't care;
So he brings in his bill, your long purſes to broach,
Then he laughs in his ſleeve as he rides in his coach.

Tho' I ſweep, &c.

Your Counſel may plead, but for what is his jaw?
His eye's on your fob, whilſt he chatters the law;
Tongue-padding he rakes ye and ſweeps you quite clear
Of what's better than iron, you need not to fear.

Tho' I ſweep, &c.

But honeſty's beſt in what ſtation we are,
For the grand ſweeper, Death, we can ſooner prepare;
Your ſtateſman, your parſon, your phyſic and law,
When Death takes a ſweep are no more than a chaw.

Tho' I ſweep, &c.

BALLAD.

George Barnwell.

G. Barnwell was the laſt man who was hung alive in chains in the year 1587—His agonies and hunger were ſo great that he had knawn the fleſh off his ſhoulders as far as his mouth could reach; when *Queen Elizabeth* chancing to ride by the place, heard his groans, and as an act of mercy, order'd him to be inſtantly ſtrangled, and that no other perſon thence forward, ſhould be hung in chains 'till after they had been ſtrangled.
The ſubject of this ballad is ſufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it, written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and firſt acted about 1730.——As for the ballad, it was printed at leaſt as early as the middle of the laſt century.

ALL youths of fair England
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my ſtory that I tell,
And to my ſong give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's 'prentice bound:
My name George Barnwell; that did ſpend
My maſter many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day,
Was walking through the ſtreet
About my maſter's buſineſs,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And ſumptuous in attire;
With ſmiling look ſhe greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiſs,
And ſaid, "if I would come to her,
"I ſhould have more than this.

"Fair miſtreſs," then quoth I,
"If I the place may know,
"This ev'ning I will be with you,
"For I abroad muſt go

"To gather monies in,
"That are my maſter's due:
"And ere that I do home return,
"I'll come and viſit you.

"George Barnwell," then quoth ſhe,
"Do thou to Shoreditch come,
"And aſk for Mrs. Millwood's houſe,
"Next door unto the Gun,

"And truſt me on my truth,
"If thou keep touch with me,
"My deareſt friend, as my own heart,
"Thou ſhalt right welcome be."

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I paſſed right;
Then went abroad, and gather'd in,
By ſix o'clock at night,

An hundred pounds and one;
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's houſe,
And thought on little harm;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herſelf came down:
Ruſtling in moſt brave attire,
With hood and ſilken gown.

Who through her beauty bright,
So glorioufly did ſhine,
That ſhe amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She ſeemed ſo divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modeſt grace,
" Welcome, ſweet Barnwell," then quoth ſhe,
" Unto this homely place.

" And ſince I have thee found
" As good as thy word to be ;
" A homely ſupper ere we part,
" Thou ſhalt take here with me."

" O pardon me, quoth I,
" Fair miſtreſs, I you pray ;
" For why, out of my maſter's houſe
" So long I dare not ſtay.

" Alas, good ſir, ſhe ſaid,
" Are you ſo ſtrictly ty'd,
" You may not with your deareſt friend
" One hour or two abide ?

" Faith, then the caſe is hard,
" If it be ſo," quoth ſhe ;
" I would I were a 'prentice bound,
" To live along with thee :

" Therefore, my deareſt George,
" Liſt well what I ſhall ſay,
" And do not blame a woman much,
" Her fancy to betray.

" Let not affection's force
" Be counted lewd deſire,
" Nor think it an immodeſty,
" I ſhould thy love require."

With that ſhe turn'd aſide,
And with a bluſhing red,
A mournful motion ſhe bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief ſhe had,
All wrought with ſilk and gold :
Which ſhe to ſtay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my ſight
Was wond'rous rare and ſtrange ;
And in my ſoul and inward thought,
It wrought a ſudden change :

That I ſo hardy grew,
To take her by the hand :
Saying, " ſweet miſtreſs, why do you
" So dull and penſive ſtand ?

" Call me no miſtreſs now,
" But Sarah, thy true friend,
" Thy ſervant, Millwood, honouring thee,
" Until her life hath end."

" If thou wouldſt here alledge,
" Thou art in years a boy ;
" So was Adonis, yet was he
" Fair Venus' only joy."

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found ſuch grace,
But ſeeing now ſo fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I ſupp'd with her that night,
With joys that did abound ;
And for the ſame paid preſently,
In money, twice three pound.

An hundred kiſſes then,
For my farewell ſhe gave ;
Crying, " ſweet Barnwell, when ſhall I
" Again thy company have ?

" O ſtay not hence too long,
" Sweet George, have me in mind."
Her words bewich'd my childiſhneſs,
She uttered them ſo kind :

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my ſweet Sarah once again,
To tell ſome pleaſant tale.

When ſhe heard me ſay ſo,
The tears fell from her eye ;
" O George," quoth ſhe, " if thou doſt fail,
" Thy Sarah ſure will die."

Though long, yet lo ! at laſt,
The appointed day was come,
That I muſt with my Sarah meet :
Having a mighty ſum

Of money in my hand,
Unto her houſe went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed,
In ſaddeſt ſort did lie.

" What ails my heart's delight ;
" My Sarah dear," quoth I ;
" Let not my love lament and grieve,
" Nor ſighing, pine and die.

" But tell me, deareſt friend,
" What may thy woes amend,
" And thou ſhalt lack no means of help,
" Though forty pound I ſpend."

With that ſhe turn'd her head,
And ſickly thus did ſay,
" O me, ſweet George, my grief is great,
" Ten pound I have to pay,

" Unto a cruel wretch ;
" And God, he knows," quoth ſhe,
" I have it not." " Tuſh, riſe," I ſaid,
" And take it here of me.

" Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
" Shall make my love decay."
Then from my bag into her lap,
I caſt ten pounds ſtraightway.

All bliſhe and pleaſant then,
To banqueting we go ;
She proffer'd me to lie with her,
And ſaid it ſhould be ſo,

And after that ſame time,
I gave her ſtore in coin,
Yea, ſometimes fifty pounds at once ;
All which I did purloin.

And thus I did paſs on ;
Until my maſter then
Did call to have his reck'ning in
Caſt up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to ſay :
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pounds that day.

Then from my maſter ſtraight
I ran in ſecret ſort ;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My caſe I did report.

But how ſhe us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a ſtrumpet's wily ways,
The *ſecond part* will ſhow.

The ſecond part in the next Number.

Price [Numb. 74] One Penny.

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A Hunting Song.

ROUZE, rouze, jolly ſportſmen, the hounds are all out,
The chace is began, I declare;
Come, up too and horſe, let us follow the rout,
And join in the chace of the hare.
Hark! hark! don't you hear? they are now in the vale;
The horn, how melodious it ſounds!
Poor puſs in a fright, how ſhe ſtrives to prevail,
And fly from the cry of the hounds!

Tho' up to the hills and mountains ſhe ſcales,
Whoſe tops ſeem to join in the ſky;
We mount in the air, like a kite in a gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry.
Tho' into the copſe ſhe for refuge there flies,
We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds;
While echo ſurrounds us with hooting and cries,
We ſeem to converſe with the gods.

Our freedom with conſcience is never alarm'd,
We're ſtrangers to envy and ſtrife;
When bleſt with a wife, we return to her arms;
Sport ſweetens the conjugal life.
Our days paſs away in a ſcene of delight
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taſte;
In pleaſures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chace.

The Infallible Doctor.

ADVISE your friend, grave man of art,
I find a ſtrange, unuſual ſmart,
'Tis here—fierce ſymptoms at my heart.
Diſcover.

'Tis pleaſure, pain, a mix'd degree,
My pulſe examine, here's your fee;
What think you can my ſickneſs be?
A lover.

A lover!—'tis my caſe, too ſure!
O eaſe me ſtraight—I'll not endure;
Preſcribe, I'll follow cloſe the cure.
Take hope.

But if ſhe (ſpite of ſpeech or pen)
Prove coy, or falſe with other men,
Ah, doctor!—what expedient then?
A rope.

The Lock and Key.

GOOD mother, if you pleaſe, you may
Place others to obſerve my way;
Or be yourſelf the watchful ſpy,
And keep me ever in your eye:
Unleſs the will itſelf reſtrain,
The care of others is in vain;
And if myſelf I do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, you may ſleep.

When you forbid what love inſpires,
Forbidding, you but fan it's fires;
Reſtraint does appetite enrage,
And youth may prove too ſtrong for age;
Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
With prudence for my lock and key;
For if myſelf I do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, all may ſleep.

The firſt time at the Looking-glaſs.

Air,—*'The Sun had loos'd his weary teams, &c.'*

THE firſt time at the looking glaſs
The mother ſets her daughter,
The image ſtrikes the ſmiling laſs
With ſelf love ever after,

Each time ſhe looks, ſhe, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows ſtronger:
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own
Can ſee you are not younger.

Beggar's Opera.

A Catch.

HERE, where is my landlord? A pot of good drink;
But faith you muſt truſt, for we have no chink.
Indeed, ſir, you look like a very good fellow,
But I cannot truſt without white or yellow.
The yellow I have none, and as for the white,
Make uſe of your chalk, and ſo a good night.

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A Free-Maſon's Song.

GREAT Jupiter took it one day in his head
To ſend forth a meſſenger, as it is ſaid,
To ſearch every place, and to ſtrictly enquire
Where the goddeſs, Fidelity, chooſe to retire.
Derry down, &c.

Nimble Mercury ſtraight as a meſſenger dreſt,
A punctual obedience to orders expreſs'd;
And promiſs'd great Jove he would certainly find
Where ſhe was, if with deities, or with mankind.
Derry down, &c.

Then down flew the god to fam'd Cythera's grove,
In hopes of ſome news from the young god of love;
Who at firſt could not tell how to make a reply,
But at laſt told the truth, tho' accuſtom'd to lie.
Derry down, &c.

I'm ignorant, faith, ſaid the little arch urchin,
What place for Fidelity you muſt go ſearch in;
But am vaſtly ſurpris'd you ſhould think here to find her,
When you know that my mother and I never mind her.
Derry down, &c.

This anſwer not ſuiting at all to his taſte,
Away then to Hymen does Mercury haſte:
But what ignorance here did he ſhew of mankind,
To imagine Fidelity there he ſhould find.
Derry down, &c.

Again diſappointed, he made no long ſtay,
But with all expedition continued his way:
Yet thought that perhaps it might anſwer his ends,
If enquiry he made of the Goddeſs of Friends.
Derry down, &c.

But vain were his hopes, in his ſearch here likewiſe,
For his hoſteſs thus anſwer'd, with tears in her eyes;
"Alas! honeſt friend, this goddeſs ſo dear,
"For whom you enquire, is ſeldom ſeen here.
Derry down, &c.

"In one only place you can find her on earth,
"So haſten away to the ſons of true mirth,
"To a lodge of Free-maſon's immediate repair,
"And no manner of doubt, but you'll meet with her there.
Derry down, &c.

A Sonnet.

BE huſh'd, ye ſweet birds, and forbear your ſhrill notes,
Nor deign ſuch a clamour to keep;
But ſtop a few moments, and reſt your ſoft throats,
For there lies a goddeſs aſleep!

Keep off, ye pert flies, from the cheek of my fair,
And let her contentedly lay;
For, if you preſume to alight on her face,
"You'll wake her as ſure as 'tis day!"

Ye gods! ſend young cupids to 'bide at her feet,
Let the graces adorn her ſweet head!
Let the pleaſanteſt dreams make her ſlumbers complete,
And angels keep guard o'er her head.

Features for't.

YOUNG Smart who prince of coxcombs ſhines,
First teized me with his flames and darts,
With tender looks and am'rous whines,
Piercing arrows, bleeding hearts:
He talk'd of Cupids in my eyes,
By flatt'ring nonſenſe made his court,
And hop'd to win me by ſurprize,
But yet he wanted features for't.

Old Gripus next of ſordid mold,
Unluckly my charms enſlav'd;
He placed his merit in his go'd,
And boaſted what vaſt ſums he'd ſav'd;
He coughing, begg'd I'd hear his vows,
And not his doating paſſion thwart:
I told him he ſhould be my ſpouſe,
But that—he had not features for't.

A ruſtic whom the echoing horn
Each morning leads o'er hill and dale,
Implor'd me not to ſhe my ſcorn,
But liſten to his love-ſick tale;
Of horſes, huntſmen, dogs and game,
He made a notable report,
Yet ne'er inſpir'd a mutual flame,
For he had not the features for't.

Adorn'd with honour, truth and ſenſe,
Lorenzo laſt his ſuit addreſs'd;
My heart ſtraight own'd his influence,
And all his matchleſs worth confeſs'd;
With him the nuptial bed I'll ſhare,
While little loves around us ſport,
Heaven form'd him ſure to pleaſe the fair,
For he—has all the features for't.

Betſy Brown.

IN purſuit of a laſs that was form'd to my taſte;
What pains did I take, and what time did I waſte?
In vain did I ramble o'er country and town,
'Till chance introduc'd me to dear Betſy Brown.

Such a ſhape, ſuch an air, ſuch a mien, ſuch a face:
She ſmil'd with ſuch ſweetneſs, convers'd with ſuch grace:
A forehead unus'd to a wrinkle or frown,
Preſides o'er the face of my dear Betſy Brown.

When firſt I beheld her my heart was inflam'd,
And thrill'd with a rapture that cannot be nam'd:
Ye gods, what is wealth, what is fame or renown,
Compar'd with the charms of my dear Betſy Brown.

Tho' her perſon has beauties beyond all compare,
Of virtue, her mind has a much better ſhare;
Let others ambition extend to a crown,
I aſk, O ye gods, but my dear Betſy Brown.

Oh! let me this charming dear creature poſſeſs,
No more I requeſt, nor can aſk any leſs;
From the ſummit of hope let me not tumble down,
Ye gods give me death, or my dear Betſy Brown.

The Vicar of Bray.*

IN good king CHARLES's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And ſo I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miſt,
Kings are by God appointed;
And thoſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
And touch the lord's annointed.

And this is the law I will maintain
Until my dying day, ſir,
That whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, ſir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
And pop'ry came in faſhion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration;
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my conſtitution,
And had become a jeſuit,
But for the revolution.

And this is the law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To eaſe this nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conſcience at a diſtance,
Paſſive obedience was a joke,
And piſh was non-reſiſtance.

And this is the law, &c.

When Ann aſcended firſt the throne,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was ſeen,
And I became a tory:
Occaſional conformiſts baſe,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By ſuch prevarication.

And this is the law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, ſir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And then became a whig, ſir;
And ſo preferment I procur'd
By our new faith's defender;
And always ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.

And this is the law, &c.

Th' illuſtrious houſe of *Hanover*,
And Proteſtant ſucceſſion,
To theſe I do allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep poſſeſſion;
For by my faith and loyalty
I never more will faulter;
And GEORGE my lawful king ſhall be,
Until the times ſhall alter.

And this is the law, &c.

---

* Bray is a pariſh in Devonſhire near to Barnſtaple.—A town in the County of Wicklow being of the ſame name, has been ſometimes miſtaken for it: but the Vicar of Bray here named was the noted *George Chillington*, who by changing of ſides held the Vicarage from the year 1670 till 1722.

BALLAD.

Second Part of

George Barnwell.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight:
I am undone unleſs thou ſtand
My faithful friend this night,

Our maſter to accounts,
Hath juſt occaſion found;
And I am caught behind the hand,
Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'ſcape,
My love I fly to thee,
Hoping ſome time I may remain
In ſafety here with thee.

With that ſhe knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth ſhe, "what ſhould I have to do
"With any 'prentice boy?

"And ſeeing you have purloin'd
"Your maſter's goods away,
"The caſe is bad, and therefore here
"You ſhall no longer ſtay."

"Why dear, thou knowſt," I ſaid,
"How all which I could get,
"I gave it, and did ſpend it all
"Upon thee, every whit.

Quoth ſhe, "thou art a knave,
"To charge me in this ſort,
"Being a woman of credit fair,
"And known of good report,

"Therefore I tell thee flat,
"Be packing with good ſpeed,
"I do defy thee from my heart,
"And ſcorn thy filthy deed."

"Is this the friendſhip that
"You did to me proteſt?
"Is this the great affection which
"You ſo to me expreſt."

"Now fie on ſubtle ſhrews!
"The beſt is, I may ſpeed
"To get a lodging any where
"For money, in my need.

"Falſe woman, now farewell,
"Whilſt twenty pounds doth laſt,
"My anchor in ſome other haven
"With freedom I will caſt."

When ſhe perceiv'd by this,
I had ſtore of money there:
"Stay, George," quoth ſhe, "thou art too quick:
"Why, man, I did but jeer:

"Doſt think for all my ſpeech,
"That I would let thee go?
"Faith, no," ſaid ſhe, "my love to thee
"I wiſs is more than ſo."

" You ſcorn a 'prentice boy,
" I heard you juſt now ſwear,
" Therefore I will not trouble you."——
——" Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

" Thou ſhalt not go to-night,
" What chance ſo e'er befall;
" But man! we'll have a bed for thee,
" Or elſe the devil take all."

So I by wiles bewitch'd,
And ſnar'd with fancy ſtill,
Had then no power to put away,
Or to withſtand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilſt in her company,
I had ſuch merriment;
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her ſpent.

" A fig for care and thought!
" When all my gold is gone,
" In faith, my girl, we will have more,
" Who e'er I light upon.

" My father's rich, why then
" Should I want ſtore of gold?"
" Nay, with a father, ſure," quoth ſhe,
" A ſon may well make bold.

" I've a ſiſter, richly wed,
" I'll rob her e'er I'll want."
" Nay, then," quoth Sarah, " they may well
" Conſider of your ſcant."

" Nay, I an uncle have,
" At Ludlow he doth dwell:
" He is a grazier, which in wealth
" Doth all the reſt excell.

" Ere I will live in lack,
" And have no coin for thee:
" I'll rob his houſe, and murder him."
" Why ſhould you not," quoth ſhe:

" Was I a man, ere I
" Would live in poor eſtate;
" On fathers, friends, and all my kin,
" I would my talons grate.

" For without money, George,
" A man is but a beaſt:
" But bringing money, thou ſhalt be
" Always my welcome gueſt.

" For ſhouldſt thou be purſued
" With twenty hues and cries,
" And with a warrant ſearch'd for,
" With Argus' hundred eyes,

" Yet here thou ſhalt be ſafe;
" Such privy ways there be,
" That if they ſought an hundred years
" They could not find out thee."

And ſo carouſing both,
Their pleaſures to content:
George Barnwell had in little ſpace
His money wholly ſpent.

Which done, to Ludlow ſtraight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there;
His minion would it ſo.

And once he thought to take
His father by the way,
But that he fear'd his maſter had
Took order for his ſtay.

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's ſpace he ſtay'd,
Until it chanced ſo,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinſman rode with him,
Where he did ſee right plain,
Great ſtore of money he had took:
When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
He ſtruck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So ſore he crack'd his crown.

Then ſeizing four ſcore pounds,
To London ſtraight he hied,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruel fact deſcry'd.

" Tuſh, 'tis no matter, George,
" So we the money have
" To have good cheer in jolly ſort,
" And deck us fine and brave."

Thus liv'd in filthy ſort,
Until their ſtore was gone:
When means to get them any more,
I wiſh, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing ſort,
She thruſt him out of door:
Which is the juſt reward of thoſe
Who ſpend upon a whore.

" O! do me not diſgrace
" In this my need," quoth he
She call'd him " thief and murderer,"
With all the ſpight might be:

To the conſtable ſhe ſent,
To have him apprehended;
And ſhew'd how far in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell ſaw her drift,
To ſea he got ſtraightway;
Where fear and ſting of conſcience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
He did a letter wright;
In which his own and Sarah's fault,
He did at large recite.

Whereby ſhe ſeized was,
And then to Ludlow ſent:
Where ſhe was judg'd, condemn'd and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There died this gallant quean,
Such was her greateſt gains:
For murder, poor deluded youth,
Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth
That after harlots haunt,
Who in the ſpoil of other men,
About the ſtreets do flaunt.

[Numb. 75]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humourous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Soger Laddie.

MY ſoger laddie
Is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold
And money to me;
And when he comes hame,
He'll make me a lady,
My bleſſing gang with
My ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie
Is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger
And lover behave;
True to his country,
To love he is ſteady;
There's few to compare
With my ſoger laddie.

Shield him ye angels,
Frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels
To my langing arms.
Syne frae all my care
Ye'l pleaſantly free me,
When back to my wiſhes
My ſoger ye gie me.

O, ſoon may his honours
Bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt,
If he get his due:
For in noble actions
His courage is ready,
Which makes me delight
In my ſoger laddie.

Kindly, kindly.

AIR—'*Gently touch the Warbling Lyre.*'

KINDLY, kindly, thus my treaſure,
Ever love me, ever charm;
Let the paſſion know no meaſure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why ſhould we, our bliſs beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my ſoft embraces ſmiling,
We'll be happy as the gods.

Ye blytheſt Lads and Laſſes gay.

YE blytheſt lads and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſang diſcloſes;
As I one morning ſleeping lay,
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young Jamie whiſking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And ſoftly ſat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd
Yet now I wadna ken him,
But with a frown my face diſguis'd
And ſtrave away to ſend him:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry paſſion feigning,
I aften roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.
Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went off much diſcontented;
But I, in truth, for a' my ſins,
Ne'er haff ſae fair repented.

Ye gentle Gales.

YE gentle gales that fan the air,
And wanton in the ſhady grove;
Oh! whiſper to my abſent fair,
My ſacred pain, and endleſs love:

And in the ſultry heat of day,
When ſhe does ſeek ſome cool retreat,
Throw ſpicy odours in her way,
And ſcatter roſes at her feet:

That when ſhe ſees her colours fade,
And all their pride neglected lye;
Let that inſtruct the charming maid,
That ſweets not timely gather'd die,

And when ſhe lays her down to reſt,
Let ſome auſpicious viſion ſhew
Who 'tis that loves Camilla beſt,
And what for her I'd undergo.

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The Black Bird,

Or Jenny Cameron's Lament.

UPON a fair morning, for ſoft recreation,
I heard a fair lady was making great moan,
With ſighing and ſobbing, and ſad lamentation,
Saying, " my Black Bird moſt royal is flown.
" My thoughts they deceive me,
" Reflections do grieve me,
" And I'm o'er burden'd with ſad miſery;
" Yet if death ſhould blind me,
" As true love inclines me,
" My Black Bird I'll ſeek out, wherever he be.

" Once in fair England my Black Bird did flouriſh,
" He was the chief flower that in it did ſpring;
" Prime ladies of honour his perſon did nouriſh,
" Becauſe he was the true ſon of a king:
" But that falſe fortune,
" Which ſtill is uncertain,
" Has cauſed this parting between him and me,
" His name I'll advance
" In Spain and in France,
" And ſeek out my Black Bird, wherever he be.

" The birds of the foreſt all met together,
" The turtle has choſen to dwell with the dove;
" And I am reſolv'd in foul or fair weather,
" Once in the ſpring to ſeek out my love.
" He's all my heart's treaſure,
" My joy and my pleaſure;
" And juſtly, my love, my heart follows thee,
" Who are conſtant and kind,
" And courageous of mind;
" All bliſs to my Black Bird, wherever he be.

" In England my Black Bird and I were together,
" Where he was ſtill noble and generous of heart,
" Ah! woe to the time that firſt he went thither,
" Alas! he was forc'd ſoon thence to depart.
" In Scotland he's deem'd,
" And highly eſteem'd,
" In England he ſeemeth a ſtranger to be;
" Yet his fame ſhall remain
" In France and in Spain;
" All bliſs to my Black Bird, wherever he be.

" What if the fowler my Black Bird has taken,
" Then ſighing and ſobbing will be all my tune;
" But if he is ſafe, I'll not be forſaken,
" And hope yet to ſee him in May or in June.
" For him through the fire,
" Through mud and through mire,
" I'll go; for I love him to ſuch a degree,
" Who is conſtant and kind,
" And noble of mind,
" Deſerving all bleſſings wherever he be.

" It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
" Nor tho' like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
" I may meet with friendſhip of one in a ſtranger,
" More than of one that in Britain is born.
" I pray heaven ſo ſpacious,
" To Britain be gracious,
" Tho' ſome there be odious to both him and me;
" Yet joy and renown,
" And laurels ſhall crown
" My Black Bird with honour, wherever he be.

By ſhady Woods.

BY ſhady woods, and purling ſtreams,
I paſs my hours in pleaſing dreams,
And would not for the world be brought,
To change my falſe delightful thoughts;
For who, alas! can happy be,
That does the truth of all things ſee.

The Pedlar.

MERRY laſſes, draw near, I'm a pedlar ſo gay,
Juſt popp'd here, to pay you a viſit;
Commodities pleaſing and ſmart I diſplay,
Come, out with your money—where is it?

What! what! pretty maidens you all gather round!
How pleas'd and how ſmirking you are!
But which to admire have your pretty looks found,
Is it me, merry maids, or my ware?
For, look! I've got ribbons and laces,
And patches to ſet off your faces;
You'll all look like ſo many graces,
When deck'd out by me, I declare!
And then, I've of bugles and beads ſuch a ſhew;
Befitting the fineſt fair lady;
Beſides, only look, I'm a bit of a beau,
Now an't I? ſo ſpruce in my pladdie?
With my tol de rol, lol, &c.
You all like a merry Scotch laddie.

Adzookers! ſly Sawney, don't look ſo demure.
If the heart of your laſs you'd be ſtealing,
You muſt purchaſe my goods—what a ſmile—now I'm ſure,
'Tis with me, ſhe would wiſh to be dealing:
What! what! &c.

I have trampt it to fairs, for a few years, or ſo,
And the fair round me all in a crack, were;
O, Lord! I'm ſo follow'd wherever I go!
I'm oblig'd to cry, " laſſes, fall back there!"
What! what! &c.

Meſſmates at Sea.

BRAVE Oakum, Mainbrace, honeſt Jack,
Mat Midſhips, too, was there,
Who'd the compaſs box, knew ev'ry tack,
Could hand well, reef, and ſteer;
The glaſſes jingled, mirth went round,
We troll'd a merry glee;
And while carouſing on dry ground,
To our meſſmates drank at ſea.

Sal Spriggins, who was there, d'ye mind?
And ſhe was all my pride!
Said, while with tears her eyes were blind,
And we ſat ſide by ſide:
" Dear Jack," ſays ſhe, " my heart will break,
" When your're far off from me."
" Lord! Sal," ſays I, " a noggin take,
" To our meſſmates out at ſea."

A thouſand other toaſts we gave;
With mirth our cabins ring!
" May a Briton never be a ſlave!—
" The Navy!—George, our king!"
At length (from toping I ne'er ſhrunk)
It ſomehow ſeem'd to me,
I could ſee plaineſt, when blind drunk,
To my meſſmates drink at ſea.

Love of our Iſle my heart commands,
For Britain's fame I burn,
Where native freedom pipes " all hands,"
And ſteps from ſtem to ſtern;
From death or glory I'll ne'er ſhrink,
But douſe life's colours free;
Yet while at anchor here, I'll drink
To my meſſmates out at ſea.

The Market Laſs.

THO' my dad I muſt own is but poor,
His cot can each comfort ſupply,
The vine tendril curls round his door,
And ſtreamlets meander anigh;
Health reigns and rewards daily toil,
I riſe at the lark's early ſong,
And meeting my ſwain at the ſtile,
To market we trip it along.

Sweet ſcented as bloſſoms in May,
Butter-prints my neat baſket o'erſpread,
Milk-white chickens, cream-cheeſe, I diſplay,
And I'll vouch ev'ry egg is new laid.
To partake in my health-earning toil,
My ſwain holds it ne'er can be wrong,
Bears the weight of my load with a ſmile,
As to market we trip it along.

Arriv'd, ſoon I purchaſers view,
Sell my ſtock very oft in a trice,
Reap the produce to induſtry due,
But ne'er charge above market price.
Returning, the way we beguile
With a tale, or a joke, or a ſong,
Snatch a warm parting kiſs at the ſtile;
To our cot then I trip it along.

Darby and Joan.

DEAR Cloe, while thus beyond meaſure,
You treat me with doubts and diſdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The paſſion from beauty firſt drawn
Your kindneſs will vaſtly improve;
Soft looks and gay ſmiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the ſun-ſhine of love:
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs obſcure all the ſkies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his ſide,
You've often regarded with wonder;
He's dropſical, ſhe is ſore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder;
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the ſun at the door,
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to ſmother;
Then, what are the charms, can you gueſs,
Which make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did beſtow;
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of all bleſſings below.

Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
Which ſickneſs and time can't remove;
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

The poor Mariner.

THE winds whiſtled ſhrilly, chill rain down was ſtreaming,
From a dark cell where Phœbus ne'er darted a beam in;
Worn out with great age, preſs'd by hunger and grief!
A ſad ſon of Neptune crawl'd forth for relief.
"Give relief, oh! give relief!
"Oh, give relief to a poor mariner!"

He tremblingly begg'd as the affluent paſs'd him,
The poor mite benevolent charity caſt him!
While from his dim eyes, hid by darkneſs' thick veil,
The big tear guſh'd forth while he told his ſad tale.
Give relief, &c.

"When Hawke and Boſcawen rode lords of the "ocean,
"The foes of my king, have felt this arm's motion,
"This hand graſp'd a ſword, dealt death to Gaul's "reſiſtance,
"Tho' now feebly, thus, extended for aſſiſtance.
"*Give relief, &c.*

"Theſe eyes have oft ſeen the proud foe ſink before "me,
"Have ſparkled with joy at the ſignal of glory;
"Have ſeen Britain's flag to conqueſt aſpire—
"Tho'—now loſt in darkneſs, for want I expire—
"*Give relief, &c.*

"My life's been expos'd in defence of our laws,
"I've bled at each vein to ſupport freedom's cauſe:
"The billows of danger have ſtemm'd without "dread,
"But faintly I ſtruggle, now, beg for my bread.
"*Give relief, &c.*

"Aſſiſt me!"—he ſaid, the words quivering hung,
In accents moſt piteous, on the veteran's tongue;
When the grim king of terrors his ſuff'rings regarded,
And ſnatch'd him from hence, to where virtue's rewarded.
Death gave relief—'twas death gave relief,
Death gave relief to the poor mariner.

J. C. Croſs.

Ingratitude, or the Captive.

MY tale is ſimple, fraught with woe,
Oft interrupted by a tear,
Which down my furrow'd cheek will flow;
Its burden, friendſhip, inſincere.

A friend, involv'd requir'd my aid—
Can manly feeling be ſubdued?—
His bondſman I—by him betray'd—
Impriſon'd,—mourn ingratitude!

My Anna's fate her looks foretold,
When cruel bondage bade us part:
She, now, alas! is marble cold!
And rent in twain my aching heart.

Fortune once cheer'd me with her ſmile;
Now, pent in priſon, griefs intrude;
I mourn—I ne'er ſuſpected guile,
Or poiſon-fraught ingratitude.

My tender infants, ah! forbear;
With horror is the image fraught;
Deſpair, diſtraction rages there,
Oblivious pow'rs! then baniſh thought.

An abject wretch, forgot, forlorn,
Who pale Misfortune's ſpectre woo'd,
Is ſummon'd to Death's peaceful bourn,
The victim of ingratitude.

King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid.

I READ that once in Africa
A princely wight did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine:
From nature's laws he did decline,
For ſure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for woman-kind,
But did them all diſdain.
But, mark what happen'd on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He ſaw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cauſe his pain.

The blinded boy, that ſhoots ſo trim,
From heaven down did hie;
He drew a dart, and ſhot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which ſoon did pierce him to the quick,
And when he felt the arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did ſtick,
He look'd as he would die.
"What ſudden chance is this," quoth he,
"That I to love muſt ſubject be,
"Which never thereto would agree,
"But ſtill did it defy?"

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thouſand heaps of care did run
Within his troubled head:
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he ſeeks which way to prove
How he his fancy might remove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him ſo in ſnare,
That this poor beggar muſt prepare
A ſalve to cure him of his care,
Or elſe he would be dead.

And, muſing thus as he did lye,
He thought for to deviſe
How he might have her company,
That ſo did 'maze his eyes.
"In thee," quoth he, "doth reſt my life,
"For ſurely thou ſhalt be my wife;
"Or elſe this hand with bloody knife
"The gods ſhall ſure ſuffice."
Then from his bed he ſoon aroſe,
And to his palace gate he goes;
Full little then this beggar knows
When ſhe the king eſpies.

"The gods preſerve your majeſty,"
The beggars all did cry,
"Vouchſafe to give your charity
"Our childrens food to buy."
The king to them his purſe did caſt,
And they to part it made great haſte,
The ſilly woman was the laſt
That after them did hye:
The king he call'd her back again,
And unto her he gave his chain,
And ſaid, "with us you ſhall remain
Till ſuch time as we die:"

"For thou," quoth he, "ſhalt be my wife,
"And honoured for my queen;
"With thee I mean to lead my life,
"As ſhortly ſhall be ſeen;
"Our wedding ſhall appointed be,
"And every thing in its degree:
"Come on," quoth he, "and follow me,
"Thou ſhalt go ſhift thee clean.
"What is thy name? fair maid," quoth he,
"Penelophon, oh, king," quoth ſhe:"
With that ſhe made a low courtſey,
A trim one as I ween.

Thus hand in hand along they walk
Unto the king's palace:
The king with courteous comely talk
This beggar doth embrace:
The beggar bluſheth ſcarlet red,
And ſtraight again as pale as lead,
But not a word at all ſhe ſaid,
She was in ſuch amaze.
At laſt ſhe ſpake with trembling voice,
And ſaid, "O king, I do rejoice,
"That you will take me for your choice,
"And my degree's ſo baſe."

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded ſtrait,
The noblemen both all and ſome
Upon the queen to wait.
And ſhe behav'd herſelf that day,
And if ſhe ne'er had walk'd the way;
She had forgot her gown of gray,
Which ſhe did wear of late.
The proverb old is come to paſs,
The prieſt, when he begins his maſs,
Forgets that ever clerk he was;
He knoweth not his eſtate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fancy fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The beggar for to wed;
He that did lovers looks diſdain,
To do the ſame was glad and fain,
Or elſe he would himſelf have ſlain,
In ſtory as we read.
Diſdain no whit, O lady dear,
But pity now thy ſervant here,
Leſt that it hap to thee this year,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life,
During their princely reign;
And in a tomb were buried both,
As writers ſheweth plain;
The lords they took it griveouſly,
The ladies took it heavily,
The commons cried pitiouſly,
Their death to them was pain.
Their fame did ſound ſo paſſingly,
That it did pierce the ſtarry ſky,
And throughout all the world did fly,
To every prince's realm.

[Numb. 76]

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Bonny Wully.

WULLY is a bonny lad,
Black as a ſloe his roguiſh een;
Features make my heart fu' glad,
Sprightly as his winning mein!

Roſes on his cheeks are blowing,
Gowden locks adown are flowing,
Sweet his breath as cattle lowing,
Voice ſo ſaft to cheer me:
Like the bonny bells a ringing.
He's aw joyful, laughing, ſinging,
Merry ditties deftly dinging,
When my Wully's near me.

Unked am I when alane,
Moaping a' the live-lang day;
Yet I think him a' my ane—
Wully fra me ne'er will ſtray.
Roſes on his cheeks, &c.

Had I, ſtead af ſilver ſma',
The riches baith of land and ſea,
Wully he ſhould have it a';
For Wully he is a' to me.
Roſes on his cheeks, &c.

I ſhall be happy To-morrow.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Shepherd's Lottery.*'

HOW happy's the lover whoſe cares are no more,
Who bids an adieu to all ſorrow;
My griefs are all huſht, and my torments are o'er,
For I ſhall be happy to-morrow.

Each flow'ret of ſpring that enamels the ground,
From you ev'ry charm ſeems to borrow;
Then who will ſo bleſt or ſo happy be found,
As I with my Daphne to-morrow.

I never am happy but when in your ſight,
Your ſmiles are the cure of all ſorrow;
Remember, dear Daphne, your promiſe to-night;
And I ſhall be happy to-morrow.

Ben Block.

I WAS preſs'd, while a rowing ſo happy,
No matter—'twas nonſenſe to grieve;
So, to drown care, with grog I got nappy;
Yet ſigh'd my dear Kitty to leave;
But what hurt me moſt, were thoſe ninnies,
On whom I had thought to depend;
For I wiſh'd to raiſe Kate a few guineas,
But found I had got ne'er a friend!

When abroad, why, I troubl'd a ſhipmate,
A note to my ſweetheart to write;
Which in doing, he ſomehow, a ſlip made,
His own tale of love did indite;
So when I at Batterſea landed,
(He'd patter'd her ſo to his end)
I learnt, he my frigate commanded,
And found I had got ne'er a friend!

When again on the ſalt ſeas in motion,
The ill-humour'd winds loudly roar!
And friendſhip I found on the ocean
As ſcant as I left it on ſhore!
We were wreck'd; but my tale little matters;
While meſſmates to Davy deſcend—
I eſcap'd, but was poor, all in tatters,
And found I had got ne'er a friend!

Yet ſtill to all fear I was ſtranger,
In battle (where Death tips the grin)
Was expos'd to the heat of each danger,
'Till a muſket ball ſplinter'd my ſin;
Well, away to the cock-pit I hobble,
Where ſo many cuſtomers 'tend,
That the ſurgeon, to ſave further trouble,
Lopp'd it off, damme, not like a friend!

But now ev'ry comfort's imparted,
I find, laid in Greenwich ſnug dock,
My meſſmates are true, honeſt hearted,
And each wiſhes well to Ben Block;
The rear of my life glides on chearly,
In a calm, here, my moments I'll end;
I have fought for my king, late and early,
And, bleſs him! the king is my friend.

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Sawny and Teague.

Air,—'*Lillibulero.*'

YOU that love mirth, attend to my ſong,
A moment you can never better employ;
Sawny and Teague were trudging along,
A bonny Scots lad and an Iriſh dear joy;
They neither before had ſeen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any ſuch name:
As they were walking,
As merrily talking,
At laſt by meer chance to a wind-mill they came.

"Ha! ha!" cry'd Sawny, "what do ye ca' that?
"To tell the right name o't I am at a loſs."
Teague very readily anſwered the Scot,
"Indeed I believe it'ſh ſhaint Patrick's croſs"
Says Sawny "you'll find yourſell meikle miſtaken,
"For it is Saint Andrew's croſs I can ſwear;
"For there is his bonnet,
"And tartans hang on it,
"The plaill and the trews our apoſtle did wear."

"Nay, o' my ſhoul joy, thou telleſht all lees,
"For that I will ſhwear is ſhaint Patrick's coat;
"I ſhee't him in Ireland buying the freeze,
"And that I am ſhure iſh the ſhame that he
"bought;
"And he is a ſhaint muſh better than ever
"Made either the covenantſh ſholemn or league:
"For o' my ſhalwaſhion,
"He was my relation,
"And had a great kindneſh for honeſht poor Teague.

"Wherefore" ſays Teague "I will, by my ſhoul,
"Lay down my napſhack, and take out my beads,
"And under this holy croſh fet I will fall,
"And ſhay pater-noſhter, and ſome of our creeds:"
So Teague began with humble devotion,
To kneel down before Saint Patrick's croſs;
The wind fell a blowing,
And ſet it a-going,
And it gave our dear-joy a terrible toſs.

Sawney tehee'd, to ſee how poor Teague
Lay ſcratching his ears, and roll on the graſs,
Swearing, it was ſurely the de'll's whirly-gig,
And none, he roar'd out, of Saint Patrick's croſs;
"But iſh it indeed," cry'd he in a paſſion,"
"The croſh of our ſhaint that has croſht me ſo
"ſore;
"Opo' my ſalvation,
"This ſhall be a cawſhion,
"To truſt to Saint Patrick's kindneſs no more."

Sawney to Teague then merrily cry'd,
"This patron of yours is a very ſad loon,
"To hit you ſic a fair thump on the hide,
"For kneeling before him, and ſeeking a boon,
"Let me adviſe ye to ſerve our Saint Andrew,
"He, by my ſaul, was a ſpecial gude man;
"For ſince your Saint Patrick
"Has ſerv'd you ſic a trick,
"I'd ſee him hung up e'er I ſerv'd him again."

Good Advice.

IF ſhe be not kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's only worth the care
Of ſome ſpruce jack-a-dandy.
I would not have thee ſuch an aſs,
Hadſt thou ne'er ſo much leiſure,
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a laſs,
Who's pride's about her pleaſure.

Ah, the Shepherd's mournful fate.

AH, the ſhepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh.

Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover,
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the redning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak,
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For, oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy ev'ry look, and ev'ry grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor.

By Mr. Coffey.

Air,—'*Heſter's Ghoſt.*'

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor, but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, or ſetter,
Dare to ſhew his frightful face;
But, kind ſir, as you're a ſtranger,
Down your garniſh you muſt lay,
Or your coat will be in danger;
You muſt either ſtrip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement
From your children or your wife,
Wiſdom lies in true reſignment,
Thro' the various ſcenes of life.
Scorn to ſhew the leaſt reſentment,
Tho' beneath the frowns of fate;
Knaves and beggars find contentment;
Fears and cares attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are ſpightful,
And reſtrain our bodies here,
Uſe will make a jail delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear.
Ev'ry iſland's but a priſon,
Strongly guarded by the ſea;
Kings and princes, for that reaſon,
Priſ'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond the world's ſtrong priſon gate.
For the world is alſo bounded
By the heav'ns and ſtars above;
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love.

Begging Prologue

TO

"GRETNA GREEN,"

BEING

A MUSICAL MEDLEY

FROM THE SONGS IN THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Written by Mr. Charles Stuart.

[The Figures point out the parodied Paſſages and the changes in the Muſic.]

[1] THE muſic's prepared, hands and ſticks are at work!
The critics are rang'd! a terrible ſhow!
Bard be not afraid of damnation—[*To the Author.*

[2] Our poet ſhakes like a fiddle-ſtick in th' orcheſtra,
Which in the band plays fiddle-diddle-da-dadi!—

[3] And he ſo teaz'd me—
With Gretna-Green—e,
That I'm come——

[4] Hither dear folks to ſoothe your hearts,
Beſtow applauſe to cheer——

[5] The poet he ſo grieves, for——

[6] Scribblers oft have envy ſhown;
Pleas'd to ruin,
All undoing,
Never happy in their own! ——

[7] Why then, hey! for Gretna Green;
There Cupid pleas'd does chatter ——
And Hymen's to be ſeen;
Let's gallop, whip, and ſpatter ——

[8] Over the hills to Scotland fair!——

[9] For what's here,
But ſhame and fear!
There's none dare wed under twenty-one years!—

[10] Is then your freedom check'd, youths?
Such a law ſets my eyes a weeping;
Oh! muſt we Engliſh croſs the Tweed,
To be free to———

[11] Mumble and tumble,
To mumble and tumble,
Don't it make you all grumble,
As ladies may—*ſtumble!*
When you come to the——

[12] Token of love,
For Gretna ſet out!
Fly ſwift as two doves
To the———

[13] Land of matrimony;
Firſt bed *be wrong)*
Then inſtant wed, *(no, no, that muſt*
Firſt wed,
Then go to bed——*(ay, ay, that's right)*

[14] And defy ev'ry law,
When love inſpires ye,
And fires ye,
To the——— ———

[15] Quieting doſe of a wife!
For life!
But the pleaſanteſt draught is——

[16] Lip to lip while you're young, then the lip to the glaſs,
Fal da-ri-di-da-di——

[17] In ſorrowful ditty,
I beg you'll have pity,
And let the *Scots muſic* ———

[18] Diſſolve ye in pleaſure,
And critics ſooth!———

[19] Oh! do ye, *demy-gods* your dread thunder allay! [*to the firſt gallery*]
And do ye *Upper Gods*, your dread thunder allay!
(*to the upper gallery.*)
Nay ——— ———

[20] Oh! ponder well, be not ſevere!
For———

[21] Alas the poor poet!
Alack, and a-well-a-day,
(*kneeling to the boxes*)
Ah! do beſtow applauſe!
Oh! do not damn his play?
(*Going—returns, and kneels at front of the ſtage*)
And, alas! the poor poet!
Alack, and a-well-a-day;
Ah! give him no *gooſe*, nor *apple-ſauce!*
Oh! (*bell rings*) I am call'd away!

[1] Air LVII, The Charge is prepar'd.
[2] Air VI, Virgins are like the fair flow'r.
[3] Air IX, He ſo teiz'd me, and he ſo pleas'd me.
[4] Air LII, Hither dear Huſband turn your eyes.
[5] Air XL, I, like the fox, ſhall grieve.
[6] Air XXXVII, Women oft have envy ſhewn.
[7] Air XXXVIII, Why then, how now, madam flirt.
[8] Air XVI, Over the hills and far away.
[9] Air XXII, Dance and ſing, time's on the wing.
[10] Air XXXII, Is then his fate decreed, ſir.
[11] Air XXXVI, I'm bubbled, I'm bubbled.
[12] Air LXVIII, Token of love! adieu! farewell!
[13] Air XXXI, Such a man can I think of quitting.
[14] Air XIX, Fill ev'ry glaſs.
[15] Air XLVIII, Quieting draught is a dram.
[16] Air XLVI, Lip to lip while you're young.
[17] Air XLIV, In ſorrowful ditty, they'll promiſe, &c.
[18] Air XXI, Diſſolve us in pleaſure and ſoft repoſe.
[19] Air LV, Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder.
[20] Air XII, Oh! ponder well, be not ſevere.
[21] Air LIV, Alas! poor Polly!

Strephon and Lucy.

ON the banks of the Ouſe, where his ſtream
Glides gently thro' Hartford's gay mead;
Young Strephon, who now is my theme,
For Lucy the fair tun'd his reed.

With Lucy there none did compare;
The ſhepherd ſurpaſs'd all the ſwains;
She was faireſt of all that were fair,
And he bore the prize from the plains.

When ſhe danc'd on the ſmooth ſhaven green,
Each boſom with rapture was fir'd:
But Lucy with Strephon was ſeen,
And each ſwain diſcontented retir'd.

Not yet twenty ſummers had flown
O'er the head of the ſwain, *debonair*;
Scarce yet on his chin was the down,
Yet he languiſh'd and pin'd for the fair.

Oft in ſecret the ſhepherd did ſigh,
To the grove he did often complain;
To their inmoſt receſſes he'd fly,
And his pipe play'd a tenderer ſtrain.

Fair Lucy had won his young heart,
Yet he told not his pain to the maid;
He ſmother'd his boſom's keen ſmart,
And ſilent he ſought the cloſe ſhade.

E'er long the youth ſought out the fair,
They met by the ſide of the grove;
With pleaſure ſhe heard him declare,
That of maids only Lucy he'd love.

The ſun was juſt ſunk in the main,
Cool ev'ning o'erſhadow'd the vale,
The herds were drove home from the plain,
When Lucy heard Strephon's fond tale.

The maid was not artfully ſhy,
Simplicity mark'd me her own;
Yet Virtue ſhe ſtill did not fly,
And diſhonour ſhe never had known.

The grove heard the vows of the pair,
The ſtream as it murmur d along,
Still anſwer'd the praiſe of the fair,
And its cadence was join'd in the ſong.

E're Maia did fly from the field,
That Hymen his torch to diſplay,
When Lucy to Strephon ſhould yield,
And he as before ſhould be gay.

Scarce a week had revolv'd from this hour,
When luckleſs the youth ſought the flood;
He flew from the ſun's piercing pow'r,
To bathe where the ſtream paſs'd the wood.

Red ruſhing the river came down,
Its eddies wide whirling around;
The Naiades who call it their own,
Affrighted, did fly from the ſound.

Courag'ous he plung'd in the ſtream,
His ſtrong arm beat the inſolent wave;
But ſome demon preſided I dream,
And he ſinks to his watery grave.

O'erwhelmed; the dear youth is no more,
His fate from the hills does reſound;
And Echo replies from the ſhore,
"'Tis Strephon, gay Strephon, that's drown'd.

In grief for the loſs of her love,
Fair Lucy flies far from the plain;
She hides in the ſad ſilent grove,
Whoſe ſhade ſuits her boſom's ſharp pain.

By the ſide of a moſs-cover'd bourn,
'Neath a ſad weeping-willow's dull ſhade,
Where ſtood the dead ſhepherd's cold urn,
I ſaw pale with ſorrow the maid:

On her cheek hung, like dew-drops, the tear,
When they ſhine on the lily at dawn;
And will it like the dew diſappear,
Like it be exhal'd with the morn?

Ah! no, for the grief in her breaſt,
Has fountains of tears to ſupply;
And ne'er ſhall her throbbing heart reſt,
And the tear ſhall ſtill roll from her eye.

I heard her with ſorrow complain,
The green woods re-echo'd her voice;
That no time could remove her ſharp pain,
That no more ſhould her cottage rejoice.

Her boſom was bare to the gale,
Who's force was encreas'd by her ſighs,
Which mournfully ſteal thro' the dale,
And tell where her dead lover lies.

Thus weeping ſhe hung o'er the grave,
Which held all that was dear to her breaſt;
She ſigh'd to the murmuring wave,
And wiſh'd with her Strephon to reſt.

Ere the ſun had twice roſe from the flood,
Ere the moon twice had gilded the night,
Was Lucy found cold on the ſod,
And the village had loſt its delight.

In the tomb was ſhe laid with her love,
The villagers wept o'er their ſtone;
And oft do they viſit the grove,
Where ſuch beauty and truth once had ſhone.

Alonzo.

William and Emma.

THE village bell with awful ſound,
Proclaim'd the midnight hour;
When wretched Emma weeping lay,
Within a hawthorn bower.

Her cheeks with grief, alas! were pale,
That wore the crimſon hue;
The tears that flow'd adown her face,
Appear'd like ſilver dew.

Her gentle boſom heav'd a ſigh
Expreſſive of her woe;
While thus with mournful voice ſhe cry'd,
"No pleaſure now I know.

"Why did I ſlight a faithful ſwain,
"His paſſion ne'er approve?
"Ah! why did I his vows diſdain,
"Ne'er liſten to his love?

Now while with grief oppreſs'd ſhe ſpoke,
Fond William's ghoſt appear'd;
And ſmiling, with a hollow voice,
Its purpoſe thus declar'd:

"From the dark dreary grave I come,
"In the dead hour of night,
"While the pale moon behind a cloud,
"Conceals her borrow'd light.

"To ſooth your troubl'd mind to reſt,
"And baniſh your deſpair;
"To tell you, Emma, that this night,
"You'll bid adieu to care.

"But ſee, the roſy morn appears,
"And uſhers in the day;
"Farewell, my love, I hence am call'd,
"And dare no longer ſtay."

Then Emma ſought her William's grave,
Where oft ſhe'd ſat and ſigh'd;
And falling on the green graſs turf,
By all lamented dy'd.

Myrtillo.

[Numb. 77]

THE CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Tom Tough.

MY name, dy'e ſee? Tom Tough, I've ſeen a little ſarvice,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempeſts blow;
I've ſail'd with valiant Howe, I've ſail'd with noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've ſung out yo heave ho!
Yet more ſhall ye be knowing,
I was cockſwain to Boſcawen,
And even with brave Hawke I've nobly fac'd the foe.
Then put round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in care's face and ſing yo heave ho!

When from my love to part I firſt weigh'd anchor,
And ſhe was ſnivelling ſeed on the beach below,
I'd like to cotch my eyes ſnivelling too, d'ye ſee, to thank her,
But I brought my ſorrows up with a yo heave ho:
For ſailors, tho' they have their jokes,
They love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect muſt not come for to go;
So I ſeiz'd the capſtan bar,
Like a true honeſt tar,
And in ſpight of tears and ſighs I ſung yo heave ho.

But the worſt on't was that time, when the little ones were ſickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know,
The word was gov'd to weigh ſo ſudden and ſo quickly,
I though my heart would break as I ſung yo heave ho.
For Poll's ſo like her mother;
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I truſt,
What muſt be muſt,
So my ſighs I gave the winds, and ſung out yo heave ho.

And now at laſt laid up in a decentiſh condition,
For I've only loſt an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ſhips muſt expect in time to be out of commiſſion,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.
So I ſmoke my pipe and ſing old ſongs,
For my boy ſhall revenge my wrongs,
And my girl ſhall breed young ſailors nobly for to face the foe.
Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England ſing out yo heave ho.

Dibdin.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

OH! where, and oh where is your highland laddie gone?
He'e gone to fight the French for king George upon the throne,
And its oh! in my heart I wiſh him ſafe at home.

Oh! where, and oh where does your highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland at the ſign of the blue bell,
And its oh in my heart I love my laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes is your highland laddie clad?
His bonnet of the Saxon green, and his waiſtcoat of the plaid;
And its oh! in my heart I love my highland lad.

Suppoſe, and ſuppoſe that your highland lad ſhould die!
The bagpipes ſhould play over him, and I'd ſit me down and cry—
And its oh! in my heart I wiſh he may not die.

Oh! what a jolly Dog was I!

Sung in the Entertainment of '*Zelma.*'

WHEN a happy ſingle fellow,
Mirth each moment did employ;
Full of frolic, ſportive, mellow,
Oft I'd wet the t'other eye.
Roſey, coſey,
Quaffing, laughing,
Friends abounding,
Sorrow drowning;
That was life, nor may I die,
Rattling, ringing,
Roaring, ſinging,
Gingling glaſſes,
Toaſting laſſes,
Oh! what a jolly dog was I!

Foremoſt at all friſk and funning,
Ev'ry beauteous tit would cry,
See, he looks ſo ſpruce and cunning,
Devil take his roguiſh eye.

Roſey, coſey, &c.

Now a bird's briſk tittle tattle,
Added to my comrades jeers,
Is the noiſy prittle prattle,
Always dinning in my ears.
[*To be ſpoken*]—Now its no more.

Roſey, coſey, &c.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

How cruel are the Parents.

By the late BURNS—alter'd from an old Engliſh Song.

Air—'*John Anderſon my Jo.*'

HOW cruel are the parents,
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman ſacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapleſs daughter
Has but a choice of ſtrife;
To ſhun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife,

The raving hawk purſuing,
The trembling dove then flies,
To ſhun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries;
'Till of eſcape deſpairing,
No ſhelter or retreat,
She truſts the ruthleſs falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

Ned Mizen.

COME haſten my hearties to true honeſt Ned,
A tar from the ſtem to the ſtern;
And that I've been rock'd on Davy's rough bed,
By my jib you may clearly diſcern.
In four gallant actions my lot was to fight,
And, damme, they danc'd to ſome time,
For the ſtar of a ſailor was never ſo bright,
Than once on the firſt day of June:
But come, hoa, avaſt, and with boaſting have done,
Such nonſenſe I muſt not allow;
Tho', d'ye ſee, it was glory, mayhap that we won,
When the French ſtruck their flag to Lord Howe

The next time the ſhot on all ſides round me flew,
Was with the proud Dons in diſpute,
And off Cape St. Vincent we ſaid, "how d'ye do,"
And tipt them an Engliſh ſalute:
Their fleet twenty-ſeven—and thoſe of the line,
Made our fifteen at firſt look ſmall;
But think not that this made our tars to repine,
P'ſha, damme, 'twas nothing at all:
The ſignal once giv'n, our guns fir'd away,
As ſoon did the victory ſhew,
And each Britiſh tar with Ned Mizen can ſay,
Brave Jervis the Spaniards laid low.

The third time I fought, why it was with the Dutch,
And I think it was near Capperdown.
And then, to be ſure, I may ſay as much,
We boys bruſh'd up ſome little renown:
Ship to ſhip we lay to, aye, and fought man to man,
Each Briton a match for Mynheer,
For to die or to conquer was always our plan,
And thus we again made appear:
For tho' from the Texel they ſomehow ſlip'd out,
In hopes at Breſt harbour to touch,
Why' d'ye ſee, they knew not what our ſpies were about,
For old Duncan did-over the Dutch.

Now rak'd fore and aft, by a ſplinter or ſo,
Yet my timbers were ſtill tight and ſound,
And ſo I again on the look-out muſt go,
To ſee if the French cuold be found:
At length it ſo happen'd they hove without ſight,
Which made ev'ry ſailor to ſmile,
For, d'ye ſee, it was when we commenc'd the laſt fight,
Lord bleſs you the mouth of the Nile.
To ſay what we did—it won't become me,
'Tis enough that we fought as before;
And the French, as I think, if the're wiſe, d'ye ſee,
Will engage with Lord Nelſon no more.

The Quadruple Alience.

AIR,—"*The Laſs of Peaty's Mill.*"

SWIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Are ſtill my heart's delight,
I ſing their ſongs by day,
And read their tales at night.

If frae their books I be,
'Tis dulneſs then with me;
But when theſe ſtars appear,
Jokes, ſmiles, and wit are clear.

Swift, with uncommon ſtile,
And wit that flows with eaſe,
Inſtructs us with a ſmile,
And never fails to pleaſe.

Bright Sandy greatly ſings
Of heroes, gods, and kings:
He well deſerves the bays,
And ev'ry Briton's praiſe.

While thus our Homer ſhines;
Young, with Horatian flame,
Corrects theſe falſe deſigns
We puſh in love of fame.

Blyth Gay in pawky ſtrains,
Makes villains, clowns, and ſwains
Reprove with biting leer,
Thoſe in a higher ſphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight;
Let all the dunces bray,
You're far above their ſpite:

Such from a malice ſour,
Write nonſenſe, lame and poor,
Which never can ſucceed,
For, who the traſh will read? R

To-morrow.

A Bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on ſhore,
All loſt, ſave my ſpirit and honour,
No choice being left but to take to the oar,
I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain 'Connor:
But tho' the wind calls me, ſome few words to ſay
To Polly, theſe moments I borrow;
For ſorely ſhe'll grieve that I leave her to-day,
And muſt ſail on the ſalt ſeas to-morrow,

Nay, weep not; tho' Fortune her ſmile now denies,
Time may ſoften the gipſy's pleaſure;
Perhaps ſhe may throw in my way ſome rich prize,
And ſend me home loaded with treaſure.
If ſo lucky, oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I haſten to baniſh your ſorrow;
And bring back a heart which adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly to morrow.

But, ah! the fond hopes may prove faithleſs and vain,
Which my boſom now ventures to cheriſh;
In ſome perilous fight I may haply be ſlain,
Or, 'whelm'd in the ocean may periſh.
Shou'd ſuch be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay
To his loſs a fit tribute of ſorrow;
And ſometimes remember our parting to-day,
Should a wave be my coffin to-morrow.

The Little Grey Man.

MARY-ANN was the darling of Aix-la-Chapelle;
She bore through its province, unenvied, the belle;
The joy of her fellows, her parents' delight;
So kind was her ſoul, and her beauty ſo bright:
No maiden ſurpaſs'd, or perhaps ever can,
Of Aix-la-Chapelle the beloved Mary-Ann.

Her form it was faultleſs, unaided by art;
And frank her demeanour, as guileleſs her heart;
Her ſoft melting eyes a ſweet langour bedeck'd,
And youth's gaudy bloom was by love lightly check'd;
On her mein had pure nature beſtow'd her beſt grace,
And her mind ſtood confeſs'd in the charms of her face.

Though with ſuitors beſet, yet her Leopold knew,
As her beauty was matchleſs, her heart it was true,
So fearleſs he went to the wars; while the maid,
Her fears for brave Leopold often betray'd:
Full oft, in the gloom of the churchyard reclined,
Would ſhe pour forth her ſorrows and vows to the wind.

"Ah, me!" would ſhe ſigh, in a tone that would melt
The heart that one ſpark of true love ever felt;
"Ah, me!" would ſhe ſigh "paſt and gone is the day,
"When my father was plighted to give me away!
"My fancy, what ſad gloomy preſage appalls!
"Ah! ſure on the Danube my Leopold falls!"—

One evening ſo gloomy, when only the owl
(A tempeſt impending) would venture to prowl;
Mary Ann, whoſe delight was in ſadneſs and gloom,
By a newly-made grave ſat her down on a tomb;
But ere ſhe to number her ſorrows began,
Lo! out of the grave jump'd a Little Grey Man!

His hue it was deadly, his eyes they were ghaſt;
Long and pale were his fingers, that held her arm faſt;—
She ſhriek'd a loud ſhriek, ſo affrighted was ſhe;
And grimly he ſcowl'd, as he jump'd on her knee.
With a voice that diſmay'd her—"the Danube!" he cried;
"There Leopold bleeds! Mary-Ann is my bride!"

She ſhrunk, all appall'd, and ſhe gazed all around;
She cloſed her ſad eyes, and ſhe ſunk on the ground:
The Little Grey Man he reſumed his diſcourſe—
"To-morrow I take thee, for better, for worſe:—
"At midnight my arms ſhall thy body entwine,
"Or this newly-made grave, Mary-Ann, ſhall be thine!"

With fear and with fright did the maid look around,
When ſhe firſt dared to raiſe her ſad eyes from the ground;
With fear and with fright gazed the poor Mary-Ann,
Though loſt to her ſight was the Little Grey Man:
With fear and with fright from the churchyard ſhe fled;
Reach'd her home, now ſo welcome, and ſunk on her bed.

"Woe is me!" did ſhe cry "that I ever was born;
"Was ever poor maiden ſo loſt and forlorn!
"Muſt that Little Grey Man, then, my body entwine,
"Or the grave newly dug for another be mine!
"Shall I wait for to-morrow's dread midnight!—ah, no!
"To my Leopold's arms—to the Danube I go!"

Then up roſe the maiden, ſo ſore woe-begone,
And her Sunday's apparel in haſte ſhe put on;
Her cloſe ſtudded boddice of velvet ſo new;
Her coat of fine ſcarlet, and kirtle of blue;
Her ear-rings of jet, all ſo coſtly; and laſt,
Her long cloak of linſey, to guard from the blaſt.

A croſs of pure gold, her fond mother's bequeſt,
By a ſtill dearer riband ſhe hung at her breaſt;
Round a bodkin of ſilver ſhe bound her long hair,
In plaits and in treſſes ſo comely and fair,
'Twould have gladden'd your heart, ere her journey began,
To have gazed on the tidy and trim Mary-Ann.

But, oh! her ſad boſom ſuch ſorrows oppreſs'd,
Such fears and forebodings, as robb'd her of reſt;
Forlorn as ſhe felt, ſo forlorn muſt ſhe go,
And brave the rough tempeſt, the hail, and the ſnow!
Yet ſtill ſhe ſet forth, all ſo pale and ſo wan—
Let a tear drop of pity for poor Mary-Ann!

Dark, dark was the night, and the way it was rude!
While the Little Grey Man on her thoughts would obtrude;
She wept as ſhe thought on her long gloomy way;
She turn'd, and ſhe yet ſaw the lights all ſo gay:
She kiſs'd now her croſs, and ſhe heard the laſt bell;
And a long, long adieu bade to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Thro' the brown wood of Limbourg with caution ſhe paced;
Ere the noon of the morrow ſhe travers'd the waſte;
She mounted the hills of St. Bertrand ſo high;
And the day it declined, as the heath ſhe drew nigh;
And ſhe reſted a wide waving elder beneath,
And paus'd on the horrors of Sombermond's heath:

For there, in black groups (by the law 'tis impos'd)
Are the bodies of fell malefactors expos'd,
On wheels and on gibbets, on croſſes and poles.
With a charge to the paſſing, to pray for their ſouls:
But a ſpot of ſuch terror no robbers infeſt,
And there the faint pilgrim ſecurely may reſt.

Sore fatigu'd, the ſad maid knelt, and ſaid a ſhort prayer;
She bound up her treſſes, that flow'd in the air:
Again ſhe ſet forth, and ſped ſlowly along;
And her ſteps try'd to cheer, but in vain, with a ſong:
In her thoughts all ſo gloomy, ſad preſages ran,
Of Leopold now, now the Little Grey Man.

The moon dimly gleam'd as ſhe enter'd the plain:
The winds ſwept the clouds rolling on to the main;
For a hut e'er ſo wretched in vain ſhe look'd round;
No tree promis'd ſhelter, no bed the cold ground:
Her limbs they now faulter'd, her courage all fled,
As a faint beam diſpay'd the black groups of the dead.

Shrill whiſtled the wind thro' the ſkulls, and the blaſt
Scar'd the yet greedy bird from its glutting repaſt;
From the new-rack'd aſſaſſin the raven withdrew,
But croak'd round the wheel ſtill, and heavily flew;
While vultures, more daring, intent on their prey,
Tore the fleſh from the ſinews, yet reeking away.

But the dread of banditti, ſome ſtrength it reſtor'd,
And again ſhe the aid of the Virgin implor'd;
She dragg'd her ſlow ſteps to where corſes, yet warm,
Threw their tatters and freſh mangled limbs to the ſtorm:
She reach'd the fell ſpot, and, aghaſt, looking round,
At a black gibbet's foot ſenſeleſs ſunk on the ground

Now the battle was over, and o'er his proud foes
The Auſtrian eagle triumphantly roſe;
'Midſt the groans of the dying, and blood of the ſlain,
Sorely wounded lay Leopald, ſtretch'd on the plain.
When reviving, he firſt to look round him began,
Lo! cloſe by his ſide ſat a Little Grey Man!

The Little Grey Man he ſat munching a heart,
And he growl'd in a tone all diſmaying "depart!
"Don't diſturb me at meals! pr'ythee riſe and paſs
"on!
"To Mary-Ann hie!—bind your wounds and be-
"gone!—
"In a ſcore and three days ſhall you meet Mary-
"Ann;
"And perhaps, uninvited, the Little Grey-Man."

With fear and diſmay roſe the youth from the ground,
His wounds he with balms and with bandages bound;
To quit his grim gueſt he made little delay,
And faint though he was, he ſped willing away:
For a ſcore and three days did he journey amain,
Then ſunk, all exhauſted, on Sombermond's plain.

By the ſcreams of the night-bird, though dark, he could tell
'Twas the gibbets amongſt, and the wheels, where he fell.—
Now ſtill her ſad ſtation did Mary-Ann keep,
Where Leopald, fainting, had ſunk into ſleep:
Ah! little thought he that his dear one was by!
Ah! little the maid that her love was ſo nigh!

Perch'd grim on a wheel ſat the Little Grey-Man,
Whilſt his fierce little eyes o'er the ſad lovers ran;
The Little Grey-Man down to Leopold crept,
And open'd his wounds, all ſo deep, as he ſlept;
With a ſcream he the ſlumbers of Mary-Ann broke
And the poor forlorn maid to new horrors awoke.

To her ſight, ſorely ſhock'd, did a moon-beam diſplay
Her lover, all bleeding and pale as he lay:
She ſhriek'd a loud ſhriek; and ſhe tore her fine hair,
And ſhe ſunk her ſoft cheek on his boſom ſo fair;
With her long flowing treſſes ſhe ſtrove to reſtrain,
And ſtop the dear blood that now iſſued amain.

To his wounds her fair hands ſhe unceaſingly preſs'd;
Her tears faſt they fell on her Leopold's breaſt:
Entranc'd, and in ſlumber ſtill ſilent he lay,
Till the Little Grey-man drove his ſlumbers away;
With a viſion all horrid his ſenſes betray'd,
And fatal to him and his much-belov'd maid.

He dreamt, from his wheel an aſſaſſin had ſtepp'd,
And ſilent and ſlowly had cloſe to him crept;
That the wretch, mangled piece-meal, and ghaſtly with gore,
From his wounds both the balms and the bandages tore;
And to ſearch for his dagger as now he began,
—"Strike! ſtrike!" cry'd the voice of the Little Grey-Man.

"Strike! ſtrike!" cry'd the fiend, "or your wounds
"bleed anew!"
He ſtruck—it was Mary-Ann's life blood he drew;
With a ſhriek he awoke, nor his woes were they o'er;
He beheld his pale love, to behold her no more!—
Her eyes the poor maiden on Leopold caſt,
Gave him one look of love, 'twas her fondeſt, her laſt!

The Little Grey-man now he ſet up a yell
Which was heard in the halls of fair Aix-la-Chapelle,
He rais'd up his head, and he rais'd up his chin;
And he grinn'd, as he ſhouted, a horrible grin:
And he laugh'd a loud laugh, and his cap up he caſt,
Exulting, as breath'd the fond lovers their laſt.

As in each other's arms dead the fond lovers fell,
O'er the black lonely heath toll'd a low, diſtant bell;
From the gibbets and croſſes ſhrieks iſſu'd, and groans,
And wild to the blaſt flew the ſculls and the bones;
While the Little Grey-Man, midſt a ſhower of blood,
In a whirlwind was hurl'd into Sombermond's wood.

Of Mary-Ann's ſorrows, and Leopold's woes,
Long ſhall Maiſe's dark ſtream tell the tale as it flows:
Long, long ſhall the goſſips of Aix-la-Chapelle,
Of the heath and its horrors, the traveller tell:
Who ſhall prick on his ſteed with what ſwiftneſs he can,
Leſt he meet in the twilight the Little Grey-Man.

On the Feaſt of St. Auſtin, to Sombermond's fair,
Flock the youth of both ſexes, its revels to ſhare;
And in dainty apparel, all gallant and gay,
With dance, and with carols, and mirth, cheer the day;
While the proud caſtle's portal expanded, invites
To the hall's ample board, and its feſtive delights:

And there, on the richly-wrought arras, they view
Depicted, the woes of theſe lovers ſo true;
The troubles their ſorrowful days that befel,
And the fate of the darling of Aix-la-Chapelle;
Behold, as ſhe bloom'd, the belov'd Mary-Ann,
And the heart-freezing ſcowl of the Little Grey-Man.

H Bunbury

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Crazy Jane.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd;
Can a wand'ring wretched creature
With such terrors fill thy breast?
Do my frenzy looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so.
For, I lov'd—oh! so sincerely,
None could ever love again.
But the youth I lov'd so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one:
He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him;
He was false—and I undone.
From that hour, has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled!—With him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now, forlorn and broken hearted,
And with frenzy thoughts beset,
On that spot, where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain;
Whilst each passer-by, in pity,
Cries—"God help thee, Crazy Jane!"

G. M. Lewis.

If a Landsman would know.

IF a landsman wou'd know the true creed of a tar,
Tell him this, just his wish to belay,
A sailor beloves, foul or fair, peace or war,
'Tis all for the best come what may.
His heart at humanity's post never nods,
Honest sympathy beams in his eye;
In battle successful, if not, where's the odds?
He won't run, but with glory he'll die.

His home and relations he seems to forego,
But his country new joys can impart;
For a true honest tar, don't we all of us know,
Finds a home in each Englishman's heart.
Britannia's his mother, his brethren are we,
And besides, 'tis with rapture I sing,
That each gallant lad who for us braves the sea,
Finds a father belov'd in his king.

The Death of Crazy Jane.

O'ER the gloomy woods resounding,
Far, far from the joyless vale,
Deep the heavy death-bell sounding,
Tolls a luckless maiden's knell!
Nearer on the low wind floating,
Sweetly flows the tuneful strain;
Pity's choir the dirge devoting
To the shade of Crazy Jane.

In the grove where erst her ditty,
Wild and loud the mourner rais'd,
While the virgins, mov'd with pity,
Wept to find poor Jane was craz'd!
In that grove, in plaintive numbers,
Slowly falls the solemn strain,
Where the hapless maiden slumbers,
There in peace rests Crazy Jane.

In that grove where Henry left her,
Bleeding with love's cruel smart,
When despair of sense bereft her,
When affliction broke her heart;
In that grove forbear to languish,
Gentle virgins cease the strain—
Death has lull'd, from grief and anguish,
Love's sad victim, Crazy Jane.

Tom Starboard.

TOM Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do
Tom did; and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
For more than half the crew were lost.

In sight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
Nay, when he lost an arm—resign'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind.
And now, tho' wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,
Of all past hardships made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak.

His strength restor'd, Tom nobly ran
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had dy'd.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life cou'd save;
And Tom arriv'd—the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

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Nothing in Life can ſadden us.

OH! nothing in life can ſadden us,
While we have wine and good humour in ſtore;
With theſe and a little of love to madden us,
Show me the fool that could labour for more.
Come then bid Ganymede fill ev'ry bowl for you,
Fill them up bumpers and drink as I call;
I'm going to toaſt ev'ry nymph of my ſoul for you,
Aye! on my ſoul I'm in love with them all.

Dear creatures! we can't live without 'em,
They're all that is ſweet and ſeducing to man,
Looking, ſighing about and about them,
We doat on them, die for them, all that we can

Here's to Phillis—whoſe innocent boſom
Is always agog for ſome novel deſires;
To day to get lovers—to morrow to loſe 'em,
Is all that the innocent Phillis requires.
Here's to the gay little Jeſſy, who ſimpers,
So very good humour'd whatever is done;
She'll kiſs you, and that without whining or whimpers,
And do what you pleaſe with you, all out of fun!
Dear creatures, &c.

A bumper to Fanny, I know you will ſcorn her,
Becauſe ſhe's a prude and her noſe is ſo curl'd!
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You'd ſay ſhe's the beſt little girl in the world!
Another to Lyddy, ſtill ſtruggling with duty,
And aſking her conſcience ſtill whether ſhe ſhould;
While her eyes in the ſilent confeſſion of beauty
Say, "only for ſomething I certainly would."
Dear creatures, &c.

Fill for Chloe—bewitching ſimple,
Who angles the heart, without knowing her lure,
Still wounding around with a bluſh or a dimple,
Nor ſeeming to feel that ſhe alſo could cure,
Here's pious Suſan—the ſaint who alone, ſir,
Could ever have made me religious outright;
For if I'd ſuch a dear little ſaint of my own, ſir,
I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night.
Dear creatures, &c.

The Inſolvent Debtor.

DEVOID of all care was my morning of life,
Friends and traffic fulfill'd each deſire,
As true and as good, as ſhe's fare, was my wife,
And my babes liſp'd the joy of the fire.

But Misfortune, dire ſpectre, my hopes did depreſs,
And villainy injur'd my fame;
My credit once great, ev'ry moment grew leſs,
And friendſhip I found but a name.

A hard-hearted creditor view'd my diſtreſs,
His ſoul was ne'er form'd to relieve!
He plung'd me, alas! in a priſon's receſs,
Depriv'd of all ſenſe but to grieve.

No friend took the pains my dark manſion to ſeek,
My wife dimm'd each eye with a tear,
My children—but why of their woes ſhould I ſpeak?
It drives me alas! to deſpair.

Sharp miſery ſtings—fortune hovers around,
The life ſprings of comfort are dry;
No relief for ſo woe-worn a wretch can be found
But to hide his deſpair and to die.

J. C. Croſs,

Steady ſhe goes.

THE Britiſh tar no peril knows,
But fearleſs braves the angry deep,
The ſhip's his cradle of repoſe,
And ſweetly rocks him to his ſleep,
He tho' the raging ſurges ſwell:
In his hammock,
In his hammock ſwings.
When the ſteerſman ſings,
When the ſteerſman ſings,
Steady ſhe goes, all well, all well,
Steady ſhe goes.

When on the main top yard he ſprings,
An Engliſh veſſel heaves in view,
He aſks, but ſhe no letter brings
From bonny Kate, he lov'd ſo true;
Then ſighs he for his native dell,
Yet to hope he clings,
To hope he clings,
While the ſteerſman ſings,
While the ſteerſman ſings,
Steady ſhe goes, all well, &c.

The ſtorm is paſt, the battle's o'er,
Nature and man repoſe in peace.
Then homeward bound, on England's ſhore,
He hopes for joys that ne'er will ceaſe;
His Kate's ſweet voice thoſe joys foretell,
And his big heart ſprings,
His big heart ſprings,
While the ſteerſman ſings,
While the ſteerſman ſings,
Steady ſhe goes, all well, &c.

Spring.

THE winter of dulneſs is o'er,
Rejecter of ev'ry gay ſtrain,
And Spring comes to viſit once more,
The cheerleſs and diſmantled plain!
New cloathing the groves do receive,
Fine flowers bedeck the freſh green;
Kind Nature begins now to live,
And welcomes young Spring for her queen.

Before the approach of grey dawn,
The lark quits her neſt in the vale;
In air ſhe ſings high o'er the lawn,
And wakes ev'ry bird in the dale.
Now wanton the tender young lambs,
Bound o'er the ſteep hills in their play,
And bleats their ſoft notes round their dams,
The valleys, re-echo the lay.

The bees now ſearch round ev'ry bow'r;
To taſte vernal ſweets are inclin'd:
If then you would chuſe a ſweet flow'r;
Sure thereon a bee will you find.
The nymphs with their ſwain now retire,
From cities, from crowds, and from throngs,
And melt the young ſwains with deſire,
Whilſt welcoming Spring with their ſongs.

Gay muſic the woods and groves fill;
How charming and ſweet is the noiſe!
When ſitting beneath the pure rill,
The thruſh from the brake tunes her voice.
Ye nymphs join with me then to ſing,
And make ev'ry valley rebound,
The praiſes of ſweet blooming Spring,
Whoſe bounties diſplay'd are around.

Oppreſs'd with Grief.

Air.—'*Bank of Helion.*'

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppreſs'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
Set me down and ſigh,
Oh, life thou art a galling load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches ſuch as I.
Dim backward as I caſt my view,
What ſick'ning ſcenes appear,
What ſorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too juſtly I may fear,
Still caring, deſpairing,
Muſt be my biting doom,
My woes here ſhall cloſe here,
But with the closing tomb.

Happy ye ſons of buſy wifes,
Who equal to the bluſtering ſtrife,
No other view regard;
Ev'n when the wiſhed end's deny'd,
Yet while the buſy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward.
Whilſt I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry ſad returning night,
And joyleſs morn the ſame;
You buſtling, and juſtling,
Forget each grief and pain,
I liſtleſs, yet reſtleſs,
Find ev'ry proſpect vain.

How bleſt the ſolitary's lot,
Who all forgetting, all forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangl'd roots,
Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
Beſide his chryſtal well,
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented ſtream,
The ways of men are diſtant brought,
A faint collected dream,
While praiſing, and raiſing,
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the ſolemn ſky.

Then I no lonely hermit plac'd,
Where never human footſtep trac'd,
Leſs fit to play the part;
The luckey moment to improve,
And juſt to ſtep, and juſt to move,
With ſelf reſpecting art;
But, ah! thoſe pleaſures, loves and joys,
Which I too keenly taſte.
The ſolitary can deſpiſe,
Can want, and yet be bleſt.
He needs not, he needs not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilſt I here, muſt cry here,
For perfidy ingrate.

Oh! enviable early days,
Dancing in thoughtleſs pleaſure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes,
Of others or my own.
Ye tiny elves that guiltleſs ſport,
Like linnets in a buſh,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wiſh!
The loſſes, the croſſes,
That active man engage,
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age.

The Shipwreck'd Tar.

Air.—"*Twas in the good Ship Rover.*

ESCAP'D with life, in tatters,
Behold me ſafe on ſhore,
Such trifles little matters,
I'll ſoon get toys galore;
For Poll ſwore when we parted,
No chance her faith would jar,
And Poll's too tender hearted,
To ſlight a ſhipwreck'd tar.

To Poll his courſe ſtraight ſteering,
He haſtens on apace,
Poor Jack can't get a hearing,
She never ſaw his face;
From Meg, and Doll, and Ketty,
Relief was juſt as far,
Not one has the leaſt pity,
For a poor ſhipwreck'd tar.

This, whom he thought love's needle,
Now his ſad miſery mocks,
That wants to find the beadle,
To ſet him in the ſtocks;
Cry'd this is hard dealing,
The elements at war,
Than this had kinder feelings,
They ſav'd a ſhipwreck'd tar.

But all their taunts and fetches,
A judgment are to me,
I for theſe harden'd wretches,
Dear Nancy, ſlighted thee;
But ſee poor Tray aſſails me,
His miſtreſs is not far,
He wags his tail and hails me,
Tho' a poor ſhipwreck'd tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him,
A leſſon for mankind!
'Tis one, cry'd I, I taught him;
For on my conſtant mind
Thy image dear was graven,
And now remov'd each bar,
My arms ſhall be the haven
For my ſhipwreck'd Tar.

Heav'n and my love reward thee!
I'm ſhipwreck'd, but I'm rich,
All ſhall with pride regard thee,
Thy love ſhall ſo bewitch.
With wonder each fond fancy,
That children near and far,
Shall liſp the name of Nancy,
That ſav'd the ſhipwreck'd Tar.

BALLAD.

Lord William

NO eye beheld when William plung'd
Young Edmund in the ſtream;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's dying ſcream

Submiſſive all the vaſſals own'd
The murderer for their Lord
And he, the rightful heir, poſſeſs'd
The houſe of Erlingford.

The ancient houſe of Erlingford
Stood midſt a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on ſcenes ſo fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's ſtream;
In every wind that ſwept its waves
He heard young Edmund ſcream.

In vain at midnight's ſilent hour
Sleep clos'd the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer ſaw
Young Edmund's form ariſe.

In vain, by reſtleſs conſcience driven,
Lord William left his home,
Far from the ſcenes that ſaw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled
But could not fly deſpair;
He ſought his home again, but peace
Was ſtill a ſtranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet ſwift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd that ſhook
With terror William's ſoul.

A day that William never felt
Return without diſmay,
For well had conſcience kalender'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
Fell faſt, with tempeſt roar,
And the ſwoln tide of Severn ſpread
Far on the level ſhore.

In vain Lord William ſought the feaſt,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And ſtrove with noiſy mirth to drown
The anguiſh of his ſoul.

The tempeſt as its ſudden ſwell
In guſty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings ſeem'd
To thrill his ſhudd'ring frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on
His lonely couch he preſs'd;
And, wearied out, he ſunk to ſleep,
To ſleep, but not to reſt.

Beſide that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, ſeem'd to ſtand,
Such and ſo pale as when in death
He graſp'd his brother's hand.

Such and ſo pale his face as when
With faint and falt'ring tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan ſon.

——" I bade thee, with a father's love,
" My orphan Edmund guard;
" Well, William, haſt thou kept thy charge!
" Now take thy due reward"—

He ſtarted up, each limb convuls'd
With agonizing fear;
He only heard the ſtorm of night—
'Twas muſic to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmoſt ſoul appals,
—" What ho! Lord William, riſe in haſte!
" The water ſaps thy walls!"—

He roſe in haſte: beneath the walls
He ſaw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now.
No human aid was near.

He heard a ſhout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid,
They crowd for ſafety all.

—" My boat is ſmall," the boatman cry'd,
" This dangerous haſte forbear!
" Wait other aid; this little bark
" But one from hence can bear."—

Lord William leap'd into the boat,
—" Haſte, haſte to yonder ſhore!
" And ample wealth ſhall well reward,
" Ply ſwift and ſtrong the oar."—

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the ſtream;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning ſcream.

The boatman paus'd,—" methough I heard
" A child's diſtreſsful cry!"—
—" 'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
Lord William made reply,

" Haſte, haſte—ply ſwift and ſtrong the oar!
" Haſte—haſte acroſs the ſtream!"—
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning ſcream.

—" I heard a child's diſtreſsful ſcream,"—
The boatman cry'd again.
—" Nay, haſten on—the night is dark—
" And we ſhould ſearch in vain."—

—" Oh, God! Lord William, doſt thou know
" How dreadful 'tis to die?
" And can'ſt thou without pity hear
" A child's expiring cry?

" How horrible it is to ſink
" Beneath the chilly ſtream,
" To ſtretch the powerleſs arms in vain,
" In vain to help to ſcream?"—

The ſhriek again was heard. It came
More deep, more piercing loud;
That inſtant o'er the flood the moon
Shone though a broken cloud.

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag, he ſtood,
A little crag, and all around
Was ſpread the riſing flood.

The boatman ply'd the oar, the boat
Approach'd his reſting place,
The moon-beam ſhone upon the child
And ſhow'd how pale his face.

—" Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cry'd,
" Lord William reach and ſave!"—
The child ſtretch'd forth his little hands,
To graſp the hand he gave.

Then William ſhriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp, and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat ſunk down the murderer ſunk
Beneath the avenging ſtream;
He roſe, he ſcream'd!—no human ear
Heard William's drowning ſcream.

Robert Southey.

[Numb. 79]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, forming a Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Gipſey Hat.

I SIGH for a maid,
And a ſweet pretty maid,
And bonny Suſanna's her name;
Then well do I know,
By my heart's panting ſo,
The poor little thing's in a flame;
For it throbs, throbs, throbs,
And it beats, beats, beats,
Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat;
O ſure its the caſe.
I'm in love with the face
All under the Gipſey Hat.

That ſhe's kind as ſhe's fair,
I freely declare,
So none can my candour reprove;
But then what I rue,
(And believe me 'tis true)
Is, hang it, for being in love!
For my heart throbs, throbs,
And it beats, beats, beats,
Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
And, ah! I'm afraid,
For the face of the maid
All under the Gipſey Hat.

That I've ſaid all my life,
I'd ne'er take a wife,
And look'd on all plagues that the worſt,
I own—for my heart
Was then free from all ſmart,
But now—ah! I think it will burſt!
For it throbs, throbs, throbs,
And it beats beats, beats,
Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat;
And, ah! muſt I tell?—
For the face of the girl
All under the Gipſey Hat.

Flora

Tranſlated from the Iriſh.

IN the garden of love, like the garden of Flora,
There are flow'rets of all hues to admire and adore-a;
As the roſe bears the ſway in the garden of Flora,
In the garden of love the firſt flow'ret is Nora.

Murphy O'Caſey.

Air,—"*Oh! dear what can the matter be?*"

WHEN firſt from Kilkenny, as freſh as a daiſy,
The girls of our village all ſwore I was crazy;
Arrah, maid, wife, or widow, could never be eaſy,
If once, joy, I came in their way.
And, it's—dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, botheration, joy! what can the matter be?
Such a fellow as Caſey, they ſwore, there could never be,
For at romps, faith, I ſpent the whole day.

But ſoon as Miſs Jenny fell into my way, ſir,
As dull as a ſparrow I rambled all day, ſir;
I ſtrove to ſpeak to her, but nothing could ſay, ſir,
But phililu, what is't I ail?
And—dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
The neighbours all laughing, cry'd—"what can the matter be?
Murphy O'Caſey looks pale."

Our minds ſcarce made up, a rude preſs-gang aſſail'd me,
And tho' I tipp'd them leg-bail, my jewel, ſoon nail'd me;
Genteel, by the collar, along the ſtreets trail'd me,
And lodg'd me a top of a ſhip;
Speaks.) *Where they left me, and half a dozen more, pok'd up in a hen-coope; all alone by myſelf, ſinging,*
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, muſha whack, honey, what can the matter be?
But what of all that, ſure, I'm now ſafe return'd from ſea;
Wa'n't it a delicate trip.

The Kiſs.

WHEN fond emotion ſwells the heart,
Ere hope its cordial deigns,
What language dares not to impart
Th' expreſſive ſigh contains.

But when ſweet hope the boſom cheers,
And leads the ſoul to bliſs,
The rapt'rous love confeſt appears,
Effuſing in the Kiſs.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Bumper, Squire Jones.

YE good fellows all,
Who love to be told where there's claret good ſtore
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted
With ſix bottles more:
Be ſure you don't paſs
The good houſe *Moneyglass*,
Which the jolly red god ſo peculiarly owns;
'Twill well ſuit your humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, ſquire Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
For laſſes that prove often cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine,
For lilies and roſes,
With eyes, lips, and noſes,
And tip of the ear;
Come hither, I'll ſhew ye,
How Phillis and Cloe
No more ſhall occaſion ſuch ſighs and ſuch groans;
For what mortal ſo ſtupid
As not to quit Cupid
When call'd by good claret and bumpers, ſquire Jones?

Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Tho' all you get by't
Is a dinner oft times,
In reward of your rhimes,
With Humphrey the duke;
Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forſake all the muſes, thoſe ſenſeleſs old drones:
Our jingling of glaſſes
Your rhiming ſurpaſſes,
When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, ſquire Jones.

Ye ſoldiers ſo ſtout,
With plenty of oaths, tho' not plenty of coin,
Who make ſuch a rout
Of all your commanders,
Who ſerv'd us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne;
Come leave of your ratling
Of ſieging and battling,
And know, 'tis much better to ſleep with whole bones:
Were you ſent to Gibraltar
Your note you'd ſoon alter,
And wiſh for good claret, with bumpers, ſquire Jones.

Ye clergy ſo wiſe,
Whoſe myſteries profound can demonſtrate clear;
How worthy to riſe!
You preach once a week,
But your tythes never ſeek
Above once in a year:
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainſt biſhops providing for dull ſtupid drones:
Says the text ſo divine,
What is life without wine?
Then about with the claret, and bumpers, ſquire Jones.

Ye lawyers ſo juſt,
Be the cauſe what it will who ſo learnedly plead
How worthy of truſt!
You know black from white,
You prefer wrong to right,
As you're chanc'd to be feed;
Leave muſty reports,
Forſake the king's courts,
Where dullneſs and diſcord have ſet up their thrones,
Burn Salkeld and Ventris
With all their damn'd entries,
And away with the claret, and bumpers, ſquire Jones.

Ye phyſical tribe,
Whoſe knowledge conſiſts in hard words and grimace;
Who, whene'er you preſcribe,
Have at your devotion
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the caſe:
Pray where is the need
To purge, bliſter, or bleed,
When, ailing yourſelves, the whole faculty owns
That the forms of old Galen
Are not ſo prevailing
As mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, ſquire Jones.

You fox-hunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound;
Who your ladies forſake
Before they're awake,
For to beat up the break
Where the vermin is found;
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Dutcheſs and Trueman,
No muſic is found in ſuch diſſonant tones:
Would you raviſh your ears
With the ſongs of the ſpheres,
Hark! away to the claret, and bumpers, ſquire Jones.

'Tis no fault of mine.

YOUNG Damon has woo'd me a monſt'rous long time,
I dare ſay a twelve-month at leaſt!
But courtſhip's ſo pleaſant when youth's in its prime,
The date of it cannot be gueſs'd:
Oh, how I did laugh when I thought I could vex,
Or cauſe him in anguiſh to pine;
Indeed 'tis the faſhion of all our kind ſex,
So you know it is no fault of mine.

The more conſtant was he, the more flippant was I,
In his ſighs I enjoy'd freſh delight;
When he aſk'd for a kiſs, tho' I long'd to comply,
Yet I tortur'd myſelf out of ſpight:
When he found me reſolv'd all his hopes to perplex,
He forſook me and left me to pine,
Indeed 'tis the faſhion of that cruel ſex,
So you know it is no fault of mine.

How ſhort were the minutes when Damon was near,
Now each moment's as long as a day;
And winter's dark mantle envelopes the year,
Tho' then ev'ry ſeaſon was May:
I'll ſeek the dear youth and heal the keen ſmart,
Declare I to pity incline,
If then he refuſes my hand and my heart,
Why, you know, 'twill be no fault of mine.

BALLAD.

The Eve of St. John.

ORIGINAL—WALTER SCOTT.

Smaylho'me, or Smallholm tower, the ſcene of the following ballad, is ſituated on the northern boundary of Roxburghſhire, among a cluſter of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Eſq, of Harden. The tower is a high ſquare building, ſurrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court being defended on three ſides by a precipice and moraſs, is only acceſſible from the weſt by a ſteep and rocky path. The apartments, as uſual, in a Border Keep, or fortreſs, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow ſtair; on the roof are two bartizans or platforms, for defence or pleaſure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the diſtance between them being nine feet, the thickneſs, namely, of the wall. From the elevated ſituation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is ſeen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is ſurrounded, one more eminent is called the Watchfold, and is ſaid to have been the ſtation of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me roſe with day,
He ſpurr'd his courſer on,
Without ſtop or ſtay, down the rocky way
That leads to Brotherſtone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainſt the Engliſh yew
To lift the Scottiſh ſpear.

Yet his plate-jack* was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his ſaddle-gerthe was a good ſteel ſperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron return'd in three days ſpace,
And his looks were ſad and ſour,
And weary was his courſer's pace
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor †
Ran red with Engliſh blood,
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainſt keen Lord Ivers ſtood;

Of it was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,
But it was not Engliſh gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him cloſe and ſtill,
And he whiſtled twice for his little foot page,
His name was Engliſh Will.

—"Come thou hither, my little foot page,
"Come hither to my knee,
"Though thou art young, and tender of age,
"I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou haſt ſeen,
"And look thou tell me true;
"Since I from Smaylho'me Tower have been,
"What did thy Lady do?"—

—"My Lady each night, ſought the lonely light,
"That burns on the wild Watchfold;
"For from height to height, the beacons bright,
"Of the Engliſh foemen told.

"The bittern clamour'd from the moſs,
"The wind blew loud and ſhrill,
"Yet the craggy pathway ſhe did croſs
"To the eiry § beacon hill.

"I watch'd her ſteps, and ſilent came
"Where ſhe ſate her on a ſtone;
"No watchman ſtood by the dreary flame,
"It burned all alone.

"The ſecond night I kept her in ſight,
"Till to the fire ſhe came;
"And by Mary's might, an armed knight
"Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
"Did ſpeak to my Lady there,
"But the rain fell faſt, and loud blew the blaſt,
"And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the ſky was fair
"And the mountain blaſt was ſtill,
"As again I watch'd the ſecret pair,
"On the loneſome beacon hill;

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
"And name this holy eve,
"And ſay, come that night to thy Lady's bower;
"Aſk no bold Baron's leave.

"He lifts his ſpear with the bold Buccleuch,
"His Lady is alone;
"The door ſhe'll undo, to her knight ſo true,
"On the eve of good St. John."—

—"I cannot come, I muſt not come,
"I dare not come to thee;
"On the eve of St. John I muſt wander alone,
"In thy bower I may not be."—

"Now out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
"Thou ſhould'ſt not ſay me nay,
"For the eve is ſweet, and when lovers meet,
"Is worth the whole ſummer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder ſhall not ſound,
"And ruſhes ſhall be ſtrew'd on the ſtair,
"So by the rood-ſtone,* and by holy St. John,
"I conjure thee, my love, to be there."—

—"Though the blood-hound be mute, and the ruſh beneath my foot,
"And the warder his bugle ſhould not blow,
"Yet there ſleepeth a prieſt in the chamber to the eaſt,
"And my footſtep he would know."—

* The plate-jack is a coat armour; the vaunt brace (avant bras) armour for the ſhoulders and arms; the ſperthe, a battle axe.

† A.D. 1555, was fough the battle of Ancram Moor, in which Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, routed a ſuperior Engliſh army, under Lord Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun.

§ *Eiry* is a Scotch expreſſion, ſignifying the feeling inſpired by the dread of apparitions.

* The black-rood of Melroſe was a crucifix of black marble, and of ſuperior ſanctity.

—" O fear not the prieſt who ſleepeth to the eaſt
" For to Dryburgh † the way he has ta'en;
" And there to ſay maſs, till three days do paſs,
" For the ſoul of a knight that is ſlain."—

" He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd,
" Then he laugh'd right ſcornfully—
—" He who ſays the maſs rite, for the ſoul of that knight,
" May as well ſay maſs for me.

" At the lone midnight hour, when bad Spirits have power,
" In thy chamber will I be."—
" With that he was gone, and my Lady left alone,
" And no more did I ſee."—

Then changed I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From dark to blood-red high.
—" Now tell me the mien of the knight thou haſt ſeen,
" For by Mary he ſhall die!"—

" His arms ſhone full bright, in the beacon's red light,
" And his plume it was ſcarlet and blue;
" On his ſhield was a hound in a ſilver leaſh bound,
" And his creſt was a branch of the yew."

" Thou lieſt, thou lieſt, thou little foot page,
" Loud doſt thou lie to me;
" For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould
" All under the Eildon* tree."—

" Yet hear but my word, my noble lord,
" For I heard her name his name;
" And that lady bright ſhe called the knight,
" Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood red to pale.
" The grave is deep and dark, and the corpſe ſtiff and ſtark;
" So I may not truſt thy tale.

" Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melroſe,
" And Eildon ſlopes to the plain,
" Full three nights ago, by ſome ſecret foe,
" That gallant knight was ſlain.

" The varying light deceiv'd thy ſight,
" And the wild winds drown'd the name,
" For the Dryburg bells ring, and the white monks ſing,
" For Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

He paſs'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower grate,
And he mounted the narrow ſtair,
To the barbizan-ſeat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his Lady fair.

That Lady ſat in mournful mood,
Look'd over hill and vale,
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Tiviotdale.

—" Now hail! now hail! thou Ladybright!"—
—" Now hail! thou Baron true!
" What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
" What news from the bold Buccleugh?"—

† Dryburg Abbey is beautifully ſituated on the banks of the Tweed. After its diſſolution it became the property of the Haliburtons of Newmains, and is now the ſeat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan.

* *Eildon* is a high hill, terminating in three conical ſummits, immediately above the town of Melroſe, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monaſtery. Eildon tree was ſaid to be the ſpot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

—" The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
" For many a Southern fell;
" And Buccleugh has charged us evermore,
" To watch our beacons well."—

The Lady bluſh'd red, but nothing ſhe ſaid,
Nor added the Baron a word;
Then ſhe ſtepp'd down the ſtair to her chamber fair,
And ſo did her moody Lord.

In ſleep the Lady mourn'd, and the Baron toſs'd and turn'd,
And oft to himſelf he ſaid,
—" The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep,
" It cannot give up the dead."—

It was near the ringing of matin bell,
The night was well nigh done,
When a heavy ſleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame,
And ſhe was aware, of knight ſtood there,
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.

—" Alas! away! away!"—ſhe cried,
" For the holy Virgin's ſake."—
—" Lady, I know who ſleeps by thy ſide:
" But, Lady, he will not awake.

" By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
" In bloody grave have I lain;
" The maſs and the death-prayer are ſaid for me,
" But, Lady, they're ſaid in vain.

" By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair ſtrand,
" Moſt foully ſlain I fell,
" And my reſtleſs ſprite on the beacon height
" For a ſpace is doom'd to dwell.

" At our tryſting-place,* for a certain ſpace,
" I muſt wander to and fro;
" But I had not had power to come to thy bower
" Had'ſt thou not conjured me ſo."—

Love maſter'd fear—her brow ſhe croſs'd
—" How, Richard, haſt thou ſped?
" And art thou ſaved, or art thou loſt?"—
The viſion ſhook his head!

—" Who ſpilleth life, ſhall forfeit life;
" So bid thy Lord believe:
" And lawleſs love is guilt above;
" This awful ſign receive."—

He laid his left hand on an oaken ſtand,
His right hand on her arm:
The Lady ſhrunk, and fainting ſunk,
For the touch was fiery warm.

The ſable ſcore of fingers four
Remain on that board impreſs'd,
And for evermore that Lady wore
A covering on her wriſt.

There is a nun in Melroſe bower
Ne'er looks upon the ſun;
There is a monk in Dryburgh tower,
He ſpeaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who ſpeaks to none,
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

* Tryſting-place, Scottiſh for a place of rendezvous.

[Numb. 80]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preſerving, in the Engliſh Language; forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Pretty Hay-maker.

'TWAS in June, roſy June,
That I ſaunter'd one morning,
All alone thro' the fields
Juſt as Phœbus was dawning:
When fortune ſo fix'd it
For which the deuce take her,
I muſt fall deep in love
With a pretty Hay-maker;
Yes, in love, deep in love,
With a little Hay-maker.

She was fair, and well form'd,
Nay, all lovely I own it,
And graſs here and there
Into hillocks had thrown it:
Her words were "ſtand by, ſir!"
And I ſtrove to forſake her,
But, no, I was caught
By this pretty Hay-maker;
Yes, in love, &c.

'Twas her figure, her mein,
And two pretty black eyes, ſir,
With a bluſh the moſt ſweet
Took my heart by ſurprize, ſir:
'Twas a ſomething bewitching,
For which the deuce take her,
Made me fall deep in love
With this pretty Hay-maker;
Yes, in love, &c.

What to do I can't tell,
For a cauſe more perplexing
Was ſure never known,
No, nor truly more vexing;
Pray, young men have a care
Of the fields, and each raker,
Leſt you fall deep in love
With ſome pretty Hay-maker.
For I'm trapp'd, fairly trapp'd,
By a little Hay-maker!

'Tis Money that ſeduces.

'TIS money that ſeduces all mankind,
For that we temp the ſeas, and brave the wind;
In city, court and country, that is the general cry;
There's none but will be ſold if you can buy.
The parſon ſells you prayers, the lawyer ſells you lies,
The doctor ſells you death, he's a fool that buys:
The pretty lady ſells her magic ring,
The ſtateſman ſells his country and his king.

When I was a Chit.

WHEN I was a chit, juſt enter'd my teens
And the men would be aſking a kiſs;
Thinks I to myſelf, I ſcarce know what it means,
But I think I ought not to ſay yes:
To be ſure it was fine,
When they call'd me divine,
Tho' I've ſimper'd and cry'd—let me go;
O dear, ſir! O la!
I'll acquaint my mamma,
If thus you keep teazing and ſqueezing me ſo.

Improving in ſkill as advancing in years,
Each leſſon of love got by heart;
More eager my hopes, more decided my fears,
Poor nature ſought refuge in art—
At each ſwain that drew nigh,
I look'd under my eye,
And loiter'd, pretending to go:
If preſt to ſit down,
I exclaimed with a frown,
How dare you keep teazing and ſqueezing me ſo?

Coqueting's now o'er, and, ſettled for life,
Each feeling is fairly confeſs'd;
Attach'd to the duties of parent and wife,
'Tis nature ſtill reigns in the breaſt:
To my heart's boſom friend
I no coolneſs pretend,
Nor from him ſeem anxious to go;
Nor ever complain,
With affected diſdain,
How dare, &c.

Damon.

ON every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each ſtream,
Dear conſcious ſcenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves and ſtreams remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.
The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale each charm is fled;
Groves, flocks and fountains pleaſe no more:
Each flower in pity drops its head,
All nature doth my loſs deplore.
All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain,
Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain.
All all, &c.

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The Farmer's Son.

SWEET Nelly, my heart's delight,
Be loving, and do not ſlight
The offer I make,
For modeſty's ſake,
I honour your beauty bright:
For love I profeſs,
I can do no leſs,
Thou haſt my favour won;
And ſince I ſee,
Your modeſty,
I pray agree,
And fancy me,
Tho' I am but a farmer's ſon.

No; I am a lady gay;
'Tis very well known I may
Have men of renown,
In country or town,
So, Roger without delay,
Court Bridget, or Sue,
Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
Their loves will ſoon be won;
As tho' I were
At my laſt pray'r,
But don't you dare
To ſpeak my fair,
To marry a farmer's ſon.

My father has riches ſtore,
Two hundred a year, or more,
Beſides ſheep and cows,
Carts, harrows and ploughs;
His age is above threeſcore;
And when he does die,
Then merrily I
Shall enjoy what he has won;
Both land and kine,
All ſhall be thine,
If thou'lt incline,
And be but mine,
And marry a farmer's ſon.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
Your proffer'd love I ſcorn,
'Tis known very well,
My name it is Nell,
And you're but a bumpkin born.
Well, ſince it is ſo,
Away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done;
Farewel, adieu!
I hope to woo,
As good as you,
And win her too,
Tho' I am but a farmer's ſon.

Be not in haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree,
For, man, I proteſt,
'Twas but in jeſt;
Come, prithee ſit down by me:
For thou art the man
That verily can
Perform what muſt be done;
Both ſtrait and tall,
Genteel withall,
Therefore I ſhall
Be at thy call,
To marry a farmer's ſon.

Dear lady believe me now,
I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
No lords in their lives
Take pleaſure in wives,
Like fellows that follow the plough;
For whate'er they gain,
With labour and pain,
They don't to harlots run,
As courtiers do:
I never knew
A London beau,
That could out do,
A country farmer's ſon.

Soft is the Zephyr.

SOFT is the zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy is the breath of ſpring,
When o'er the ſilent dewy vale
Its varigated ſweets exhale:
Stolen from the freſhen'd flow'r,
Gliſt'ning with an ev'ning ſhow'r;
From the violet's nectar'd dew,
And the roſe of purple hue.

Tight Lads of the Ocean.

I SING of that life of delight beyond meaſure,
That tars calmly lead on the boiſterous main;
Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleaſure,
And where men loſe their lives a ſure fortune to gain:
Where you fear no diſeaſes but ſickneſs and ſcurvy
Where the water ſtinks ſweetly by way of a zeſt,
Where you walk on your legs if you're not topſey turvey,
And where, though you ſleep ſoundly, you're never at reſt:
Then puſh round the can, O you have not a notion
Of ſailors, their grog, and their ſweethearts and wives,
Ah! give me, my ſoul, the tight lads of the ocean,
Who, though they're ſo wretched, lead ſuch happy lives.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the middle,
That ſo daſh, and ſo whiſtle, and bodder your ears,
And play a duet with the tar's ſong and fiddle,
So ſweetly that ſounds and that nobody hears:
Then to ſee the tight lads how they laugh at a ſtranger,
Who fears billows can drown, and nine pounders can kill—
You're ſafe, ſure enough, were you not in ſuch danger,
And might loll at your eaſe if you could but ſit ſtill
Then puſh round the can, &c.

What of perils that always the ſame are ſo various,
And thro' ſhot-holes and leaks leave wide open death's doors,
Devil a riſk's in a battle wer't not ſo precarious,
Storms were all gig and fun, but for breakers and ſhores!
In ſhort, a tar's life, you may ſay that I told it,
Who leaves quiet and peace foreign countries to roam,
Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it
The beſt life in the world next to ſtaying at home.
Then puſh round the can, &c.

The worth of Wine.

AIR,—'*Let's be jovial, fill our glaſſes.*'

'TIS wine that clears the underſtanding,
Makes men learn'd without books;
Fits the gen'ral for commanding,
And gives ſoldiers fiercer looks.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair;
Truth from falſehood it diſcovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Wine will ſet our ſouls on fire,
Fits us for all glorious things;
When rais'd by Bacchus we aſpire
At flights above the reach of kings.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Bring in bonny magnus plenty,
Be each glaſs a bumper crown'd;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toaſts go round.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Smirky Nan.

AIR,—'*Nanny, O.*'

AH! woe is me, poor Willy cry'd,
See how I'm waſted to a ſpan;
My heart I loſt, when firſt I ſpy'd
The charming, lovely milk-maid Nan.

I'm grown ſo weak, a gentle breeze
Of duſky Roger's winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beachy trees,
And all for thee, my ſmirky Nan.

The ale-wife miſſes me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unleſs 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.

The baker makes the beſt of bread,
The flow'r he takes, and leaves the bran,
The bran is ev'ry other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my ſmirky Nan.

Dick of the green, that naſty lown,
Laſt Sunday to my miſtreſs ran,
He ſnatch'd a kiſs; I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my ſmirky Nan.

But, hark! the roaring ſoger comes,
And rattles tantara taran,
She leaves her cows for noiſy drums;
Woe's me, I've loſt my ſmirky Nan.

The Rival.

OF all the torments, all the care,
By which our lives are curſt;
Of all the ſorrows that we bear,
A rival is the worſt.
By partners in another kind
Affliction eaſier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our woe.

Sylvia, for all the griefs you ſee,
Ariſing in my breaſt,
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt,
Howe'er ſevere you rigorous are,
Alone with them I'd cope?
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

Love, Drink and Debt.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
Theſe many and many a year;
And theſe are plagues enough, I ſhould think,
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt;
And though I have ſtruggl'd and ſtrove
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me
And rid me of all my pain;
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets;
And my miſtreſs that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again;
Then, then I ſhall fall to my loving and drinking again.

Stand by, clear the Way.

WHAT tho' they call me a country laſs;
I read it plainly in my glaſs,
That for a dutcheſs I might paſs;
Oh, could I ſee the day!
Would fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring and ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way.

Surrounded by a croud of beaux,
With ſmart toupees, and powder'd clothes
At rivals I'd turn up my noſe:
Oh, could I ſee the day!
I'd dart ſuch glances from theſe eyes,
Should make ſome duke or lord my prize;
And then, oh! how I'd tyrannize,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way.

Oh! then for ever new delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays all night:
Oh, could I ſee the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill;
In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way.

The Orphan.

Air,—"*Cottage on the Moore.*"

IF pity, ſweet maid, ever dweld in thy breaſt,
Oh, look with compaſſion on one that's diſtreſs'd
An orphan, alas! no relations remain,
I'm chill'd with the cold, I'm wet with the rain.

From morning till evening I wander along,
Unheeded by all, tho' I plaintively moan;
But children of pleaſure paſs by in diſdain,
Nor think on the orphan that's wet with the rain.

My garments are tatter'd, my looks pale and wan,
I'm willing to labour, yet work I have none;
I'm ſinking with hunger, no food can I gain,
Then pity the orphan that's wet with the rain.

But God ſends relief to the orphans unknown;
For peace and contentment is a happy throne;
Then look with compaſſion, ne'er look with diſdain
And pity the orphan that's wet with the rain.

Donica.

In Finland there is a caſtle which is called the New Rock, moated about with a river of unſounded depth, the water black, and the fiſh therein very diſtaſteful to the palate. In this are ſpectres often ſeen, which foreſhew either the death of the governor, or ſome prime officer belonging to the place; and moſt commonly it appeareth in the ſhape of an harper, ſweetly ſinging, dallying, and playing under the water.

It is reported of one Donica, that after ſhe was dead, the devil walked in her body for the ſpace of two years, ſo that none ſuſpected but ſhe was ſtill alive, for ſhe did both ſpeak and eat, though very ſparingly; only ſhe had a deep paleneſs on her countenance, which was the only ſign of death. At length a magician coming by where ſhe was then in the company of many other virgins, as ſoon as he beheld her, he ſaid, "fair "maids, why keep you company with this dead virgin whom "you ſuppoſe to be alive?" then taking away the magic charm which was tied under her arm, the body fell down lifeleſs and without motion.

The following ballad is founded on theſe ſtories. They are to be found in the notes to the Hierarchies of the bleſſed angels; a poem by Thomas Heywood, printed in folio by Adam Islip, 1635.

HIGH on a rock, whoſe caſtled ſhade
Darken'd the lake below,
In ancient ſtrength mageſtic ſtood
The towers of Arlinkow.

The fiſher in the lake below
Durſt never caſt his net,
Nor ever Swallow in its waves
Her paſſing wings would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
In wild alarm would run,
Though parch'd with thirſt, and faint beneath
The ſummer's ſcorching ſun.

For ſometimes, when no paſſing breeze
The long lank ſedges waved,
All white with foam, and heaving high,
Its deafening billows raved.

And when the tempeſt from its baſe
The rooted pine would ſhake,
The powerleſs ſtorm unruffling ſwept
Acroſs the calm dead lake.

And ever then when death drew near
The houſe of Arlinkow,
Its dark unfathom'd depths did ſend
Strange muſic from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,
One only child had he;
Donica was the maiden's name,
As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn,
Fluſh'd o'ver her clear white cheek;
The muſic of her voice was mild,
Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none
So fair could Finland boaſt;
Her parents loved the maiden much,
Young Eberhard loved her moſt.

Together did they hope to tread
The pleaſant path of life,
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair, and mild the air,
Along the lake they ſtray:
The eaſtern hill reflecting bright
The fading tints of day.

And brightly o'er the water ſtream'd
The liquid radiance wide;
Donica's little dog ran on,
And gambol'd at her ſide

Youth, health, and love, bloom'd on her cheek;
Her full dark eyes expreſs
In many a glance to Eberhard,
Her ſoul's meek tenderneſs.

Nor ſound was heard, nor paſſing gale
Sigh'd through the long lank ſedge;
The air was huſh'd—no little wave
Dimpled the water's edge.

Sudden the unfathom'd lake ſent forth
Strange muſic from beneath,
And ſlowly o'er the waters ſail'd
The ſolemn ſounds of death.

As the deep ſounds of death aroſe,
Donica's cheek grew pale;
And in the arms of Eberhard
The ſenſeleſs maiden fell.

Loudly the youth in terror ſhriek'd,
And loud he call'd for aid;
And with a wild and eager look
Gaz'd on the death-pale maid.

But ſoon again did better thoughts
In Ebeehard ariſe,
And he with trembling hope beheld
The maiden raiſe her eyes.

And on his arm reclin'd, ſhe mov'd,
With feeble pace and ſlow,
And ſoon with ſtrength recover'd, reach'd
The towers of Arlinkow

Yet never to Donica's cheek
Return'd the lively hue;
Her cheeks were deathy white and wan,
Her lips a livid blue

Her eyes ſo bright and black of yore,
Were now more black and bright;
And beam'd ſtrange luſtre in her face,
So deadly wan and white,

The dog that gambol'd by her ſide,
And loved with her to ſtray
Now at his alter'd miſtreſs howl'd,
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard
Not love the maid the leſs;
He gaz'd with ſorrow, but he gaz'd
With deeper tenderneſs.

And when he found her health unharm'd,
He would not brook delay,
But preſs'd the not unwilling maid
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy
They hail'd the bridal day,
And onward to the houſe of God
They went their willing way.

And as they at the altar ſtood
And heard the ſacred rite,
The hallow'd taper dimly ſtream'd
A pale ſulphureous light.

And as the youth, with holy warmth,
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.

And loudly did he ſhriek, for lo!
A ſpirit met his view;
And Eberhard in the angel form
His own Donica knew.

That inſtant from her earthly form
Howling the dæmon fled,
And at the ſide of Eberhard
The livid form fell dead.

Robert Southey.

[Numb. 81]

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Wine and Wiſdom; or, the Tipling Philoſophers.

WISE *THALES*, the Father of all
The *Greek* Philoſophical Crew,
Ere he gaz'd at the Heavens, would call
For a chirruping Bottle or two;
That, when he had brighten'd his Eyes,
He the Planets might better behold,
And make the Fools think he was wiſe
By the whimſical Tales that he told.

THALES, the *Mileſian*, was firſt eminent for his Knowledge in Aſtrology, and of thoſe Conſtellations which at that time were moſt ſtudy'd among the *Phœnicians*, and by which they ſail'd: but afterwards, by his Travels into *Egypt*, and his Reſidence there for ſome time, in the Court of King *Amaſis*, he ſo improv'd his Learning, that he return'd home to *Miletus*, and became the firſt Author of the Mathematicks, and Natural Philoſophy, among the *Grecians*, and juſtly obtain'd the Preference of the other Wiſemen for his ſpeculative Learning.

Wiſe *SOLON*, who carefully gave
Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
And thought the Rich *Cræſus* a Slave,
Tho' a King, to his Coffers of Gold.
He delighted in plentiful Bowls,
But drinking much talk would decline,
Becauſe 'twas the Cuſtom of Fools
To prattle much over their Wine.

SOLON was born at *Salamis*, and grew ſo famous for his Wiſdom, that he was courted by the City of *Athens* to preſcribe Laws to the *Athenians*. It was he alſo that deſpiſed the Riches of *Cræſus*, when he expected to be Complimented for the abundance of his Wealth. And being aſked by *Periander*, at a drinking Match, whether his Silence was owing to his Folly, *Solon* anſwer'd, *No Fool can be ſilent in his Cups.*

PHERESYDES, when cloy'd with good Wine,
Imprudently fell to cold Water:
From thence many things did divine,
Which happen'd by accident after:
But when he began to deſpiſe
Warm Juice, for a Liquor ſo cool,
His Body was turn'd into Lice,
And he louſily dy'd like a Fool.

PHERECYDES was born in *Syrus*, and made himſelf famous by foretelling an Earthquake, from a Glaſs of Water which one of his Scholars gave him to drink. Some time before his Death he avoided all Company, and at length dy'd miſerably, eaten up with Lice.

ANAXAGORAS, drank like a Lord,
Till Wine had quite dazzl'd his ſight,
And, when he was tipſy, averr'd,
That Snow was all black, tho' it's white;
Yet ſtill he made ſhift to behold,
That the Sun had a Stone in his Face,
Which, according as he had foretold,
Fell down by a River in *Thrace*.

ANAXAGORAS was born at *Glazomena*, who, among the reſt of his Philoſophical Aſſertions, affirm'd Snow to be black, and was very famous for foretelling, that a Stone ſhould drop, at ſuch a time, from the Body of the Sun, which fell accordingly at the River *Ægos* in *Thrace*.

Grave *ARCHELAUS* tippl'd much Wine,
Or ſure he could never have thought
That the lights, which above us do ſhine,
Were Maſſes of Iron Red-Hot.
His Pupils muſt certainly think
That their Maſter had gally'd his Wits,
Or that he was us'd in his drink
To let out ſuch merry Conceits.

ARCHELAUS was an *Athenian*, or a *Meleſian*, undecided whether; among the reſt of his Philoſophical Notions he aſſerted, that the Stars were burning Maſſes of Iron, of which the Sun was the greateſt.

Old *SOCRATES* ne'er was content
Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Joys,
Who, in's Cups to the Oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted ſo Wiſe.
Late Hours he certainly lov'd,
Made Wine the delight of his Life,
Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
Such a damnable Scold of a Wife.

SOCRATES was born at *Alopece*, an *Athenian* village, and was called by the Oracle, the wiſeſt Man: For the better tryal of his Philoſophical Temper, he had a very perverſe Wife, nam'd *Xantippe*, who us'd to tell him, that he only marry'd her to exerciſe his Patience.

Bold *XENOPHON* ſtudy'd a while,
Till he found the true way to be Wiſe,
Was all Night at the Bottle, to toil,
Till the Sparkles flew out of his Eyes;
Which ſo nobly inſpir'd his Soul,
That he took up the Sword and the Shield,
So quitted his Books for the Bowl,
And became a brave Man in the Field.

XENOPHON was born at *Athens*, was a Follower of *Socrates*, and became an eminent Philoſopher; but, delighting in Arms, he betook himſelf to the Field, and became a famous General, won many ſignal victories for the *Athenians*, but dy'd at *Corinth*, of a conſiderable Age.

ARISTIPPUS, the Frolick and Gay,
Tho' Wiſe, would not baulk his delight,
But drank in the Pride of the Day,
Hug'd *Lais* of *Corinth* at Night.
He was always as free as a Prince,
And quick at a pun or a Jeſt;
Would never grudge any Expenſe
To purchaſe a Cup of the beſt.

ARISTIPPUS, by Birth, was a *Cyrenean*, alſo Founder of the Sect ſo call'd. He was a great admirer, in his Youth, and hearer of *Socrates*; but notwithſtanding the Precepts

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cepts of his Maſter, was ſo addicted to Luxury, Prodigality, Wine, and Women, that no Advice could reclaim him. At the Feaſt of *Neptune*, held annually at *Ægina*, he became acquainted with that famous Strumpet, *Lais* of *Corinth*, with whom he us'd revel, very much to his diſcredit.

HEGESIAS, Death's Orator, taught
That Life was ſcarce worth our deſire;
But the Cauſe of his dulneſs of Thought,
Was the want of a Glaſs to inſpire;
For drinking a bottle by Chance,
He found out the Pleaſure of Life,
And vow'd 'twas the way to advance
The Soul above Sorrow and Strife.

HEGESIAS was ſurnam'd Death's Orator, from a Book of his writing, wherein he ſets forth the inconveniencies of Life, and the Advantages of Death, with ſo much Art and Rhetorick, that his falacious Reaſoning induc'd many to deſpiſe the former and embrace the latter for the Benefits thereof; but himſelf had more Wit than to confirm his Doctrine by a wilful Reſignation.

THEODORUS, that God of a Man,
Who fancy'd his Perſon Divine,
Could never have been ſo Prophane,
Without frequent Exceſſes of Wine;
Nor could ſuch an Atheiſt as he,
Be content with a moderate Load,
But muſt drink like a Fiſh in the Sea,
To ſoar to the Pitch of a God.

THEODORUS was ſurnam'd *the Atheiſt*, from a Book that he wrote againſt the Exiſtence of the Deity, and took upon himſelf the name of *Theos*, ſignifying *God*. *Stilpo* aſk'd him, in a ſcoffing manner, if he really thought himſelf to be what he call'd himſelf, and he anſwer'd *Yes*; upon which *Stilpo* told him, he might as well think himſelf a Jackdaw.

Lewd *BION* would Tipple like mad,
And talk very wickedly too,
Or elſe he would never have ſaid
The Gods were a Baſtardly Crew.
And when he got drunk at a Feaſt,
To Crown his inebrious Joys,
He then would reel home like a Beaſt,
And tap the But-end of his Boys.

BION was bred an Academick, afterwards turned Cynick, and at laſt became a Follower of *Theodorus* the Atheiſt. He was much given to Male-Venery with his own Scholars; and was wont, as *Laertius* mentions in his Epitaph, to call the Gods, *Sons of Whores*, but dy'd repentingly.

Old *EUCLIDES*, Crafty and Croſs,
Who much to contention was given,
His Bumpers would cheerfully toſs,
To make his odd Temper more even;
Yet was ſo litigious a Sot,
And under ſo wretched a curſe,
That the more ſtill he handl'd the Pot,
It made the old Rogue but the worſe.

EUCLIDES the Philoſopher was born at *Megara*, was a Hearer of *Socrates*, but a very troubleſome and contentious man, inſomuch that his maſter told him he was only fit to wrangle with Sophiſts, not to diſpute with Men.

EUBULIDES, ſkill'd in the Cheats
Of Logick, would, over his Glaſs,
Endeavour to make his Deceits
With his ignorant Auditors paſs;
But ſtudying too much of the quirk,
And drinking too little good Wine,
Death ſnatch'd him away with a Jirk,
And ſpoil'd his falacious Deſign.

EUBULIDES, born at *Miletus*, was not only a Philoſopher, but a great Logician, who invented ſeveral ways of Argumentation and Interrogation, particularly that call'd the Falacious, ſo much in eſteem in thoſe Days, that *Philetus* kill'd himſelf with exceſſive ſtudy, to become Maſter of the ſame.

MENEDEMUS, that maker of Tents,
Who alſo could handle his Arms,
When a Soldier, had always the ſenſe
To allow that the Bottle had Charms;
But when he was made a wiſe Sage
By *Plato*, that Heathen Divine,
He famiſh'd himſelf in his Age
For want of good Victuals and Wine.

MENEDEMUS, the *Eretrian*, was, by Trade a Soldier and a Tent-maker, till by hearing of *Plato* and others, he quitted his Military Employment and became a Philoſopher. His Native Country being enſlaved by *Antigonus*, King of *Macedonia*, he ſolicited the Tyrant to ſet his Country at Liberty, but not prevailing, he refus'd all manner of Suſtenance, betook himſelf to reading, and ſtarv'd himſelf to death.

Old *PLATO* was reckon'd Divine,
He wiſely to Virtue was prone,
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits we never had known.
By Wine we are Generous made,
It furniſhes fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings.

PLATO was born at *Ægina*, a Town belonging to the *Athenians*, and for the excellent Notions he had of a Deity, and the Immortality of the Soul, in thoſe Heatheniſh Times, his Name has been ſince honor'd with the Epithet of *Divine*. He was the firſt of the Academicks, was ſingular for his Juſtice as well as Learning, gave great Improvements to ſeveral Sciences, dy'd at *Athens*, and was facrific'd to by the *Magi*, as ſomething more than Man.

SPEUSIPPUS, tho' learned and Wiſe,
Yet marry'd when jolly and Young,
But crown'd with the Bottle his Joys,
In ſpite both of Tale and of Tongue;
And when he was aged, and paſt
The pleaſures of Wine and a Friend,
He grew diſcontented at laſt,
And boldly compleated his end.

SPEUSIPPUS was born at *Myrrhinus*, marry'd one of *Plato's* Kinſwomen, was ſingular for his Prudence, but ſo ſickly and infirm, that the teaze of his Diſtemper provok'd him at laſt to put an end to his Miſeries.

Young *POLEMO* drank and he whor'd,
Altho' he'd a pretty young Wife,
And pleaſur'd his Luſts like a Lord,
Giving up to an infamous Life;
But once being Drunk as a Rake,
He reel'd to *Xenocrates's* School,
Where the Sage took the trouble to make
A Philoſopher of the young Fool.

POLEMO, born at *Oeta*, an *Athenian* Village, was very wild and extravagant in his Youth, and tho' he had a very beautiful Wife, was much given to Male-Venery, till happening once, when he was warm'd with Wine, to Stagger with a Garland upon his Head, into the School of *Xenocrates*, in order to deride his Precepts, which the old Man bore with the Patience of a Philoſopher, and at length charm'd the Spendthrift with ſuch an admirable Diſcourſe of Modeſty and Temperance, that he reclaim'd him from his Extravagance, and won him, at once, to the Study of Philoſophy.

ARCESILAUS, Noble and Free,
And learned and Wiſe as the reſt,
Would merry and frolickſome be,
And drink, like a Duck, at a Feaſt.
He valu'd no Public Reproach,
But ſtill would his Humour enjoy,
And when he was Tipſy would broach
A Wench, or a Catamite Boy.

ARCESILAUS, a Pytanean of *Æola*, was a very debauch'd Philoſopher, but very Generous to his friends. He was not only given to Wine and Women, but alſo to the uſe of boys; from whence *Ariſto* calls him an Eloquent and Audacious Buggerer.

ARISTOTLE,

ARISTOTLE, that Master of Arts,
Has been but a Dunce without Wine,
And what we ascribe to his Parts,
Is but due to the Juice of the Vine.
His Belly some Writers agree,
Was as large as a watering Trough,
He therefore jump'd into the Sea,
Because he'd have Liquor enough.

ARISTOTLE was born at *Stagira*, and so improv'd his Knowledge in all manner of Learning, that his Body seem'd to be a Storehouse for the Souls of all the rest of the Philosophers; yet it is reported by some Authors, that he, at last, flung himself into an Arm of the Sea, call'd the *Euripus*, because he could not find out the reason of its ebbing and flowing seven times a Day; but others say his death was Natural.

THEOPHRASTUS, that Eloquent Sage,
By *Athens* so greatly ador'd,
With the Bottle would boldly Engage;
When Mellow was brisk as a Bird,
Would Chat, tell a Story and Jest
Most pleasantly over a Glass,
And thought a dumb Guest at a Feast,
But a dull Philosophical Ass.

THEOPHRASTUS, so call'd by *Aristotle*, for his Divine Eloquence, was born at *Eressus*, and was after, for his learning, so greatly ador'd by the *Athenians*, that *Agnonides* having accus'd him of Irreligion, had much difficulty to escape being fined. As *Theophrastus* was once sitting by a silent Person, at a Feast, he said to him, *If thou art Ignorant thou dost wisely, but if thou art Learned thou dost foolishly in saying nothing.*

Old *STRATO*, who kept up a School
To teach Philosophical Drones,
Drank Wine, like a Blockhead, by Rule,
Till h'ad scarce any flesh on his Bones;
Yet liv'd to a very great Age,
By constantly wetting his Clay,
And when he grew sick of this Stage,
He insensibly stagger'd away.

STRATO, born at *Lampsacum*, was well skill'd in all the Parts of Philosophy, and succeeded *Theophrastus* in his School. He was naturally of a thin Constitution, and, at length, so wore himself out by his indefatigable Study, that he drop'd away insensibly.

Old *LYCON*, the Pedant, who rais'd
His Fame by the teaching of Youth;
With the best of his Rhetorick prais'd
Those Wines that were fit for his Tooth.
He drank like a notable Sage
Till his Sands and his Liquor were out,
Then dy'd at a reverend Age,
Of that curs'd distemper, the Gout.

LYCON, born at *Troas*, was a Man of admirable Eloquence, and extremely well qualified for the Education of Youth. He liv'd to the Age of 74, and then expir'd under the Affliction of the Gout.

DIOGENES, Surly and Proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Because in good Wine there is Truth;
Till growing as Poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

DIOGENES, a *Sinopese* by Birth, who fled his Country into *Athens* for coining false Money, was so cynically Proud, that he bid *Alexander* the Great stand out of his Sunshine; and having writ to a Friend to take him a House, who neglecting to do it according to his Direction, as he pas'd along the Streets in *Athens*, espy'd a huge Tub at a Cooper's Shop, which he bought for his Mansion.

MENIPPUS, that Covetous Knave,
Who lent Money out upon Pawns,
And extravagant Premiums would have
Of his Friends and's Neighbours for Loans;
In Wine, or in any Delight
He ne'er would diminish a Cross,
But rob'd of his Riches at Night
He hung himself after his Loss.

MENIPPUS, said by some to be a *Phœnician* Slave, by others, to be the Son of one *Bato* of *Pontus*, was so extremely covetous that he beg'd a great deal of Money, with which he purchas'd his Freedom, and turn'd Pawn-broker at *Thebes*, were some Thieves broke into his House, and rob'd him of his Wealth, upon which he hang'd himself. The Books ascrib'd to him are all Comical, tho' his Life was Miserable, and his end Tragical.

Old *ZENO* lov'd Musick and Wine,
And often would steal with his Friend
To a Musick-house where he would dine,
And drink, when h'ad Money to spend;
At last, overcome by the Glass,
He stagger'd and fell in his School,
Then vex'd he should be such an Ass,
He Throttl'd himself like a Fool.

ZENO was born at *Citium*, a *Cyprian* Town, would often accompany his Friend *Antigonus* to the House of a Musician, nam'd *Aristocles*, where they us'd to Feast and be entertained with Musick. In the 98th Year of his Age he happen'd to fall, as he was going out of his School, and broke one of his Fingers, upon which he said, *I come, why do you drive me?* and immediately strangled himself.

ANTIPATHER, that Prophet of old,
Who was such an accurate Sage,
Some say, many Wonders foretold
In his Youth that fell out in his Age;
But many are given to think,
That before he could ever Divine,
His Bottle he'd cheerfully drink,
Then guess by the Strength of his Wine.

ANTIPATHER of *Sidon*, was an accurate Disputant, and skilful in the Mysteries of Divination, of which he wrote two Books; dy'd at *Athens* a little before *Cicero* pen'd his Offices.

PYTHAGORAS did Silence enjoin
On his Pupils, who Wisdom would seek,
Because that he tippl'd good Wine
Till himself was unable to speak;
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful Bowls,
By the strength of the Juice in his Crown
He conceiv'd Transmigration of Souls.

PYTHAGORAS as most Writers agree, was born at *Sidon* in *Phœnicia*, tho' some report otherwise. He was a great Philosopher, also well skill'd in all the *Ægyptian* Learning, and in the Rites and Mysteries of Religion. For the better bridling of the Tongues and Passions of his Scholars, he us'd to enjoin them five Years silence; also taught the Transmigration of Souls, in order to soften their Humanity to all creatures that were under their Subjection.

HERACLITUS would never deny
A Bumper to Comfort his Heart,
But when he was Maudlin would cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' some e'er so foolish to think,
That he wept at Man's Folly and Vice,
When 'twas only his Custom to Drink
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

HERACLITUS was an *Ephesian* Philosopher, who despis'd Greatness for a solitary Life in the Woods, where he fed upon Herbs, and gave himself up to Philosophical Contemplation. Whenever he appear'd in Publick, he bewail'd, with Tears, the Wickedness and Misery of Mankind: At last his crude Fare flung him into a Dropsy, upon which he return'd to the City, in hopes of a Cure, but being disappointed he dy'd in the Street.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.)

Ofric the Lion.

ORIGINAL.——M. G. LEWIS.

SWIFT roll the Rhine's billows, and water the plains,
Where Falkenſtein Caſtle's majeſtic remains,
Their moſs cover'd turrets ſtill rear:
Oft loves the gaunt wolf midſt the ruins to prowl,
What time from the battlements pours the lone owl
Her plaints in the paſſenger's ear.

No longer reſound through the vaults of yon hall
The ſong of the minſtrel, and mirth of the ball;
Thoſe pleaſures for ever are fled:
There now dwells the bat with her light-ſhunning brood,
There ravens and vultures now clamour for food,
And all is dark, ſilent, and dread!

Ha! doſt thou not ſee, by the moon's trembling light
Directing his ſteps, where advances a knight,
His eye big with vengeance and fate?
'Tis Ofric the Lion his nephew who leads,
And ſwift up the crackling old ſtaircaſe proceeds,
Gains the hall, and quick cloſes the gate.

Now round him young Carloman caſting his eyes,
Surveys the ſad ſcene with diſmay and ſurpriſe,
And fear ſteals the roſe from his cheeks.
His ſpirits forſake him, his courage is flown;
The hand of Sir Ofric he claſps in his own,
And while his voice faulters he ſpeaks.

—"Dear uncle," he murmurs, "why linger we here?
"'Tis late, and theſe chambers are damp and are drear,
"Keen blows through the ruins the blaſt!
"Oh! let us away and our journey purſue:
"Fair Blumenberg's Caſtle will riſe on our view,
Soon as Falkenſtein foreſt is paſs'd.

"Why roll thus your eyeballs? why glare they ſo wild?
"Oh! chide not my weakneſs, nor frown, that a child
"Should view theſe apartments with dread;
"For know, that full oft have I heard from my nurſe,
"There ſtill on this caſtle has reſted a curſe,
"Since innocent blood here was ſhed.

"She ſaid, too, bad ſpirits, and ghoſts all in white,
"Here uſe to reſort at the dead time of night,
"Nor vaniſh till breaking of day;
"And ſtill at their coming is heard the deep tone
"Of a bell loud and awful——hark! hark! 'twas a groan!
"Good uncle, oh! let us away!"——

—"Peace, ſerpent!" thus Ofric the Lion replies,
While rage and malignity gloom in his eyes;
"Thy journey and life here muſt cloſe:
"Thy caſtle's proud turrets no more ſhalt thou ſee;
"No more betwixt Blumenberg's lordſhip and me
"Shalt thou ſtand, and my greatneſs oppoſe.

"My brother lies breathleſs on Paleſtine's plains,
"And thou once remov'd, to his noble domains
"My right can no rival deny:
"Then, ſtripling, prepare on my dagger to bleed;
"No ſuccour is near, and thy fate is decreed,
"Commend thee to Jeſus, and die!"——

Thus ſaying, he ſeizes the boy by the arm,
Whoſe grief rends the vaulted hall's roof, while alarm
His heart of all fortitude robs;
His limbs ſink beneath him; diſtracted with fears,
He falls at his uncle's feet, bathes them with tears,
And—"ſpare me! oh ſpare me!"—he ſobs.

But vainly the miſcreant he ſtrives to appeaſe;
And vainly he clings in deſpair round his knees,
And ſues in ſoft accents for life;
Unmov'd by his ſorrow, unmov'd by his prayer,
Fierce Ofric has twiſted his hand in his hair,
And aims at his boſom a knife.

But ere the ſteel bluſhes with blood, ſtrange to tell!
Self-ſtruck, does the tongue of the hollow-toned bell
The preſence of midnight declare:
And while with amazement his hair briſtles high,
Hears Ofric a voice, loud and terrible cry,
In ſounds heart-appaling—"Forbear!"—

Straight curſes and ſhrieks through the chambers reſound,
Shrieks mingled with laughter: the walls ſhake around;
The groaning roof threatens to fall;
Loud bellows the thunder, blue lightings ſtill flaſh;
The caſements they clatter; chains rattle; doors claſh,
And flames ſpread their waves through the hall.

The clamour increaſes, the portals expand!—
O'er the pavement's black marble now ruſhes a band
Of dæmons all dropping with gore,
In viſage ſo grim, and ſo monſtrous in height,
That Carloman ſcreams, as they burſt on his ſight,
And ſinks without ſenſe on the floor.

Not ſo his fell uncle:—he ſees that the throng
Impels, wildly ſhrieking, a female along,
And well the ſad ſpectre he knows!
The dæmons with curſes her ſteps onwards urge;
Her ſhoulders, with whips form'd of ſerpents, they ſcourge,
And faſt from her wounds the blood flows.

"Oh! welcome!" ſhe cried, and her voice ſpoke deſpair;
"Oh! welcome, Sir Ofric, the torments to ſhare,
"Of which thou haſt made me the prey.
"Twelve years have I languiſh'd thy coming to ſee;
"Ulrilda, who periſh'd diſhonor'd by thee,
"Now calls thee to anguiſh away!

"Thy paſſion once fated, thy love became hate;
"Thy hand gave the draught which conſign'd me to fate,
"Nor thought I death lurk'd in the bowl:
"Unfit for the grave, ſtain'd with luſt, ſwell'd with pride,
"Unbleſs'd, unabſolv'd, unrepenting, I died,
"And dæmons ſtraight ſeiz'd on my ſoul.

"Thou com'ſt, and with tranſport I feel my breaſt ſwell:
"Full long have I ſuffer'd the torments of hell,
"And now ſhall its pleaſures be mine!
"See, ſee how the fiends are athirſt for thy blood!
"Twelve years has *my* panting heart furniſh'd their food,
"Come, wretch, let them feaſt upon thine!"——

She ſaid, and the dæmons their prey flock'd around;
They daſh'd him, with horrible yell, on the ground,
And blood down his limbs trickled faſt;
His eyes from their ſockets with fury they tore;
They fed on his entrails, all reeking with gore,
And his *heart* was Ulrilda's repaſt.

But now the grey cock told the coming of day!
The fiends with their victim ſtraight vaniſh'd away,
And Carloman's heart throbb'd again;
With terror recalling the deeds of the night,
He roſe, and from Falkenſtein ſpeeding his flight,
Soon reach'd his paternal domain.

Since then, all with horror the ruins behold;
No ſhepherd, though ſtray'd be a lamb from his fold,
No mother, though loſt be her child,
The fugitive dares in theſe chambers to ſeek,
Where fiends nightly revel, and guilty ghoſts ſhriek
In accents moſt fearful and wild!

Oh! ſhun them, ye pilgrims! though late be the hour,
Though loud howl the tempeſt, and faſt fall the ſhower;
From Falkenſtein Caſtle begone!
There ſtill their ſad banquet hell's denizens ſhare;
There Ofric the Lion ſtill raves in deſpair:
Breathe a prayer for his ſoul, and paſs on!

[Numb. 82]

THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Tipling Philoſophers.

(CONCLUDED.)

XENOPHANES tippled 'tis plain,
That's Impudence might be complete,
Or ſure he too modeſt had been
To ſing his own Works in the Street;
Nor could he have ſpun out the Line
Of his Life, to an hundred or more,
If he had not found means to get Wine,
Altho' the old Fellow was poor.

XENOPHANES, the *Colophonian*, was not only a Philoſopher, but a Poet, who had ſo great an Opinion of his own Works, that he us'd to ſing them in the Streets. He was the Founder of the *Eleatick* Sect, and liv'd, as ſome Authors report, to the Age of an Hundred Years and upwards, and dy'd Poor.

PARMENIDES, wiſe as the reſt
Of th' old Philoſophical Crew
Would drink, Poet like, of the beſt,
As his Works do ſufficiently ſhew;
Or elſe we ſhould never have ſeen
His Philoſophy dizen'd in Verſe,
But his muſty old Notions had been
As dull as a Mountebank's Farce.

PARMENIDES born at *Elea*, wrote Philoſophy in Verſe, gave Laws to his own Countrymen, and was particularly famous for what he wrote concerning Ideas.

LEUCIPPUS would never have ſoar'd,
By ſtudy ſo wonderful high,
Unleſs that Good Wine had impow'r'd
His fancy to travel the Sky:
To enliven and lighten his Soul,
He drank till the mid of the Night,
Becauſe by his ſinking the Bowl,
He found that he heighten'd his Flight.

LEUCIPPUS is ſaid, by ſome, to be an *Elian*; by ſome, a *Medean*; and, by others, an *Abderite*. His Philoſophy treats chiefly of the original Conſtitution of the Heavens, by the accidental entangling of Atoms; as alſo of the Formation of the Earth after the ſame manner.

DEMOCRITUS always was glad,
To tipple and cheriſh his Soul,
Would laugh like a Man that was Mad,
When over a full flowing Bowl;
As long as his Cellar was ſtor'd,
His Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd Laugh.

DEMOCRITUS was an *Abderite*, and the greateſt Traveller of his Time, delighted in ſolitary Places, as moſt conducive to Contemplation. He affected much Laughter, which he us'd like a Madman, upon all Occaſions. He liv'd to above an Hundred Years of Age, and dy'd ſo poor, that he was bury'd at the publick Charge.

PROTAGORAS, Porter and Clown,
Bred up to the Carriage of Wood,
Had ne'er been a Sage of renown,
If he had not drank Wine that was good.
Democritus tempted him home,
There gave him a Jug for his Faggot,
And made him, when drunk as a Drum,
Turn wiſe Philoſophical Maggot.

PROTAGORAS was an *Abderite*, and in his Youth a Porter, that carry'd Burthens of Wood for Subſiſtence, till met by *Democritus* in the Fields, with a Bundle of Fuel upon his Shoulders, which was bound up ſo methodically, that *Democritus* cauſ'd him to untie it, that he might ſee him make it up again in the like manner, which he perform'd ſo artificially, that *Democritus* told him he had a *Genius* capable of much greater Matters; ſo took him home, and, in proceſs of Time, made the Clown a Philoſopher.

ANAXARCHUS, more Patient than *Job*,
By Peſtles was pounded to Death,
Yet ſcorn'd that a Groan or a Sob
Should waſte the remains of his Breath.
But ſure he was free with the Glaſs,
And drank to a pitch of diſdain,
Or the ſtrength of his Wiſdom, alas!
I fear, would have flinch'd at the Pain.

ANAXARCHUS was a Philoſopher of *Abdera*, and a Man of that conſtancy of temper, that when he was order'd by *Nicocrean* King of *Cyprus*, to be pounded to Death with Peſtles, all that he ſaid, when under his Torment was, *You pound only the Caſe of* Anaxarchus, *himſelf you hurt not.*

When *PYRRHO* had taken a Glaſs,
He ſaw that no Object appear'd
Exactly the ſame as it was
Before he had liquor'd his Beard;
For things running round in his Drink,
Which ſober, he motionleſs found,
Occaſion'd the Sceptiſt to think
There was nothing of Truth to be found.

PYRRHO was an *Elian*, and the Founder of the Sceptick Sect. He introduc'd a new way of Philoſophiſing, by aſſerting nothing, but leaving all things in ſuſpenſe: dy'd at Ninety Years of Age, leaving nothing behind him in Writing.

EPICURUS, who ſome do report,
Lov'd Water much better than Wine,
Yet others as firmly aſſert,
That he ſwallow'd his Cups like a Swine,
And ſo to the Bottle was prone,
As well as to feed like a Bear,
That the Beaſt was ſo tunbelly'd grown,
He could not riſe out of his Chair.

EPICURUS was born at *Gargettus*, a Town belonging to the *Athenians*, was a famous Philoſopher; and, ſome Writers tell us, a Man of wonderful Temperance: But *Timocrates* reports,

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reports, thas it was accuſtomary with *Epicurus* to Vomit twice a Day, to diſcharge the ſurfeits of his delicious Feeding: That his extravagant Table ſtood him, every Day, in no leſs than a *Mina* in value, ſixteen Ounces of Silver; and that his inordinate way of Living render'd him ſo unable, for many Years, to riſe out of his Chair, that he was forc'd to be carry'd about his common Occaſions, being grown ſo corpulent with Eaſe and Luxury. He liv'd Seventy one *Grecian* Years, and three Days, and then dy'd of the Stone.

LONGINUS would tipple in State,
And ſit like a Judge o'er his Glaſs,
Of his Nouns and his Pronouns would prate,
Like a haughty Pedantical Aſs.
In paying for Wine which he lov'd,
By changing his Money ſo oft,
He Arithmetick highly improv'd,
And flouriſh'd by teaching his Craft.

LONGINUS was a *Phœnician*, and arriv'd to ſo great a Perfection in Grammar and Arithmetick, that he was look'd upon to be the beſt Teacher of the foregoing Sciences in the Age he liv'd in.

PORPHYRIUS, who travel'd to *Rome*,
Was cunning in every Art,
And tippled in hopes to become
Very wiſe by the help of the Quart;
Thus chaſing the Bottle for Years,
He grew a moſt wonderful Sage,
And drank till his Reverend Hairs
Were honour'd for Wiſdom and Age.

PORPHYRIUS, born at *Tyre*, ſo nam'd by his Maſter *Longinus*, from the Royal Purple that his Scholar wore, being firſt call'd *Malchus*, i. e. a *King*. He travel'd to *Rome* to improve his Studies under *Plotinus*, where he ſoon became a better Orator than his Maſter, and univerſally learn'd in all the Sciences; for which he was much honour'd, and liv'd to a reverend Age.

JAMBLICUS, that Jolly old Cuff,
A Man of an affable Wit,
Would often drink more than enough,
Altho' he but ſparingly eat.
For had he not taken a Cup,
We'd ne'er had the comical Tale,
Of his bathing and conjuring up
A couple of Imps in the Well.

JAMBLICUS, a *Cœloſyrian* of *Chalchis*, who falling in with *Porphyrius* became his equal in every thing. 'Tis reported, that when he was bathing with one of his Soldiers, in the hot Baths of *Gadera* in *Syria*, putting his hand into one of the Springs called *Eros*, and mumbling over a few Words, he conjur'd up a little Fair Boy, with Golden Locks hanging down his Back, preſenting himſelf in a poſture as if he had been bathing. Then uſing the like Incantations to the other Well called *Auteros*, another little Imp jump'd up, of a browner Complexion, with diſhevel'd Hair, both clinging about *Jamblicus*, much to the Admiration of all that were with him; But he preſently countermanded them back from whence they came.

ÆDESIUS, that minder of Dreams,
By which he would often Divine,
Altho' he would pray by extremes,
Yet ſtill he would take off his Wine;
For drunk and unable to ſtand,
As once he was taking his Nods,
Some Knave wrote a Jeſt on his Hand,
Which he fancy'd was done by the Gods.

ÆDESIUS was a *Cappadocian*, much given to Divination, and a great regarder of Dream; upon his Prayers, one Night, a Deity deſcended and preſented him with an Oracle in Hexameter Verſe: but he forgetting, in the Morning, the ſupernatural meaning of the celeſtial Poetry, call'd his Boy to bring a Baſon of Water, and as he was waſhing his Hands therein, the Lad ſtanding by, eſpy'd his Left-hand full of Characters: and appriſing him of it, *Ædeſius* calling his Eyes thereon, preſently underſtood what the God had written.

EUSTATHIUS whoſe eloquent Tongue
Was held to be charming and fine,
No wonder it was ſo well hung,
Since he liquor'd it daily with Wine;
But fair *Siſopatra* his Dame,
Was learn'd to a greater degree,
And talk'd him quite out of his Fame,
Becauſe ſhe drank harder than he.

EUSTATHIUS was a *Cappadocian*, to whom *Ædeſius*, in his Travels, left the Care of his Affairs. He was a Man famous for his florid Style and charming Eloquence; but marry'd *Siſopatra*, a Lady ſo eminent for her Learning and other excellent Qualifications, that by her Eloquent Orations ſhe eclips'd the glory of her huſband.

Rich *MAXIMUS*, who, for his worth,
And Wiſdom, was envy'd by *Greece*,
Thought the Bottle a Heav'n upon Earth,
And drinking the ſweeteſt of bliſs;
When tortur'd by *Val.* as he lay,
He call'd for a comforting Cup,
But his Wife drank it up by the way,
And ſwore ſhe'd not give him a Drop.

MAXIMUS of *Pergamus*, was the Tutor and Favourite of *Julian* the Emperor, under whom he got great Riches; but *Julian* proving unfortunate, and *Valentinian* and *Valens* being inveſted with the Empire and *Maximus* being privately traduc'd, and publickly exclaim'd againſt, was ſeverely fined, and alſo tortur'd with the Wrack, after ſo cruel a manner, that he beg'd his Wife, who was ſtanding by him, to fetch him a Cup of Poiſon to rid him of his Miſery, which ſhe brought accordingly; but when her Huſband aſk'd for it, drank it off herſelf, and expir'd in his ſight; but he had more Wit than to pledge her.

Old *PRISCUS*, who liv'd to the Age
Of Ninety, tho' ſome do ſay more,
Much ſooner had quitted the Stage,
If he had not drank Liquor good ſtore;
But finding it lengthen his Days,
He thought 'twas no crime to be mellow,
And covered no other praiſe,
Than that of an honeſt good Fellow.

PRISCUS was alſo of *Pergamus*, and one of *Julian's* Tutors, was a very upright Perſon in all his Dealings, and very conſtant and ſteady in all his Reſolutions. After the Death of *Julian*, like the reſt of his Friends, he fell into Diſgrace; but his Honeſty was ſuch, that his Enemies could fix no crime upon him; ſo that he liv'd without Perſecution to the Age of Ninety, and then dy'd.

JULIANUS, that Sophiſter, he
All Night o'er the Bottle would ſit,
And had he not drank very free
We ne'er ſhould have heard of his wit;
For when he'ad the Glaſs in his Hand,
In's mouth he had always a Jeſt,
And Rhetorick moſt at command
When warm'd with a Cup of the beſt.

JULIANUS was a *Cappadocian* Sophiſter, very famous for Rhetorick and Wit; and his Converſation ſo very delightful, that he gain'd abundance of Admirers. He had a great Reputation in *Athens*, liv'd to a conſiderable Age; and when he dy'd, left his Friends contending who ſhould add moſt Honour to his Funeral.

DEMOSTHENES, who, by report,
Had ſo ſweet and ſo charming a Tongue,
If he had not drank Wine by the Quart,
It would never have been ſo well hung;
Yet *Philip* expell'd him from *Greece*,
As a Man of a wicked deſign,
Which caus'd him to drink to exceſs
Till he poiſon'd himſelf with ill Wine.

DEMOSTHENES was a famous Orator of *Macedonia*, but was baniſh'd his Country by *Philip*, Father of *Alexander* the Great, and poiſon'd himſelf in his Exile.

PROÆRESIUS, the Handſome and Tall,
Whoſe Tongue had the Charms of a Lute,
Whenever he ſpoke in the Hall,
He ſtruck his Competitors mute;
Becauſe, as ſome Writers do think,
He'ad Wine when his Rivals had none,
Or if they had any to drink,
He took off two Cups to their one.

PROÆRESIUS was born in *Armenia*, bordering upon *Perſia*. He was a very handſome Man, and retain'd his Beauty thro' all the Periods of his Life; and had ſo great a Gift of Eloquence, and was ſo good a Diſputant, that whenever he contended in Argument he ſilenc'd his Competitors.

Old *XANTUS*, we've reaſon to think
Had a Gut like the *Heidelburgh* Fat,
And that he was cuſtom'd to drink,
Full as much as that holds, at a draught,
Or *Æſop* would never have lay'd
That his Maſter ſhould drink up the Sea,
But he knew that he'd guzzle like mad,
Till none were more merry than he.

XANTUS was a Philoſopher of *Samie*, and ſometime Maſter of *Æſop* the Fabuliſt. As he was once drinking with ſome of his Scholars, and very merry in his Cups, he laid a boaſting Wager with one of his Diſciples, that he would drink up the Sea; and being reminded next Morning of his extravagant Undertaking, was brought off his Bargain by his Man *Æſop*, who alledg'd, that tho' his Maſter was to drink up the Sea, yet it was no part of the Agreement that he was to ſwallow the Rivers that run into it; therefore if his Adverſaries were ready to ſtop the one, his Maſter was ready to perform the other; upon which the Stakes were drawn.

ZALUCUS, that giver of Laws;
Once with his own Son did agree,
For promotion of *Bacchus's* Cauſe,
To drink till they neither could ſee.
But to couzen the People with Lies,
When they found their ſight was decay'd,
They reported they'd put out their Eyes,
To obey a good Law they had made.

ZALUCUS was a *Locrian* Lawgiver, who put out one of his own Eyes, and one of his Son's, in obedience to a Law himſelf had made againſt Adultery.

Old *SENECA*, fam'd for his Parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
Grew wiſe o'er his Books and his Quarts,
Which he drank like a Miſer at home;
And to ſhew he lov'd Wine that was good,
To the laſt, we may truly aver it,
That he tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret.

SENECA the Moraliſt was a *Roman*, and Tutor to the Tyrant *Nero*, who commanding him, in his Age, to be put to Death, had his Veins cut in a warm Bath, in which he bled till he expir'd.

Old *PISO*, as ſneaking as he,
Would often be baulking his Glaſs;
O'er his Wine he from plotting was free,
But when ſober a Treacherous Aſs:
He had given his Politicks o'er,
And laugh'd at deſigns that are baſe;
Had he drank but a Tun or two more,
And thought but a little the leſs.

PISO was a Citizen of *Rome*, a powerful Man, who was the Ringleader of the Republican Faction, and one of the Conſpirators againſt *Nero*.

Wiſe *CATO* believ'd a full Bowl
Was good for his Wit and his Health,
But when he was ſober, the Fool
Would be ſtiff for a Common-wealth:
But had he drank cheerfully on,
He'd have ne'er againſt *Nero* conſpir'd,
But had Rhym'd like *Apollo's* own Son,
And had been with true Loyalty fir'd.

CATO was a *Roman* Poet, a great Stateſman, and a Senator, but was drawn into the Conſpiracy of *Piſo*, and when the Plot was detected, dy'd by his own Hand.

COPERNICUS, like to the reſt,
Believ'd there was Wiſdom in Wine,
And fancy'd a Cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine.
With Wine he repleniſh'd his Veins,
And made his Philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
Run round like a Chariot-wheel.

COPERNICUS, born at *Thorn*, a Town of Royal *Pruſſia*, was a famous Philoſopher, Phyſician, and Mathematician; he reviv'd the ancient Doctrine of *Ariſtarchus*, and maintain'd the Sun to be the Centre of the Univerſe, and not ſubject to any Motion; that the Earth and all the Planets mov'd round the Sun, aſcribing two Motions to the Earth; the one being that by which it performs its progreſs thro' the Zodiack, in a Year, the other its diurnal Motion which it performs upon its Axis in twenty four Hours.

Our Sages whoſe Books are their Wives,
May hunt the Philoſopher's Stone,
And be proud of their Continent Lives,
As if that themſelves they had none.
But if they would come at the Prize,
They ought to be Jolly, and drink,
For the true Modern way to be Wiſe,
Is neither to Read or to Think.

My Grandmother's Eye Water.

OF all ſorts of drops drooping ſpirits to cure,
A good drop of comfort's the beſt I am ſure,
Some take their drops open, and ſome take it ſly,
But the drop I like beſt is a drop in my eye,
Tol lol, &c.
We all love a drop now and then.

Your delicate ladies pretend you know,
As how they never get muzzy or ſo,
But they're all in their cups when the tea they touch,
And they don't now and then get a cup too much.
Tol lol, &c.

My granny, becauſe I've bad eyes, gave me
The genuine eye water, only ſee,
(Pulls out a brandy bottle.
But my hand ſhakes ſo, north, eaſt, weſt, ſouth,
I never can get it beyond my mouth.
Tol lol, &c.

I'm a very dry creature, the people ſay,
Of courſe I muſt drink to moiſten my clay,
And when it's too moiſt, drink again you know,
For the more you drink the drier you grow.
Tol lol, &c.

Sir Hengiſt.

GERMAN.——M. G. LEWIS.

Herman, or Arminius, is the favourite hero of Germany, whoſe liberty he defended againſt the oppreſſion of Rome: Flavus, his brother, ſided with the Romans, and in conſequence his memory is as much deteſted by his countrymen, as that of Arminius is beloved.

WHERE rolls the Weſer's golden ſand,
Did erſt Sir Hengiſt's caſtle ſtand,
A warrior brave and good:
His lands extended far and wide,
Where ſtream'd full many a plenteous tide,
Where frown'd full many a wood.

It chanced, that homewards from the chace
Sir Hengiſt urged his courſer's pace,
The ſhadowy dales among,
While all was ſtill, and late the hour,
And far off, in the caſtle tower,
The bell of midnight rung.

Sudden, a piercing ſhriek reſounds
Throughout the foreſt's ample bounds;
A wildly dreadful yell;
The dogs, by trembling, own their fear,
As if they ſcent ſome bad thing near,
Some ſoul enlarged from hell!

——" See, father!" cried young Egbert; " ſee
" Beneath the ſhade of yonder tree
" What fearful form is ſpread!
" How fire around his temples glows!
" How from his lance and fingers flows
" The ſtream of bloody red!"—

——" Stay here!" ſaid Hengiſt, then with ſpeed
Towards the ſtranger ſpurr'd his ſteed;
" What brings thee here, Sir Knight,
" Who dar'ſt in my domains to bear
" A lance, and by thy haughty air
" Seem'ſt to demand the fight?"—

—" Long has my arm forgot to wield
" The ſword, and raiſe the maſſy ſhield,"
Replied the ſtranger drear:
" Peace to this brown oak's hallow'd ſhade!
" Peace to the bones which here are laid,
" And which we both revere!

" Know'ſt thou not Siegmar, Herman's ſire,
" That arm of ſteel, that ſoul of fire?
" Here is his grave.—My name
" Is Flavus—at that ſound the woods
" With curſes ring, and Weſer's floods
" My infamy proclaim!

" For ſuch is vengeful Odin's will
" And doom, that traitor-curſes ſtill
" Thick on my head ſhall be,
" Till from the blood of brethren ſlain,
" My gory hands and lance again
" I pure and ſpotleſs ſee.

" Still then, when midnight hours permit
" Pale ſpectres Hela's realm to quit,
" I ſeek this hallow'd place;
" With tears bedew theſe crimſon blots,
" And ſtrive to waſh away the ſpots
" No pains can now efface!"—

He ceaſed; when Odin's eagle came,
By Odin arm'd with blaſting flame,
And ſeized the phantom knight:
Loud ſhrieks the ſpectre's pangs reveal'd,
And ſoon a cloud his form conceal'd
From awe-ſtruck Hengiſt's ſight.

—" Son!" ſaid the chief, with horror chill'd,
While down his brows cold dews diſtill'd,
" Now take your ſword in hand,
" And ſwear with me, each drop of gore,
" That ſwells your veins, well pleaſed to pour
" To guard your native land!"

Margaret's Ghoſt.

'TWAS at the ſilent ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſumed her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;—
She died before her time.

—" Awake!" ſhe cried, " thy true love calls
" Come from her midnight grave;
" Now let thy pity hear the maid
" Thy love refuſed to ſave.

" This is the dark and dreary hour,
" When injured ghoſts complain;
" Now yawning graves give up their dead,
" To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

" Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
" Thy pledge, and broken oath;
" And give me back my maiden vow,
" And give me back my troth.

" Why did you promiſe love to me,
" And not that promiſe keep?
" Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
" Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

" How could you ſay my face was fair,
" And yet that face forſake?
" How could you win my virgin heart,
" Yet leave that heart to break?

" Why did you ſay my lip was ſweet,
" And made the ſcarlet pale?
" And why did I, young witleſs maid,
" Believe the flattering tale?

" That face, alas! no more is fair;
" Theſe lips no longer red:
" Dark are my eyes, now cloſed in death,
" And every charm is fled.

" The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
" This winding ſheet I wear:
" And cold and weary laſts our night,
" Till that laſt morn appear.

" But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
" A long and laſt adieu!
" Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies
" Who died for love of you."—

The lark ſung loud, the morning ſmiled
With beams of roſy red;
Pale William ſhook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green turf,
That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpake never more.

Mallet.

[Numb. 83]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Chapter of Faſhions.

FASHION was formed when the world began;
And Adam I'm told was a very ſmart man,
As for Eve I ſhall ſay nothing more or leſs,
But that ladies of faſhion now copy her dreſs.

Yet barring all pother of this, that or tother
We all bow to faſhion in turn.

The faſhion next came to go hunting poor brutes,
And Nimrod invented the faſhion of boots;
For he was a buck tho' he hadn't a wife,
And never ſaw Bond Street perhaps in his life.

Yet barring, &c.

The Barons of old wore comical cloathes,
And their ſhoes were turn'd up like a critical noſe;
Your Henry's and Edward's were famous for dreſs,
But ale and beef-ſteaks were the faſhion with Beſs.

Yet barring, &c.

In the days of King Charles you diſtinguiſh'd a prig
By the length of his cane, and the ſize of his wig;
Cromwell's hats were all broad, and his head it was round,
And his hair hung like candles ſixteen to the pound.

Yet barring, &c.

The tories wore wigs in the reign of Queen Ann,
Now wigs ſuit the female as well as the man;
For crops but in corn fields you'd formerly meet,
Now there's few in the fields, but enough in the ſtreet.

Yet barring, &c.

However the faſhions are ſubject to change,
One faſhion exiſts, if it didn't 'twere ſtrange;
'Twas always the faſhion each Engliſhman knows,
To be true to his king, and to humble his foes.

Yet barring, &c.

The faſhion of fighting has long ſince gone by,
Tho' when fighting's the faſhion I always fight ſhy;
And ſince peace is the faſhion, ill luck to the men
Who would bring ſurly war into faſhion again.

Yet barring, &c.

Quartern loaves were the faſhion at very high price,
Now for half the ſame money you're ſerv'd in a trice;
While cattle to Smithfield for ſlaughter repair,
As plenty as cuckolds to to'ther horn fair.

Yet barring, &c.

Now faſhion's arrived at a wonderful height,
For what's booriſh at noon, is quite ſtyliſh at night;
So they bore you with ſtyle, and they ſtyle ye a boor,
As perhaps you may me, if I ſing any more.

Yet barring, &c.

Dibdin.

Elegance and Eaſe.

ARRAH Miſtreſs Murphy, how d'ye do?
Arrah Miſtreſs Murphy, how d'ye do?
'Tis good for ſore eyes to ſee you,
Except upon the Quay.
The flats I took to day ſold well;
Your Dublin bays, how did they ſell?
Out of the cods before they fell,
I made the price of tea.

But have you heard of the new ſong,
Called Barney leave the girl alone?
Or, Jenny put the kettle on!
'Tis ſurely all the plan.
O ſure black Peg in Thomas Street,
She'd teach you how to ſing it ſweet,
She's the girl can gaily bleat,
Now match her if you can.

There's ſhe and Nell that takes the ſway,
They are the ſort, they know the way,
'Tis good to hear them as a play,
To be ſure they do it neat.
Then Peg ſhe deals the ballads out,
She pins the coppers without doubt,
Sweet pea and tea they make it out,
'Tis they that are complete.

But let us off to Aſtley's go,
That is the place for fun you know,
And there we'll have it all from Joe,
'Tis but a *hog* a piece.
Let's get the tea, and then be off,
We'll meet the boys there ſure enough,
In the front row we'll be in ſnuff,
With elegance and eaſe!

When Love gets into a Youthful brain.

WHEN Love gets into a Youthful brain,
Inſtruction it's uſeleſs and caution pain,
Prudence may ſay, do ſo, do ſo,
But if Love ſays no,
Poor Prudence may go, poor Prudence may go,
With its preaching and teaching to Jerico!

To Jerico, to Jerico, to Jerico.

Sheridan.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Sprig of Shillelah.

I'M a comical Fellow, I tell you no fib,
I came from the Bogs of Killala;
You may ſee I'm the thing by the cut of my gib,
And they chriſten'd me *Thady O'Reilly.*
I aſk'd Dad for a fortune, he anſwer'd me ſmart
He had none for himſelf, ſo with none cou'd he part.
Spoken.—And I began the world
With an Iriſh Eſtate, that's a good honeſt heart,
And this neat little *Sprig of Shillelah.*

With Dad's bleſſing along with me, off then I goes,
Farewell to the Bogs of Killala,
And *Erin Go Bra*, was the Motto I choſe
Like a true hearted *Thady O'Reilly.*
For if ſhe didn't flouriſh, what good could I do,
And ſtill for her friends I've a heart firm and true.
Spoken. { And as to her foes, I cou'dn't do leſs than
Give them my hand.
Faith I gave them my fiſt, and along with it too
This tight little *Sprig of Shillelah.*

I arrived in this town where the world's all alive,
Succeſs to the Bogs of Killala,
And ſoon learn'd how many beans went to five,
What a wonderful *Thady O'Reilly,*
My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee,
And that was meat, drink, board and waſhing to me,
Spoken. { And then for the girls, to be ſure I didn't make
Plenty of conqueſts, I had laurels in plenty.
But the laurel that bangs all creation for me,
Is a tight little *Sprig of Shillelah.*

I'll tell you, dear Pat, &c.

Tune—" *Ballinamoney.*"

I'LL tell you, dear Pat, the whole news of the town,
That's juſt come from London, that place of renown:
To open this Seſſion a great man came down,
When hundreds and thouſands his coach did ſurround—
Crying—" War, cruel war and ſtarvation,
Will ſure be the fate of our nation;
Our blood and our treaſure is waſting,
And Billy goes on with the war."

The Swine, as Burke calls them, did grunt and did groan:
No war, they cry'd out, with a pitiful tone,
The ſtate coach was broken—ſome ſay with a ſtone,
Some ſay with an air gun, and ſome ſay with none.
For war, cruel war and ſtarvation, &c.

The doors were cloſe locked, the members were ſet,
The wiſe Lords and Commons together were met,
Some wrangled, ſome jangled, and others did fret;
The devil himſelf ne'er beheld ſuch a ſet.——
For war, cruel war and oppreſſion,
Is carried from ſeſſion to ſeſſion;
I wiſh that the devil was threſhing
Them all into Botany-bay.

The war it goes on, by my faith juſt to get
More thouſands for ſlaughter, more millions of debt;
Diſgrace on diſgrace my dear Pat. is our lot;
Like the biſhop of Dol, we may all go to pot.—
For war, cruel war and ſtarvation,
Will ſure be the fate of our nation;
Our blood and our treaſure is waſting,
And Billy goes on with the war.

I made love to Kate.

I Made love to Kate,
Long I ſighed for ſhe,
Till I heard of late,
She'd a mind for me:
I met her on the green,
In her beſt array;
So pretty ſhe did ſeem,
She ſtole my heart away.
Oh! then we kiſs'd and preſs'd, were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

As I fonder grew,
She began to prate,
Quoth ſhe—I'll marry you,
And you ſhall marry Kate:
But then I laugh'd and ſwore,
I lov'd her more than ſo;
Ty'd each to a rope's end
Is tugging to and fro.
Again we kiſs'd and preſs'd; were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

Then ſhe ſigh'd, and ſaid,
She was wond'rous ſick,
Dicky Katy led,
Katy ſhe led Dick:
Long we toy'd and play'd
Under yonder oak,
Katy loſt the game,
Tho' ſhe play'd in joke!
For there we did, alas! what I dare not name:
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

Bacchus is a Pow'r divine.

BACCHUS is a pow'r divine,
For he no ſooner fills my head
With mighty wine,
But all my cares reſign,
And droop, and droop, and ſink down dead;
Then, then the pleaſing thoughts begin,
And I in riches flow,
At leaſt I fancy ſo;

And without thought of want I ſing,
Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,
With flow'rs weav'd into a garland, crown'd;
Then, then I begin to live,
And ſcorn what all the world can ſhew or give.
Let the brave fools that fondly think
Of honour, and delight
To make a noiſe, a noiſe, and fight,

Go ſeek out war, whilſt I ſeek peace,
Whilſt I ſeek peace, ſeek peace and drink,
Whilſt I ſeek peace, ſeek peace and drink.
Then fill my glaſs, fill, fill it high;
Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die:
But when bottles are rang'd,
Make war with me,
The fighting fool ſhall ſee,
When I am ſunk,
The diff'rence to lie dead,
And lie dead drunk:
The fighting fool, &c.

Origin of Faction.

ift'ries of Heathens, by which Tutors train us,
e ſalt-water Sov'reign is call'd OCEANUS;
ouſe was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,
s ſea-girt iſland, his fav'rite Britain.

Naiads were nurſes; old Trident declar'd,
ibelliſh his offspring no pains ſhou'd be ſpar'd:
ing fiſh drawn, to Olympus he drove,
etition'd the Gods, that his ſuit they'd approve.

Jupiter, I'll make it *King* of the *Sea*:
reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me:
ard it with ſhoals, and I'll make their lads
Seamen.
Hercules halloo'd out, I'll make 'em *Freemen*.

hat will you make, Venus whiſper'd to Mars?
w ny I'll make all ſoldiers, that *Nep*. dont make Tars,
Momus ſmil'd, as that droll always merrily means;
He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em *Marines*.

Quoth Saturn, much time I allow 'em for thinking;
Buck Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drinking:
But Mercury anſwer'd, a fig for your wine,
The art of time-killing by card-playing's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but Hermes you're bit;
'Gainſt gaming I'll ſend 'em an antidote,—Wit:
In England, laugh'd Momus, Wit no one regards
Save that ſort of wit that's in—playing your cards.

Well, well, replies Phœbus, I'll mend their conditions,
I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and ſend them Phyſicians.
'Mong fiddlers, quoth Momus, *true Harmony's* ſcarce;
And as to your Doctorſhip,—*Phyſick's a Farce*.

Says Venus I'll people this Iſland with beauties,
And tempt married men to be true to their duties.—
You to married men's duty a friend! bawl'd out Juno,
You're a ſtrumpet, you ſlut, and that I know and you know.

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale, ſhe began,—
I'll ſpoil your olympical gift-giving plan:
Herſelf not conſulted, ſhe vow'd ſhe wou'd wrong us,
Blew a ſcold from her mouth, and ſent *Party* among us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoiſe Juno's raſh action,
Commanded Silenus to ſeize upon *Faction*;
Swift flitted the Fiend, the old Toper outſped,
Whilſt Semele's ſon ſent a flaſk at his head.

The Imp, by the blow, ſpeechleſs fell to the ground;
May Wine thus for ever foul *Faction* confound:
Unanimity! that, that's the Toaſt of our Hearts,
Though no Party-men here, *Here's to all Men of Parts*.

To the Chace.

TO the chace, to the chace, on the brow of the hill,
Let the hounds meet the ſweet-breathing morn,
Whilſt full to the welkin their notes clear and ſhrill,
Join the ſound of the heart-cheering horn.

What muſic celeſtial! when urging the race,
Sweet echo repeats, to the chace! to the chace!

Our pleaſure tranſports us, how gay flies the hour,
Sweet health and quick ſpirits attend;
Nor ſweeter when ev'ning convenes to the bower,
And we meet the lov'd ſmile of a friend.

See the ſtag juſt before us! He ſtarts at the cry:
He ſtops—his ſtrength fails—ſpeak my friends—muſt he die.

His innocent aſpect while ſtanding at bay,
His expreſſion of anguiſh and pain,
All plead for compaſſion—your looks ſeem to ſay,
Let him bound o'er his foreſt again.

Quick releaſe him to dart o'er the neighbouring plain.
Let him live—let him bound o'er his foreſt again.

The ſweet little Girl that I Love.

MY friends all declare that my time is miſſpent,
While in rural retirement I rove;
I aſk no more Wealth than dame Fortune has ſent,
But the ſweet little girl that I love;

The ſweet little girl, &c.

The roſe on her cheek's my delight,
She's ſoft as the down on the dove;
No lily was ever ſo white,
As the ſweet little girl that I love.

The ſweet little girl, &c.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the ſcene,
For my fair one delights in my grove;
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green,
With the ſweet little girl that I love.

The ſweet little girl, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praiſe wiſh to prove;
My happineſs centers in Fanny alone,
She's the ſweet little girl that I love.

The ſweet little girl, &c.

Together let us range the Fields.

TOGETHER let us range the fields,
Impearled with the morning dew,
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the Apples cluſtering bough:

There in cloſe embower'd ſhades,
Impervious to the noontide ray;
By tinkling rills, on roſy beds,
We'll love the ſultry hours away.

Come, ye Heroes fam'd in ſtory.

COME, ye heroes, fam'd in ſtory,
For the great exploits you've done,
And record the laſting glory,
Of great George's warlike ſon.
He whoſe brave undaunted ſpirit,
In his fire and country's cauſe,
Shines amongſt diſtinguiſh'd merit,
And has gain'd the world's applauſe.

Flanders firſt beheld with wonder,
When his proweſs he diſplay'd,
And tho' 'midſt of Gallick thunder,
He, brave ſoul, was ne'er diſmay'd.
Tho' in battle there defeated,
None could him or army blame,
For in order they retreated,
And by numbers was o'ercame.

When Britania ſeem'd to languiſh,
And requir'd his preſence here,
To aſſuage the nation's anguiſh,
See the martial youth appear,
To relieve each ſubject ſighing,
How he haſten'd to their aid,
Swift as lightning ſee him flying,
Whilſt as ſwift the Rebels fled.

Trembling ſtill they fly before him,
At the ſound of William's name,
Whilſt his followers all adore him,
And each ſoldier ſpreads his fame.
May the choiceſt bliſs attend him,
And where e'er the hero goes,
May kind heaven ſtill befriend him,
To ſubdue his country's foes.

Willy's Lady.

WILLY's gone over the falt ſea foam,
He has married a wife, and brought her home;
He wooed her for her yellow hair,
But his mither wrought her mickle care;
And mickle dolour ſuffers ſhe,
For lighter * ſhe can never be;
But in her bour ſhe ſits wi' pain,
And Willy mourns over her in vain.

Then to his mither he ſpeaks his mind,
That vile rank witch of fouleſt kind;
He ſays—" my ladye has a cup,
" With gold and ſilver all ſet up,
" The handles are of the ivory bones,
" And all ſet round wi' ſparkling ſtones;
" This gudely gift ſhe'll give to thee,
" If of her young bairn ſhe may lighter be."—

—" Of her young bairn ſhall ſhe never be lighter,
" Nor in her bour to ſhine the brighter;
" But ſhe ſhall die, and turn to clay,
" And you ſhall wed another may."— †
—" Another may I'll never wed,
" Another may I'll never bed!"—
Then ſorely did that lady ſigh,
—" I wiſh my hour of death were nigh!

" Yet ſpeak ye again to your mither your mind,
" That foul rank witch of cruel kind,
" And ſay your lady has a ſteed,
" The like of him's not in the land of Leed:
" Of that horſes main at every treſs,
" There's a ſilver bell and a golden jeſs,
" This gudely gift I'll give her with glee,
" If of my young bairn I may lighter be."—

—" Of her young bairn ſhall ſhe never be lighter,
" Nor in her bour to ſhine the brighter;
" But ſhe ſhall die and turn to clay,
" And you ſhall wed another may."—
—" Another may I'll never wed,
" Another may I'll never bed!"—
Then evermore ſigh'd that ladye bright,
—" I wiſh my day had reach'd its night."—

With that aroſe the Billy Blynde, ‡
And in good tyme ſpake he his mind,
—" Yet gae ye to the market-place,
" And there buy ye a loaf of wace, §
" Shape it bairnly-like, to view,
" Stick in't twa glaſſy een of blue,
" Then bid the witch the chriſtening to,
" And notice well what ſhe ſhall do."—

Then Willy has bought a loaf of wace,
And framed it to a bairn-like face,
And ſays to his mither, with ſeeming joy,
—" My lady is lighter of a young boy;
" And he'll in St. Mary's be chriſten'd to night,
" And you to the chriſt'ning I come to invite."—
Syne has he ſtopped a little to ſee,
When this ſhe heard, what ſay might ſhe.

—" O who has the nine witch knots unty'd,
" That were among the locks of your bride;
" Or who has ta'en out the comb of care,
" Which faſten'd that ladye's yellow hair?
" And who has ta'en down the buſh of woodbine,
" that hung between her bour and mine?
" And who has kill'd the maſter-kid,
" That ran below that ladye's bed?
" And who has her left ſhoe-ſtring undone,
" And let that lady be light of her ſon?"—

Then Willy the nine witch knots unty'd,
That were among the locks of his bride;
And he has ta'en out the comb of care,
Which faſten'd his ladye's yellow hair,
And he has ta'en down the woodbine flowers,
Which the witch had hung between the bowers;
And he has ſlain the maſter-kid,
Which ran below that ladye's bed;
And he has the left ſhoe-ſtring undone,
And letten his ladye be light of her ſon;
But when ſhe heard that his ladye was light,
That foul rank witch, ſhe burſt for ſpite!

Tales of Wonder.

* *i. e.* Brought to bed.
A familiar ſpirit, or good genius.
† *May*, maiden.
§ Wax.

The Cinder-King.

"WHO is it that ſits in the kitchen, and weeps,
" While tick goes the clock, and the tabby-cat ſleeps;
" That watches the grate, without ceaſing to ſpy,
" Whether purſes or coffins will out of it fly?—

'Tis Betty; who ſaw the falſe tailor, Bob Scott,
Lead a bride to the altar; which bride ſhe was not:
'Tis Betty; determined, love from her to fling,
And woo, for his riches, the dark Cinder-King.

Now ſpent tallow-candle-greaſe fatten'd the ſoil,
And the blue-burning lamp had half waſted its oil,
And the black-beetle boldly came crawling from far,
And the red coals were ſinking beneath the third bar;

When "one" ſtruck the clock——and inſtead of the bird
Who uſed to ſing cuckoo whene'er the clock ſtirr'd,
Out burſt a grim raven, and utter'd "caw! caw!"
While puſs, though ſhe 'woke, durſt not put forth a claw.

Then the jack fell a-going as if one ſhould ſup,
Then the hearth rock'd as though it would ſwallow one up;
With fuel from hell, a ſtrange coal-ſkuttle came,
And a ſelf-handled poker made fearful the flame.

A cinder ſhot from it, of ſize to amaze,
(With a bounce, ſuch as Betty ne'er heard in her days,)
Thrice, ſerpent-like, his'd, as its heat fled away,
And lo! ſomething dark in a vaſt coffin lay.

—" Come Betty!"—quoth croaking that non-deſcript thing,
—" Come bleſs the fond arms of your true cinder-king!
" Three more Kings, my brothers, are waiting to greet ye
" Who,—don't take it ill!—muſt at four o'clock eat ye.

" My darling! it muſt be, do make up your mind;
" We element brothers, united, and kind,
" Have a feaſt and a wedding, each night of our lives,
" So conſtantly ſup on each other's new wives."—

In vain ſquall'd the cook-maid, and pray'd not to wed;
Cinder craunch'd in her mouth, cinder rain'd on her head.
She ſank in the coffin with cinders ſtrewn o'er,
And coffin nor Betty ſaw man any more.

Tales of Wonder.

[Numb. 84]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Of all our fond diverſions.

OF all our fond diverſions,
A Hunter's is the beſt,
In ſpite of war and party jars,
That ſport has ſtood the teſt.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Of Nimrod, and of Eſau,
What gallant feats they tell,
On foot they follow'd hunting,
They lov'd the ſport ſo well.
And, &c.

O hadſt thou, brave Actæon,
But minded more thy game,
Thou ne'er hadſt paid ſo dearly,
For peeping at—That ſame.
And, &c.

Herſelf, Diana, Goddeſs,
The pride of female race,
Preferr'd to am'rous fooling
The pleaſures of the chaſe.
And, &c.

Orion, fooliſh hunter,
Lur'd by a petticoat,
In the mid chaſe he loiter'd,
And ſo his fate he got.
And, &c.

But after his diſaſter,
He's made a heav'nly ſign,
That he at laſt may view the ſport,
He can no longer join.
And, &c.

And hence it is we Hunters
Ne'er break a leg or arm;
For this our fellow ſportſman
Protects us from all harm.
And, &c.

Had Dido not lov'd hunting,
The Am'rous Trojan brave,
Her highneſs ne'er had ſolac'd,
In Juno's friendly cave.
And, &c.

Euripides, had hunting
Been lov'd but like thy books,
The hounds had not devour'd thee,
They know a ſportſman's looks.
And, &c.

If, friend, you're call'd a hunting,
Throw all your books aſide,
(The Poet thus adviſes)
And mount your horſe and ride.
And, &c.

Briſk action cures the vapours,
Th' effect of lazy ſloth,
And muſic makes us cheerful,
So hunting's good for health.
And, &c.

The ſport of hunting renders
Our days ſo ſweet and long,
It makes us better reliſh
Our glaſſes and a ſong.
And, &c.

Our laws prohibit hunting
To the Plebeian race,
Nor is it meet the vulgar
Should royal ſport debaſe.
And, &c.

The Britiſh Kings are hunters,
And frequent in the chaſe,
They fear no more than we do,
A weather-beaten face.
And, &c.

Then fill a ſparkling bumper,
I'll take it off with glee,
To all our brother hunters
In courſe his Majeſty.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Let School-maſters puzzle their Brain.

LET ſchool-maſters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonſenſe, and learning;
Good liquor I ſtoutly maintain,
Gives *genius* a better diſcerning.
Let them brag of their Heatheniſh Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodiſt preachers come down,
A preaching that drinking is ſinful,
I'll wager the raſcals a crown,
They always preach beſt with a ſkinful;
But when you come down with your pence,
For a ſlice of their ſcurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of ſenſe,
But you, my good friend, are the Pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are ſtout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let ſome cry up woodcock or hare,
Your buſtards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the fine birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Goldſmith.

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Towdy Rowdy Dow.

WITH a merry tale
Serjeants beat the drum;
Noddles full of ale,
Village lads they hum.
Soldiers out go all,
Famous get in ſtory;
If they chance to fall,
Don't they ſleep in glory?
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try, when fee'd,
Juries to make pliant,
If they can't ſucceed,
Then they hum their client!
To perfection come,
Humming all the trade is.
Ladies, lovers hum,
Lovers hum the ladies.
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Ha'n't Britania's ſons
Often humm'd Mounſeer?
Ha'n't they humm'd the Dons?—
Let their fleets appear—
Strike they muſt tho' loth,
(Ships with dollars cramm'd)
If they're not humm'd both,
Then I will be d——d.
Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

His ſparkling eyes were black as jet.

(Sung in *Blue Beard.*)

HIS ſparkling eyes were black as jet;
Chica, chica, chica, cho.
Can I my lovely Turk forget?—
Oh! never, never, never, no!
Did he not watch 'till night did fall,
And ſail in ſilence on the ſea;
Did he not clime our ſea-girt wall,
To talk ſo lovingly to me?—
O! his ſparkling eyes, &c.

His lips were of the coral hue;
His teeth of ivory ſo white;
But he was hurried from my view,
Who gave to me ſo much delight!
And, why ſhould tender lovers part!
And why ſhould fathers cruel be!
Why bid me baniſh from my heart
A heart ſo full of love for me!
O! his ſparkling eyes, &c.

Morning.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Cloſe to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briſkly crows, (the ſhepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire,
And the peeping ſun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village ſpire.

Philomel forſakes the thorn,
Plaintive where ſhe prates all night;
And the lark to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the ſhepherd's ſight.

[illegible] the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring ſwallows ſpring;
Darting through the one arch'd bridge,
Quick ſhe dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine tree's waving top,
Gently greets the morning gale;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daiſies on the dewy dale.

From the balmy ſweets uncloy'd
(Reſtleſs till her taſk be done)
Now the buſy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the ſun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid ſtream diſtils,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock,
When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious;—whilſt the huntſman's horn,
Boldly ſounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet—O Sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white embloſſom'd ſpray!
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echoes to the riſing day.

Cunningham.

Noon.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the roſe.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat,
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his graſſy ſeat.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the ſun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyr's bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wander cool,
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings:
Fearful leſt the noontide beam
Scorch its ſoft, its ſilken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd,—ſerene—and ſtill!
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landſcape round,
'Till the freſh deſcending ſhower,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune:
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

Cunningham.

Evening.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free;—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
low the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

low he ſets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky:
an the pencil's mimic ſkill,
Copy the refulgent die?

'rudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the ſmoaking hamlet bound)
iant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

'here the riſing foreſt ſpreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
o their night-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

s the lark by vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
ark the mild reſplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

ow the hermit Owlet peeps
From the barn or twiſted brake;
nd the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

the trout in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings;
o the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

ipping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path divided dale,
ark the roſe complexion'd laſs
With her well pois'd milking pail.

nnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow bird with two,
ining ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

Cunningham.

The Cobler's End.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;
o coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
o ambition had he, and no duns at his gate.
Derry down, &c.

ntented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
at night he could purchaſe a cup of brown nappy,
'd laugh then and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
ying juſt to a hair I have made both ends meet.
Derry down, &c.

t love, the diſturber of high and of low,
at ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
ſhot the poor cobler quite through the heart,
viſh it had hit ſome more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

was from a cellar this archer did play,
here a buxom young damſel continually lay,
r eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe ev'ry day,
at ſhe ſhot the poor cobler quite over the way.
Derry down, &c.

He ſung her love ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk,
Whenever he ſpoke, ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body inſtead of the ſole;
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

And now in good will I adviſe, as a friend,
All coblers take notice of this cobler's end.
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's paſt,
That love brings us all to an end at the laſt.
Derry down, &c.

The wonderful old Man.

THERE was an old man, and though it's not common,
Yet if he ſaid true, he was born of a woman;
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old,
Age made him old, age made him old,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for ſome meat,
And if he could get it, 'twas ſaid he would eat;
When thirſty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor moſt commonly ran down his throat.

He ſeldom, or never, could ſee without light,
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night;
He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis ſaid,
And has fallen aſleep as he lay on his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
And he ſtir'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd;
And his gait was ſo odd, had you ſeen him, you'd burſt,
For one leg or other would always be firſt.

His face was the oddeſt that ever was ſeen,
For if 'twas not waſh'd it was ſeldom quite clean;
He ſhew'd moſt his teeth when he happened to grin,
And his mouth ſtood acroſs 'twixt his noſe and his chin.

When this whimſical chap had a river to paſs,
If he could not get over he'd ſtay where he was;
'Tis ſaid he ne'er ventured to quit the dry ground,
Yet ſo great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Among other ſtrange things that befel this good yeoman,
He was married poor ſoul, and his wife was a woman
And unleſs by that liar, miſs Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At laſt he fell ſick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks ſay, he was not very well;
But what is more ſtrange, in ſo weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no phyſician

What wonder he died, yet, 'tis ſaid, that his death,
Was occaſion'd at laſt by the want of his breath:
But peace to his bones which in aſhes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he had been a day older.

Frederick and Alice.

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
Homewards haſtes his ſteps to meaſure;
Careleſs caſts the parting glance
On the ſcene of former pleaſure;

Joying in his prancing ſteed,
Keen to prove his untried blade.
Hope's gay dreams the ſoldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpleſs, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone,
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honor flown.

Mark her breaſt's convulſive throbs!
See, the tear of anguiſh flows!
Mingling ſoon with burſting ſobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy roſe.

Wild ſhe curs'd, and wild ſhe pray'd;
Seven long days and nights are o'er;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell ſtruck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithleſs Frederick onward rides,
Marking blythe the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's ſides.

Heard ye not the boding ſound,
As the tongue of yonder tower
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the ſteed, and ſnuffs the air,
Yet no cauſe of dread appears;
Briſtles high the rider's hair,
Struck with ſtrange myſterious fears.

Deſperate, as his terrors riſe,
In the ſteed the ſpur he hides;
From himſelf in vain he flies;
Anxious, reſtleſs, on he rides.

Seven long days, and ſeven long nights,
Wild he wander'd, woe the while!
Ceaſeleſs care, and cauſeleſs fright,
Urge his footſteps many a mile.

Dark the ſeventh ſad night deſcends,
Rivers ſwell, and rain-ſtreams pour;
While the deafening Thunder lends
All the terrors of his roar.

Weary, wet, and ſpent with toil,
Where his head ſhall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruin'd aiſle,
By the lightning's flaſh deſcried.

To the portal dank and low,
Faſt his ſteed the wanderer bound;
Down a ruin'd ſtaircaſe, ſlow
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are ſeen to glide!
—"Bleſſed Mary hear my cry!
Deign a ſinner's ſteps to guide!"—

Often loſt their quivering beam,
Still the lights more ſlow before,
Till they reſt their ghaſtly gleam,
Right againſt an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mix'd with peals of laughter, roſe;
As they fell, a ſolemn ſtrain
Lent its wild and wond'rous cloſe!

Midſt the din, he ſeem'd to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed;—
—Well he knew that ſolemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a ſolemn knell
FOUR times on the ſtill night broke;
FOUR times, at its deaden'd ſwell,
Echoes from the ruins ſpoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,
Slowly ope's the iron door!
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the ſeats extend;
All with black the board was ſpread,
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long ſince number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave clothes bound,
Ghaſtly ſmiling, points a ſeat;
All aroſe with thundering ſound;
All the expected ſtranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome ſwell;
—"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
"Perjured, bid the light farewell!—

Tales of Wond

The Fiſherman.

From the German of Goethe.

THE water ruſh'd, the water ſwell'd,
A fiſherman ſat nigh;
Calm was his heart, and he beheld
His line with watchful eye:

While thus he ſits with tranquil look:
In twain the water flows;
Then, crown'd with reeds, from out the brook
A lovely woman roſe.

To him ſhe ſung, to him ſhe ſaid,
—"Why tempt'ſt thou from the flood,
"By cruel arts of man betray'd,
"Fair youth, my ſcaly brood?

"Ah! knew'ſt thou how we find it ſweet
"Beneath the waves to go,
"Thyſelf would leave the hooks deceit,
"And live with us below.

"Love not their ſplendour in the main
"The ſun and moon to lave?
"Look not their beams as bright again,
"Reflected on the wave?

"Tempts not this river's glaſſy blue,
"So cryſtal, clear and bright?
"Tempts not thy ſhade, which bathes in dew,
"And ſhares our cool delight?"—

The water ruſh'd, the water ſwell'd,
The fiſherman ſat nigh;
With wiſhful glance the flood beheld,
And long'd the wave to try.

To him ſhe ſaid, to him ſhe ſung,
The river's guileful queen:
Half in he fell, half in he ſprung,
And never more was ſeen.

M. G. Lewis.

[Numb. 85]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

In the Rough Blaſt heaves the Billow.

IN the rough blaſt heaves the Billow,
In the light air waves the Willow.
Every thing of moving kind,
Varies with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Conſtancy?

After fretted pouting ſorrow,
Sweeter is the ſmile to-morrow,
Paſſing ſtill each changeful thing,
Faireſt is upon the wing.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Conſtancy?

Sombre tale and ſatire witty,
Sprightly glee and doleful ditty,
Meaſur'd ſighs and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not ſtay.
For what have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Conſtancy?

Ah! could my faultering Tongue impart.

AH! could my fault'ring tongue impart
The tale of woe that pains my heart,
Then in vain I ſhould not crave
Your pity for a wretched ſlave.
Then in vain, &c.

The injured ne'er in vain addreſt
In plaints of woe a Briton's breaſt;
Compaſſion ever marks the brave;
Oh! pity then your wretched ſlave!
Compaſſion ever marks, &c.

Paul and Virginia.

The wealth of the Cottage is Love.

A BLESSING unknown to ambition and pride,
That fortune can never abate;
To wealth and to ſplendour, tho' often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await.
That bleſſing ye powers, oh! be it my lot,
The choiceſt beſt gift from above,
Deep fixed in my heart, ſhall ne'er be forgot;
The wealth of the cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition why ſhould I repine?
By poverty never diſtreſs'd:
Exulting I felt what a treaſure was mine,
A treaſure enſhrin'd in my breaſt.
That bleſſing, &c.

Paul and Virginia.

Steady ſhe goes, all well!

THE Britiſh tar no peril knows,
But fearleſs braves the angry deep,
The ſhip's his cradle of repoſe,
And ſweetly rocks him to his ſleep;
He, tho' the raging ſurges ſwell,
In his hammock,
In his hammock ſwings,
When the ſteerſman ſings,
When the ſteerſman ſings,
Steady ſhe goes, all well, all well,
Steady ſhe goes.

While on the main-top yard he ſprings,
An Engliſh veſſel heaves in view,
He aſks, but ſhe no letter brings
From bonny Kate, he lov'd ſo true;
Then ſighs he for his native dell,
Yet to hope he clings,
To hope he clings,
While the ſteerſman ſings,
While the ſteerſman ſings,
Steady ſhe goes, all well, &c.

The ſtorm is paſt, the battle's o'er,
Nature and man repoſe in peace,
Then homeward bound, on England's ſhore,
He hopes for joys that ne'er will ceaſe;
His Kate's ſweet voice thoſe joys foretell,
And his big heart ſprings,
His big heart ſprings,
While the ſteerſman ſings,
While the ſteerſman ſings,
Steady ſhe goes, all well, &c.

The kind honeſt Heart of a Tar.

MY girl, though no fortune to offer,
I've ſomething to put on a par;
Come here and accept of my offer,
The kind honeſt heart of a Tar.

Ne'er let ſuch a trifle as this is,
Girl, be to your pleaſure a bar;
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kiſſes,
With the kind honeſt heart of a Tar.

Beſides, I'm none of your ninnies,
The next time I come from afar,
I'll bring you, your lap full of guineas,
With the kind honeſt heart of a Tar.

I have this here to ſay now, and mind it,
If love, that no hazzard can bar;
Your ſeeking, you'll certainly find it
In the kind honeſt heart of a Tar.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Miſs Polly Roe of Galway.

AH! whence this impotence of mind?
Sure beauty, properly defin'd,
To learning is a foe:
My Swifts and Popes neglected lie,
Nor can Belinda now ſupply
The place of Polly Roe.

Young Pegg, with pendants, patches, puns,
And eyes more ſparkling than the ſun's,
Made ev'ry boſom glow:
Such nymphs I priz'd for borrow'd charms,
But felt the force of nature's arms
From none but Polly Roe.

What makes me ſhun that ſtudious laſs,
Whoſe hand's employ'd before the glaſs,
Love's gentle fires to blow?
For ſuch vain things why ſhould I grieve,
When all the grace of naked Eve
Appears in Polly Roe?

What pains the cautious lover takes,
Who ſtill purſues, yet ſeldom ſpeaks,
His fair-one's mind to know!
To find the ſecrets of her breaſt,
In artleſs characters expreſs'd,
I look on Polly Roe.

On the ſmooth boſom of a ſtream,
When brighten'd by the morning beam,
We ſee the ſkies below:
Thus on her face, as cryſtal clear,
Enlighten'd by her eyes, appear
The thoughts of Polly Roe.

As, from the ſun's enliv'ning glance,
A thouſand mingling colours dance
Upon the ſhow'ry bow:
Thus glows my face with am'rous dies,
Whene'er I meet the radiant eyes
Of charming Polly Roe.

Some fine ones, when by muſic ſpurr'd,
Gamboling wild, with airs abſurd,
Their uncouth geſtures ſhow:
Well might we thank ſuch awkward rakes,
Would they but ape the gentle freaks
Of charming Polly Roe.

As from a flow'ry plant when ſhook
On the green margin of a brook,
Its ſweeteſt odours flow:
Thus, wak'd by mirth, a thouſand graces,
Unſeen before, aſſume their places
On charming Polly Roe.

Let thoſe, whom coarſer nerves ſuſtain,
O'er hill and dale, thro' rough and plain,
Purſue the bounding doe:
'Tis mine to chace a ſlender fair
(Like Daphne crown'd with golden hair,)
The charming Polly Roe.

For ancient lore, ſome ſtudious clowns,
Whoſe dreams are penſions, books and gowns,
To foreign climates go:
To me let none propoſe this talk;
No proof of nature's force I aſk,
But charming Polly Roe.

Chooſe not a full blown nymph for Mate,
Who, ſick with more than ſolſtice-heat,
Will pant from top to toe:
If to thy boſom thou canſt bring
That beauteous emblem of the ſpring,
The charming Polly Roe.

Had nature, now too careleſs grown,
Each year the ſeeds of beauty ſown,
Sure time would not be ſlow;
Since fourteen ſummers could produce
A plant ſo fair and fit for uſe,
As charming Polly Roe!

Such mercy claims her tender age,
Such bliſs to melt a ſtubborn ſage,
Her beauty can beſtow:
What mortal would—oh! would *not* ſtrain
The links of virtue's golden chain,
For charming Polly Roe?

Once had I wiſh'd, and wiſh'd that fate
Would grant a houſe and fair eſtate
Beſide the Seine or Po:
Now greater things my fancy fill,
A moſs-grown cottage and a rill,
With charming Polly Roe.

Since all our hopes of wealth or fame,
Weeds fed from folly's bubbling ſtream,
Death ſoon or late ſhall mow:
Say, love! why ſhould thy ſlave refuſe
To quit his int'reſt and his muſe,
For charming Polly Roe?

Were marriage but a tranſient thing,
Doom'd at the firſt approach of ſpring
To melt away like ſnow;
What youthful bard would not ſuſpend
His books, his bottle, and his friend,
For charming Polly Roe?

Think not, my love! a grov'ling fire,
Which, fed by nothing but deſire,
Long abſence might o'erthrow:
Whate'er thy fate wed, grieve, or die.
My ſoul ſhall dwell upon thine eye,
My charming Polly Roe!

In former days, when verſe had charms,
To bleſs a beauteous mortal's arms,
The moon deſcended low:
Now mine might ancient fame ſurpaſs,
Could I ſeduce a brighter laſs,
Her ſiſter Polly Roe.

In towns I ne'er can overcome;
There nymphs, like bees, in cluſters hum
About a rattling beau:
But here, tho' ſilently I view,
Kind pity falls, like April-dew,
From charming Polly Roe.

Ah! what avails that tender tear?
Behold! our friendly'ſt ſtars appear
Regardleſs of our woe:
Dullneſs! to ſome fat clown of thine
(So fortune wills) I muſt reſign
My charming Polly Roe.

What have I then for all I ſung?
When o'er my heart and tuneleſs tongue
The nodding weeds ſhall grow;
My abſent ſoul will be o'erjoy'd,
That once her wit was well employ'd
On charming Polly Roe.

The Soldier's Return.

WHEN wild war's deadly blaſt was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleaſure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning,

I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapſack a' my wealth,
A poor but honeſt Soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breaſt,
My hand unſtain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching ſmile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I ſported,
I paſt the mill, and tryſting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha ſpied I but mine ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was ſwelling.

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I, ſweet laſs,
Sweet as yon hawthorn bloſſom,
O! happy, happy, may he be,
That's deareſt to thy boſom.

My purſe is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've ſerv'd my King and country lang,
Take pity on a Soldier.

Sae wiſtfully ſhe gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' ſhe, a Soldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I ſhall never:

Our humble cot, and hamely fair,
Ye freely ſhall partake it,
The gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the ſake o't.

She gaz'd—ſhe redden'd like a roſe—
Syne pale like ony lily,
She ſank within mine arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

By him who made yon ſun and ſky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man!—and thus may ſtill
True lovers be rewarded.

The war's are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee ſtill true hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'ſe ne'er be parted.

Quo, ſhe, my grandſire left me gowd,
A mailin' pleniſh'd fairly:
Come then, my faithful Soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the Soldier's prize,
The Soldier's wealth is honour!

The brave poor Soldier ne'er deſpiſe,
Nor count him as a ſtranger;
Remember, he's his country's ſtay
In day and hour of danger.

New Tally Ho.

THE hunters are up, and the ruddy fac'd morn
Moſt cheerful ſalute with the muſical horn;
The blue miſty mountains ſeem join'd with the ſkies,
And the dogs yelp around as away Reynard flies.
Tally ho, tally ho, ſee the game is in view,
The ſportſmen all cry as they nimbly purſue.

The high mettled ſteed ſweeps away at the ſound,
And the hills ſeem to move as they fly o'er the ground,
Each proſpect is charming, all nature is gay,
And promiſes ſport and ſucceſs thro' the day.
Tally ho, tally ho, ſee the game is in view,
The ſportſmen all cry as they nimbly purſue.

The goddeſs of pleaſure, ſweet roſy cheek'd health,
Gives joy more abundant than titles or wealth;
And appetite gives to their viands a zeſt
Above all the ſauces by cooks ever dreſt.
Tally ho, tally ho, ſee the game is in view,
The ſportſmen all cry as they nimbly purſue.

Huzza! then my boys, to the chace let's away,
Nor in indolence loſe the delights of the day;
From faſhion and folly we borrow no grace,
But joy paints the cheek as we follow the chace.
Tally ho, tally ho, ſee the game is in view,
The ſportſmen all cry as they nimbly purſue.

Phillida and Corydon.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn, by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-ſide,
When, as May was in his pride,
There I ſpy'd, all alone, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wat!
He would love, and ſhe would not:
She ſaid, never man was true:
He ſaid, none was falſe to you.
He ſaid, he had lov'd her long:
She ſaid, love ſhould have no wrong.

Corydon would kiſs her then:
She ſaid, maids muſt kiſs no men
Till they did for good and all.
Then ſhe made the ſhepherd call
All the heavens to witneſs truth:
Ne'er lov'd a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth!
Such as ſilly ſhepherd's uſe
When they will not love abuſe;
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was, with kiſſes ſweet, concluded:
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

Cornelius Agrippa's Bloody Book.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one day,
His ſtudy he lock'd ere he went away;
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,
And charged her to keep it lock'd on her life.

—" And if any one aſk my ſtudy to ſee,
" I charge you truſt them not with the key;
" Whoever may beg, and intreat, and implore,
" For your life let nobody enter that door."—

There lived a young man in the houſe, who in vain
Acceſs to that ſtudy had ſtrove to obtain,
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to ſee,
'Till the fooliſh woman gave him the key.

On the ſtudy table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himſelf had been reading that day;
The letters were written with blood within,
And the leaves were made of dead mens' ſkin.

And theſe horrible leaves of magic between
Were the ugliеſt pictures that ever were ſeen;
The likeneſs of things ſo foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed;
When there was heard a ſound at the door,
Which, as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do;
But trembling in fear he ſat within,
'Till the door was broke, and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,
Like iron heated nine times red-hot;
The breath of his noſtrils was brimſtone blue,
And his tail like a fiery ſerpent grew.

—" What would'ſt thou with me?"—the wicked one cried,
But not a word the youth replied;
Every hair on his head was ſtanding upright,
And his limbs, like a palſy, ſhook with affright.

—" What would'ſt thou with me?"—cried the author of ill,
But the wretched young man was ſilent ſtill;
Not a word had his lips the power to ſay,
And his marrow ſeem'd to be melting away.

—" What would'ſt thou with me?"—the third time, he cries,
And a flaſh of lightning came from his eyes;
And he lifted his griffin-claw in the air,
And the young man had not ſtrength for a prayer.

His eyes with a furious joy were poſſeſs'd,
As he tore the young man's heart from his breaſt:
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And with claps of thunder vaniſh'd away.
Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a Conjurer's book they read.

Robert Southey.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

From Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.

AS it fell out on a long ſummer's day,
Two lovers they ſat on a hill;
They ſat together that long ſummer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

—" I ſee no harm by you, Margaret,
" And you ſee none by me;
" Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
" A rich wedding you ſhall ſee."—

Fair Margaret ſat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There ſhe ſpyed Sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down ſhe layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men faſt aſleep,
Then came the ſpirit of Fair Marg'ret,
And ſtood at William's feet.

—" Are you awake, Sweet William?" ſhe ſaid;
" Or, Sweet William, are you aſleep?
" God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
" And me of my winding ſheet."—

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from ſleep,
Sweet William to his lady ſayd,
—" My dear, I have cauſe to weep:

" I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
" Such dreams are never good:
" I dreamt my bower was full of red wine,
" And my bride-bed full of blood."—

—" Such dreams, ſuch dreams, my honoured Sir,
" They never do prove good;
" To dream thy bower was full of red wine,
" And thy bride-bed full of blood."—

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying,— I'll away to Fair Marg'ret's bower,
" By the leave of my ladyè."—

And when he came to Fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who ſo ready as her ſeven brethrèn
To let ſweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-ſheet,
—" Pray let me ſee the dead;
" Methinks ſhe looks all pale and wan,
" She hath loſt her cherry red.

" I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
" Than any of thy kin;
" For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
" Though a ſmile I cannot win."—

With that beſpake the ſeven brethrèn,
Making moſt piteous mone:
—" You may go kiſs your jolly brown bride,
" And let our ſiſter alone."—

" If I do kiſs my jolly brown bride,
" I do but what is right;
" I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpſe
" By day, nor yet by night.

" Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
" Deal on your cake and your wine: *
" For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
" Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."—

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for ſorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,
And William in the higher:
Out of her breaſt there ſprang a roſe,
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tyed in a true lover's knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the pariſh,
As you the truth ſhall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

* Alluding to the Dole anciently given at funerals.

[Numb. 86]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Ben of Sheerneſs.

AS honeſt Ben, the tar, returning
From many a toil and hardſhip paſt,
For England's fame his boſom burning,
His wounds well earn'd in ſervice ſcorning,
Beholds his joy, his home at laſt.

But woe the day and ſad the hearing,
To view his country's glory gone,
To ſee his friends from honour veering,
Rebellion's ſhameleſs ſtandard rearing,
And find his ſhipmates they were one.

This flag that once in firm aſſiſtance
England's proud triumphs nobly bore,
Diſhonour'd now, claims no alliance,
But faithleſs waves in vile defiance,
And dares to threat its native ſhore.

" If truth," cry'd Ben, " be all a notion,
And theſe the days I've liv'd to ſee,
Why, honeſt ſhipmates, burn the ocean,
And may this grog, a ſailor's potion,
Be the laſt drop to you and me."

" And Sal, when Sal and I are parted,
This ſhameful day, which I ſhall rue,
Tho' midſt thoſe tears a bluſh be ſtarted,
To think that tars prove traitor-hearted,
While landſmen turn out good and true."

Poor little Sailor Boy.

MIDST rocks and quickſands have we ſteer'd,
Rude ſtorms and torrents brav'd, ſir;
The battle's rage, nor death we fear'd,
We conquer'd—then we ſav'd, ſir:
In diſtant climes old England's foe
Did every where annoy;
Then, meſſmate-like, ſome pity ſhew
To a poor little ſailor-boy.

Firſt for our king and laws we fight,
Next for our trade and beauty;
Thoſe to protect is our delight,
Our pride, our boaſt, our duty;
Then now relieve a hapleſs tar,
Nor pity's claim deſtroy;
Thus wreck'd am I, be you a ſtar
To the poor little ſailor-boy.

Life let us Cheriſh.

LIFE let us cheriſh, while yet the taper glows,
And the freſh flowret pluck ere it cloſe.
Why are we fond of toil and care,
Why chooſe the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedleſs by the lily ſtray,
Which bloſſoms in our way?

When clouds obſcure the atmoſphere,
And forked light'nings rend the air,
The ſun reſumes his ſilver creſt,
And ſmiles adown the weſt.
And heedleſs, &c.

The genial ſeaſons ſoon are o'er,
Then let us, e'er we quit this ſhore,
Contentment ſeek, it is life's zeſt,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt.

Away with every toil and care,
And ceaſe the rankling thorn to wear,
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death ſounds the retreat.

No, my Love, no.

I OWN I was captured by Emily's beauty,
I own I have bow'd at a miſtreſſes ſhrine;
In vain did I ſtrive to return to my duty,
And bring back a heart which ſhould ever be thine;
When beauty invited, reſiſt it how could I?
How fly from attraction ſo pleaſing ſo new!
I could not be true, if I could not—how could I?
I could not unleſs I could, could I, could you, &c.

With love for the fair one, my heart no more burning,
Diſguſted with pleaſure the ſenſe alone knows,
Have I quitted my miſtreſs—and homeward returning,
Now come in the arms of my wife to repoſe:
Then ſpoil not by frowning, your features my Fanny,
Forgive me—for ever moſt conſtant, moſt true!
Will I be if I can—If I cannot how can I?
I cannot unleſs I can—can I? can you?

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The Point.

Tune,—*I will tell you what, Friend.*

SINCE at laſt I am free,
Contented I'll be,
O'er briars barefooted to go;
Or loſt in the rain,
Upon Sal'ſbury plain,
Or left without cloaths in the ſnow.

Or if I ſhould perch
On top of Paul's church,
The hotteſt day, juſt about noon,
Aſtride the croſs ſat,
Without hood, or hat,
I'd whiſtle off pain with a tune.

For now I am free,
No low ſpirits for me,
I laugh at all croſſes I find;
I think as I pleaſe,
And reflect at my eaſe,
For Liberty lies in the mind.

To my Fancy I live,
And what fancy can give,
I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream;
Obſerve the world through,
Do others purſue
Aught elſe than a fanciful ſcheme?

Some fancy the Court,
Some fancy Field-ſport,
The chaſe of a Beauty ſome chooſe;
The Topers with Wine,
The Miſers with Coin,
And Poets are pleas'd with their Muſe.

La Mancha's mad Knight,
With Wind-mills wou'd fight,
Like him our attempts are a jeſt;
With envy inſane,
And with projects ſo vain,
Each ſneers at the ſchemes of the reſt.

This Extravagancy
On Folly or Fancy,
Appears to be rather too long;
With ſomething that's ſhrewd,
I wiſh to conclude,
And make this an Epigram Song.

In a Point it muſt end,
On a Point I depend,
And like a ſtaunch Pointer I'll ſtand;
I appoint you to ſing,
I appoint you to ring,
And a Scotch Pint of Claret command.

G. A. Stevens.

Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry.

ARM, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets ſounding; banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying:
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Liberty! Liberty!
Liberty! Liberty!

The Iriſh Phantaſmagoria.

HERE am I, with my Phantaſmagoria ſo bright,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
No ſpectre I'll ſhew you, or ugly ſprite,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
Believe me, it's only in hopes to pleaſe you,
That I bring ſome inviſible ſpirits to view,
And ſing chick a chee ooralee la fal de ral la.

Father M'Shane was holy and fat,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
He ſprinkled my forehead and chriſten'd me Pat,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
And he ſaid to my parents you ugly old pair,
Ah, how could you get ſuch a beautiful heir.
With my chick a chee, &c.

When a child I was foſter'd at Ballynabeg,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
As big as the ſhell juſt come out of an egg,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
Of fairies and banſhees my old nurſe wou'd tell,
Till I almoſt was frighten'd back into the ſhell.
With my chick a chee, &c.

Grown older, ſays I, never make ſuch a noiſe,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
About nonſenſe, fit only for women and boys,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
Yet, that ſpirits exiſted, I learnt to agree,
And the ſpirit of whiſkey's the ſpirit for me.
With my chick a chee, &c.

I've heard of the ſpirit of contradiction,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
And when I got married I found it no fiction,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
My poor wife had a ſpirit, indeed it's no ſham,
It appear'd every night in the ſhape of a dram.
With my chick a chee, &c.

All good ſpirits attend at a good ſpirit's call,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
For the miſer has got no ſpirit at all,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
The ſpirit of phyſic kills many an elf,
And the ſpirit of love is the devil itſelf.
With my chick a chee, &c.

May the ſpirit of Concord all Europe invade,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
And the ſpirit of Commerce lend ſpirit to trade,
Sing farinina, ſing farininee;
May the ſpirit of Diſcord and Enmity ceaſe,
And no black ſpirit lay the white ſpirit of Peace.
With my chick a chee, &c.

The Huntſman.

THE world may go hunting for money or fame,
Let 'em chooſe which they will, 'tis to me all the ſame,
Tantivy, hark forward, I O!
I hunt wealth while I follow the fox and the hare;
The death gives me life, while I baniſh dull care,
With I O! tantivy I O!

Let folks, falſe to Honour, run down a good name,
And of tears from the beauty they've blighted make game,
Tantivy, hark forward, I O!
Of deeds ſo ignoble I never will brag,
No tears I delight in but thoſe of the ſtag,
While I follow tantivy, I O!

John O'Badenyon.

WHEN firſt I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or ſo
I thought myſelf a handſome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In beſt attire I ſtept abroad,
With ſpirits briſk and gay,
And here and there, and ev'ry where,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have paſs'd,
In country or in town;
I ſtill was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myſell
Wi' John O'Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A miſtreſs I muſt find;
For love they ſay, gives one an air,
And e'en improves the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the reſt,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty ſtruck my heart,
And ſhe became my choice:
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,
I offer'd many vow,
And danc'd, and ſung, and ſigh'd and ſwore,
As other lovers do:
But when at laſt I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as ſtone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
With fooliſh hopes and vain,
To friendſhip's port I ſteer'd my courſe,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain,
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas ſomething like divine;
An honeſt friend's a precious gift,
And ſuch a gift was mine:
And now whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any ſtrait I knew to whom
I freely might apply:
A ſtrait ſoon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and ſpurn'd my moan:
I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myſelf
With John of Badenyon.

I thought I ſhould be wiſer next,
And would a patriot turn;
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parſon Horne:
Their noble ſpirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
Maintain'd the public weal;
But 'ere a month or two was paſt,
I found myſelf betray'd;
'Twas ſelf and party after all,
For all the ſtir they made.
At laſt I ſaw theſe factious knaves
Inſult the very throne;
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd awhile,
Still hoping to ſucceed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely try'd to read;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And ſtudy'd night and day;
Nor miſt what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way:
Philoſophy I now eſteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth:
A thouſand various ſchemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none:
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngſters, every where,
Who want to make a ſhew,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happineſs below;
What you may fancy pleaſure here,
Is but an empty name;
For girls, and friends, and books are ſo,
You'll find them all the ſame.
Then be adviſ'd, and warning take,
From ſuch a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
Nor one of low degree,
You'll find diſpleaſure ev'ry where:
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and pleaſe yourſell
With John of Badenyon.

Rule, Britannia.

WHEN Britain, firſt, at Heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter—the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain.
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never ſhall be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh—ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful, from each foreign ſtroke;
More dreadful, from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that—loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serve but to root the native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy—arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
And thine ſhall be the—ſhall be the ſubject main;
And ev'ry ſhore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair:
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair:
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs—with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Courteous King Jamie.

By M. G. Lewis, Esqr.

COURTEOUS King Jamie is gone to the wood,
The fatteſt buck to find;
He chaſed the deer, and he chaſed the roe,
Till his friends were left behind.

He hunted over moſs and moor,
And over hill and down,
Till he came to a ruined hunting hall
Was ſeven miles from a town.

He entered up the hunting hall,
To make him goodly cheer,
For of all the herds in the good green-wood,
He had ſlain the faireſt deer.

He ſat him down, with food and reſt
His courage to reſtore;
When a riſing wind was heard to ſigh,
And an earthquake rock'd the floor.

And darkneſs cover'd the hunting-hall,
Where he ſat all at his meat;
The grey dogs howling left their food,
And crept to Jamie's feet.

And louder howl'd the riſing ſtorm,
And burſt the faſten'd door,
And in there came a griſly Ghoſt,
Loud ſtamping on the floor.

Her head touch'd the roof-tree of the houſe,
Her waiſt a child could ſpan;
I wot, the look of her hollow eye
Would have ſcared the braveſt man.

Her locks were like ſnakes, and her teeth like ſtakes,
And her breath had a brimſtone ſmell:
I nothing know that ſhe ſeem'd to be,
But the Devil juſt come from Hell!

—"Some meat! ſome meat! King Jamie,
"Some meat now give to me;"—
—"And to what meat in this houſe, lady,
"Shall ye not welcome be?"—
—"Oh! ye muſt kill your berry brown ſteed,
"And ſerve him up to me!"—

King Jamie has kill'd his berry-brown ſteed,
Though it cauſed him mickle care;
The Ghoſt eat him up both fleſh and bone,
And left nothing but hoofs and hair.

—"More meat! more meat! King Jamie,
"More meat now give to me;"—
—"And to what meat in this houſe, lady,
"Shall ye not welcome be?"—
—"Oh! ye muſt kill your good grey-hounds,
"They'll taſte moſt daintily."—

King Jamie has kill'd his good grey-hounds,
Though it made his heart to fail;
The Ghoſt eat them all up one by one,
And left nothing but ears and tail.

—"A bed! a bed! King Jamie,
"Now make a bed for me!"—
—"And to what bed in this houſe, lady,
"Shall ye not welcome be?"—
—"Oh! ye muſt pull the heather ſo green,
"And make a ſoft bed for me."—

King Jamie has pull'd the heather ſo green,
And made for the Ghoſt a bed,
And over the heather, with courteſy rare,
His plaid had he daintily ſpread.

—"Now ſwear, now ſwear! King Jamie,
"To take me for your bride;"—
—"Now heaven forbid!"—King Jamie ſaid,
"That ever the like betide,
"That the devil ſo foul, juſt come from Hell,
"Should ſtretch him by my ſide."—

—"Now fye! now fye! King Jamie,
"I ſwear by the holy tree,
"I am no devil, or evil thing,
"However foul I be.

"Then yield! then yield! King Jamie,
"And take my bridegroom's place,
"For ſhame ſhall light on the daſtard knight
"Who refuſes a lady's grace."—

Then quoth King Jamie, with a groan,
For his heart was big with care,
—"It ſhall never be ſaid, that King Jamie
"Denied a lady's prayer."—

So he laid him by the foul thing's ſide,
And piteouſly he moan'd;
She preſs'd his hand, and he ſhudder'd!
She kiſs'd his lips, and he groan'd!

When day was come, and night was gone,
And the ſun ſhone through the hall;
The faireſt lady that ever was ſeen,
Lay between him and the wall.

—"Oh! well is me!" King Jamie cried,
"How long will your beauty ſtay?"—
Then out and ſpake that lady fair,
—"E'en till my dying day.

"For I was witch'd to a ghaſtly ſhape,
"All by my ſtep-dame's ſkill;
"Till I could light on a courteous knight,
"Who would let me have all my will."—

[Numb. 87]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Faithful Mary.

Air,—*Dibdin's Sailor's Journal.*

THE deck was clear'd, the gallant band
Of Britiſh tars each other cheering;
Each kindly ſhook his meſſmate's hand,
With hearts reſolv'd, nor danger fearing:
Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
Ben thought he had beheld ſome fairy,
When on the deck he ſaw appear,
In ſeaman's dreſs, his faithful Mary.

Her cheek aſſum'd a crimſon glow,
Yet ſuch for love her noble daring,
No pray'rs could keep her down below,
With Ben ſhe'd ſtay, all perils ſharing.
When cruel fate ordain'd it ſo,
Ere Ben had time to ſay how fare ye!
An envious ball convey'd the blow,
That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary,

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,
Grief, rage, and love, his boſom tearing;
His eyes reflecting wild deſpair,
No more for life or ſafety caring,—
Cloſe came the foe. Ben madly cry'd,
"Ye adverſe pow'rs come on, I dare ye!"
Then, ſpringing from the veſſel's ſide,
Ruſh'd on the foe, and dy'd for Mary.

Blue-ey'd Sue.

ON Richmond Green, as Fame once told,
A lovely female dwell'd:
Her worth was priz'd far more than gold;
All milkmaids ſhe excell'd:
With modeſt charms and blooming face,
The tint of nature's hue,
She tripp'd along with artleſs grace;
'Twas charming Blue-ey'd Sue.

In ſimple dreſs the damſel trudg'd
Each morn the village round;
Her milk ſhe cry'd, no toil begrudg'd;
Melodious was the ſound.
When glimmering eve approach'd her cot,
Her duty well ſhe knew;
Her humble ſtate ſhe ne'er forgot;
Content was Blue-ey'd Sue.

Young Lubin was a comely ſwain,
The pride of ruſtic joy,
He woo'd the maid, her love to gain;
She bluſh'd, and was moſt coy:
Her rural life was ſurely bleſt,
For Lubin's vows prov'd true;
His happy Bride, by all confeſt,
Was charming Blue-ey'd Sue.

Bandy Legged Bridget.

WHAT would you do with me? I can go no further?
You'll kill me downright, and that will be murder;
And faith if you kill me, againſt you I'll ſwear
My life, and they'll hang you; ſo pry'thee take care.
You put me all into a fume and a fidget;
What would you do with poor bandy-legged Bridget?
O poor Bridget! bandy-legged Bridget!
Hop and go forward, poor bandy-legged Bridget.

Do you fancy I'm rich, and expect a great plunder?
Where ſhould poor people get money, I wonder?
In theſe times we ſcarce can dine, breakfaſt, or ſup;
For you know the monopoliſts eat us all up;
Which puts me all into a fume and a fidget;
What will they do with poor bandy-legged Bridget?
O poor, &c.

To gallantry haply this ſtep has affinity,
And you've ſome baſe deſign on my hapleſs virginity:
But tho you've a colt's tooth, it is fit to be ſaid,
That I've ſcarcely got a tooth left in my head;
Which puts me all into a fume and a fidget;
I can bark but not bite, poor bandy-legged Bridget!
O poor, &c.

Poor, wrinkled, and old, of me what can you make?
Then on an old woman compaſſion pray take;
For if you 'ſcape hanging, and live you rude elf!
Till my old age you'll be an old woman yourſelf.
Then do put me out of my fume and my fidget,
Poor rickety! crickety! bandy-legged Bridget!
O poor, &c.

Do you hear, Brother Sportſman.

DO you hear, brother ſportſman, the ſound of the horn,
And yet the ſweet pleaſure decline?
For ſhame, rouſe your ſenſes, and e'er it be morn,
With me the ſweet melody join,
Thro' the wood and the valley,
How the traitor we'll rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies,
While hounds in full cry,
Thro' hedges ſhall fly,
And chace the ſwift hare till he dies.

Then ſaddle your ſteed, to the meadows and fields,
Both willing and joyous repair;
No paſtime in life greater happineſs yields,
Than chacing the fox or the hair.
Such comforts my friend,
On the ſportſman attend,
No pleaſure like hunting is found;
For when it is o'er,
As briſk as before,
Next morning we ſpurn up the ground.

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Arabella.

SAY have you seen my Arabel,
The Caledonian Maid,
Or heard the youths of Scotia tell?
Where Arabel is strayed;
The damsel is of Angel mein,
With sad and downcast eyes:
The shepherds call her sorrow's queen,
So pensively she sighs.

But why those sighs so sadly swell,
Or why her tears so flow;
In vain they press the lovely girl,
The innate cause to know;
Ere reason formed her tender mind,
The virgin learned to love,
Compassion taught her to be kind,
Deceit she was above.

And had not war's terrific voice
Forbid the nuptial bands,
Ere now had Sandy been her choice,
And Hymen joined their hands;
But since the sword of war is sheath'd,
And peace resumes her charms,
My ev'ry joy is now bequeath'd,
To Arabella's arms.

The Matron's Wish.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary, and my visage looks pale,
When my forehead has wrinkles, and mine eye-sight does fail,
May my words and mine actions be free from all harm,
May I have a good husband to keep my back warm.
O the pleasures of youth, they are flow'rs but of May,
Our life's but a vapour, our bodies but clay,
Yet let me live well, tho' I live but a day.

With a sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good print;
With a pot on the fire, and good viands in't;
With ale, beer, and brandy, both winter and summer,
To drink to my gossip, and be pledg'd by my cummer.
The pleasures of, &c.

With pigs and with poultry, and some money in store
To purchase the needful, and to give to the poor;
With a bottle of Canary, to sip without sin,
And to comfort my daughter whene'er she lies in.
The pleasures of, &c.

With a bed soft and easy to rest on at night,
With a maid in the morning to rise with the light,
To do her work neatly, and obey my desire,
To make the house clean, and blow up the fire.
The pleasures of, &c.

With health and content, and a good easy chair;
With a thick hood and mantle, when I ride on my mare,
Let me dwell near my cupboard, and far from my foes,
With a pair of glass eyes to clap on my nose.
The pleasures of, &c.

And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,
Our honest old cummer's now laid in the clay:
When young, she was cheerful, no scold, nor no whore;
She assisted her neighbours, and gave to the poor.
Tho' the flow'r of her youth in her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour evanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy unto her last day.

What cheer, my Honest Messmates,

WHAT cheer, my honest messmates,
You're welcome all on shore,
We've done our duty bravely,
And ready to do more:
We mount up a cliff, we hazard the mine,
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,
Our king to defend by sea and by land,
Our laws and liberty.

What e'er we are commanded,
With courage we obey,
And when our foes are bashful,
We beckon them to stay:
We mount up a cliff, we hazard the mine,
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,
Our king to defend, &c.

When we are on the top-mast,
We spy a sail in view,
Then fire an eighteen-pounder,
In haste to bring her too;
No canvas we spare but quickly come near,
In spite of the turbulent sea,
For our king we'll defend, &c.

Now monsieurs off are stealing,
Like maggots in a nut,
We scorn such idle dealing,
So down we bear full-but:
No canvas we spare, but tip 'em a cheer,
And a prize she's sure to be,
For our king we'll defend, &c.

On shore we want no forming,
We're one united band,
The word being giv'n for storming,
We fall to cutlass in hand:
We mount up a cliff, we hazard a mine,
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,
Our king to defend, &c.

At home our peace preserving,
O may he happy reign,
A consort so deserving,
Will well that peace maintain:
While doing his best, O may he be blest
With a royal progeny,
This isle to defend, unto the world's end,
Our laws and liberty.

Do you see as a Seaman, &c.

DO you see as a seaman I'll heave off
A bit of a song in my way;
But if you don't like it, I'll leave off,
I soon can my singing belay.
An odd lingo musicianers write in
Concerning flats, sharps, and all that;
We sailors are sharp in our fighting,
And as to the French, they are flat.

Italians may polish your ears
With solos and such sort of tunes;
But Heart of Oak song is three cheers:
'Twas set to the sound of our guns.
With Monsieurs our music does wonders;
Our bombs and broadsides serenading;
Our organs are twenty-four-pounders:
The concert a brisk cannonading.

With Saunders we gave 'em the vapours;
At Hawke like parch'd peas they have skipp'd,
At Quebec 'twas we made 'em cut capers;
At Martinico they all are unshipp'd.
Such harmony we tars delight in,
'Tis our pastime wherever we come:
Since abroad we've kept time in our fighting,
Let's all keep in tune Lads at home.

Jack at the Opera.

AT Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail Mog;
She had juſt ſhap'd her courſe to the play,
Of two rums and water I order'd my grog,
And to ſpeak her ſoon ſtood under way;
But the Haymarket I for old Drury miſtook,
Like a lubber ſo raw and ſo ſoft,
Half a George handed out, at the change did not look,
Mann'd the ratlines, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermoſt tiers,
With many a coxcomb and flirt,
Such a damnable ſqualling ſaluted my ears,
I thought ther'd been ſomebody hurt:
But the devil a bit, 'twas your outlandiſh rips,
Singing out with their lanthorns of jaws;
You'd a ſwore you'd been taking of one of the trips
'Mongſt the Caffrees, or wild Catabaws.

What's the play, Ma'am? ſays I, to a good-natur'd tit.
The play! 'tis the *Uproar*, you quiz.
My timbers! cried I, the right name on't you've hit,
For the devil of an uproar it is;
For they pipe and they ſqueel; now alow, now aloft,
If it wan't for the petticoat geer,
With their ſqueaking ſo mollyiſh, tender and ſoft,
One ſhould ſcarcely know Ma'am from Mounſeer.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long ſpell,
All ſpringing and bouncing ſo neat,
And ſpecially one curious Madamoſelle,
Oh! ſhe daintily handled her feet;
But ſhe hopp'd, and ſhe ſprawl'd and ſhe ſpun round ſo queer,
'Twas, you ſee, rather oddiſh to me,
And ſo I ſung out, pray be decent, my dear;
Conſider I'm juſt come from ſea.

'Tan't an Engliſhman's taſte to have none of theſe goes,
So away to the playhouſe I'll jog,
Leaving all our fine Bantams, and ma'am Pariſoes,
For old Billy Shakſpear and Mog;
So I made the theatre, and hail'd my dear ſpouſe,
She ſmil'd as ſhe ſaw me approach;
And when I'd ſhook hands, and ſaluted her brows,
We to Wapping ſet ſail in a coach.

Dibdin.

Our dear Native Home.

OFT wealth and ambition will tempt us to dare
All the toils, all the perils that mortals can bear,
But the ſigh of remembrance wherever we roam,
Will fancy waft back to our dear native home.

Tho' rude the clime and tho' humble the cot,
The early idea is never forgot,
And the ſigh of remembrance wherever we roam,
Will fancy waft back to our dear native home.

Ere around the Huge Oak.

ERE around the huge oak, that o'er ſhadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built his neſt on the pine.

Could I trace back the time to a far-diſtant date,
When my forefathers toil'd in this field:
And the farm I now hold on your honour's eſtate,
Is the ſame that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his ſon a good name,
Which unſully'd, deſcended to me;
For my child I've preſerv'd it, unblemiſh'd with ſhame;
And it ſtill from a ſpot ſhall be free.

When Fair Suſan I left.

WHEN fair Suſan I left with a heart full of woe,
And to ſea went my fortune to mend;
Her ſoft ſwelling boſom beat hard to and fro,
When ſhe loſt both her lover and her friend;
Fare thee well, Tom, ſhe cry'd, and bid me adieu,
While the tears rain'd in ſhow'rs from her eyes;
I ſail'd full of grief to join the ſhip's crew,
While loud waves to my ſorrow replies.

The winds they blew hard, and the ſea 'gan to roar,
While blue lightning around us did flaſh;
I thought on my Suſan and wiſh'd me on ſhore,
Still the waves moſt tremendous did daſh;
At length a leak ſprung, all hands call'd on deck,
In vain ev'ry art try'd to ſave:
I ſwam on a plank and eſcap'd from the wreck,
The reſt met a watery grave.

Kind fortune thus having preſerved my life,
To my Suſan I thought I would go;
With what joy I ſhould meet with my long abſent wife?
But my hopes they were chang'd into woe:
For the news reach'd her ears, that the ſhip it was loſt
And Thomas her lover was no more;
She died as a roſe when nipt by the froſt,
And I live her loſs to deplore.

Paddy the Piper.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
Tender and bare as a pig in a ſtye,
Out at the door as I looked with a ſteady phiz
Who but Pat Murphy the Piper came by?
Says Paddy—but few play this muſic, can you play?
Says I, I can't tell, for I never did try:
He told me that he had a charm,
To make the pipes prettily ſpeak,
Then ſqueez'd a bag under his arm,
And ſweetly they ſet up a ſqueak;
With a faralla laralla loo, och! hone! how he handled the drone,
And then ſuch ſweet muſic he blew, 'twould have melted the heart of a ſtone.

Your pipe, ſays I, Paddy, ſo neatly comes over me,
Naked I'll wander wherever it blows;
And if my father ſhou'd try to recover me,
Sure it wont be by deſcribing my clothes,
The muſic I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
And leads me all over the world by the noſe.
So I follow'd his bag-pipe ſo ſweet,
And ſung, as I leap'd like a frog,
Adieu to my family ſeat,
So pleaſantly plac'd in a bog,
With my faralla laralla loo, how ſweetly he handled the drone,
And then ſuch ſweet muſic he blew, 'twould have melted the heart of a ſtone.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could ſunder us,
'Till he one morning had taken a ſup,
And ſlipp'd from a bridge in a river juſt under us,
Souſe to the bottom, juſt like a blind pup,
I roar'd out, and I bawl'd out, and luſtily call'd out,
O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?
He was dead as a nail in a door,
Poor Paddy was laid on the ſhelf,
So I took up his pipes on the ſhore,
And now I've ſet up for myſelf.
With my faralla laralla loo, to be ſure I have not got the knack,
To play faralla laralla loo, ay, and bubbaro didaroo whack.

King Hacho's Death Song.

Runic,—M. G. Lewis.

GAUNDUL and Skogul came from Thor,
To choose a king from out the war,
Who to Valhalla's joys should speed,
And drink with Odin beer and mead.

Of Ingwa's race the king renown'd,
Biarner's brother, soon they found,
As arm'd with helmet, sword and shield,
With eager step he sought the field,
Where clashing glaives and dying cries
Already told the combat's size.

With mighty voice he bids appear
Haleyger brave, and Halmygeer,
Then forth to urge the fight he goes,
The hope of friends, the fear of foes.
The Norman host soon round him swarms,
And Jutland's monarch stands in arms.

Firmly is grasp'd by Hacho bold,
The millstone-splitters hilt of gold,
Whose blows give death on every side,
And, as 'twere water, brass divide;
A cloud of javelins veil the sky;
The crashing shields in splinters fly;
And on the casques of warriors brave
Resounds the stroke of many a glaive.

Now Tyr's and Bauga's weapons brown
Break on the Norman monarch's crown;
Now hotter, fiercer grows the fight,
Low sinks the pride of many a knight;
And, dyed in slaughter's crimson hue,
Torrents of gore their shields bedew;
From meeting weapons lightning gleams;
From gaping wounds the life-blood streams:
With falling corses groans the land,
And purple waves lash Storda's sand.

The warring heroes now confound
Buckler with buckler, wound with wound:
As eager as were battle sport,
Renown they seek, and death they court;
Till, never more to rise, they fall
In myriads; while, to Odin's hall,
The dæmon of the tempest brings
A blood stream on his sable wings.

Apart the hostile chiefs were placed,
Broken their swords, their helms unlaced;
Yet neither thought his fate would be,
The hall of Odin soon to see.

—"Great is the feast of gods to-day,"
Propp'd on her sword did Gaundul say,
"Since to their table they invite
"Hacho, and all his chiefs from flight!"—

The fated monarch hears too plain,
How speaks the chooser of the slain;
Too plain beholds his startled eye,
On their black coursers mounted high
The immortal maids, who near him stand,
Each propp'd on her resistless brand.

—"Goddess of Combat!" Hacho cries,
"Thus dost thou give the battle's prize?
"And do then victory's gods deny
"To view my arms with friendly eye?"—
"Chide not!" fierce Skogul thus replied,
"For conquest still shall grace thy side;
"Thou shalt prevail, the foe shall yield,
"And thine remain the bloody field."—

She said, and urged her coal-black steed
Swift to the hall of gods to speed;
And there to Odin's heroes tell
A king drew near with them to dwell.

—"Hither," thus Odin spoke, "the king
"Let Hermoder and Braga bring;
"A monarch comes, an hero guest,
"Who well deserves with me to rest."—

Said Hacho, while his streaming blood
Pour'd down his limbs its crimson flood,
—"God Odin's eyes, my brethren bold,
"Our arms with hostile glance behold!

Then Braga spoke.—"Brave monarch, know,
"Thou to Valhalla's joys shalt go,
"There to drink mead in skulls of foes,
"And at the feast of gods repose:
"To greet thee at the magic gate,
"E'en now eight hero-brothers wait,
"With joyful eyes thy coming see,
"And wish, thou foe of kings, for thee."—

—"Yet be my sword," the king replied,
"Once more in Norman slaughter dyed;
"Let me, as heroes should, expire,
"And fall in fight, as fell my sire:
"So shall my glory live, and fame
"Shall long remember Hacho's name."—

He ceases, and to combat flies:
He fights, he conquers, and he dies;
But soon he finds what joys attend,
Who dare in fight their days to end:
Soon as he gains Valhalla's gate,
Eight heroes there to greet him wait;
The gods a friend the monarch call,
And welcome him to Odin's hall.

Who in Valhalla thus shall be
Loved and revered, oh! bless'd is he;
His conquest and his fame shall long
Remember'd be, and live in song.

Wolf Fenris first his chain shall break,
And on mankind his fury wreak,
Ere walks a king in Hacho's trace,
Or fills so well his vacant place.

Since to the gods the king hath fled,
Heroes and valiant hosts have bled:
The bones of friends have strow'd the sand;
Usurping tyrants sway the land;
And many a tear for Hacho brave
Still falls upon his honour'd grave.

[Numb. 88]

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OR

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Paddy O'Doody's Deſcription of Pizarro.

FROM the county of Monaghan lately I came,
For to reap and to ſow, and O'Doody's my name;
My couſin, Shawn Shaghneſſy, I met t'other day,
When, ſays he, will you go to the Crow-ſtreet-houſe play?
With my doora la loo, doora la loora la, doora la loora la, doora la loo.

Is't a play that you mean?—Arrah! Doody you're right,
For they treats the whole town with Pizarro to night;
Och! ſays I, if I'm treated, the thing's neat and clean—
But for all I could ſay, ſirs, I paid a thirteen.
With my doora la loo, &c.

The green thing drew up, and a Lady I ſpied,
A man came to court her—ſhe ſcornfully cried,
"Get out you blackguard, or I'll bother your gig,"
Then in came Pizarro, who growl'd like a pig.
With my doora la loo, &c.

A ſpeech Rolla made then, about ſwords and guns;
And mov'd like a comet, 'mongſt ſtars, moons and ſuns;
"If you dont beat the Spaniards—by my ſoul, you'll all ſtarve?
"So—his Majeſty here are you willing to ſarve?"
With my doora la loo, &c.

Then what a confuſion—a hubbub and halloo,
'Twas, "Fire away Spaniards," and "Leather away Peru,"
Poor Murphy Alonzo like a thief went to jail,
But his neck he ſav'd ſomehow, without giving bail.
With my doora la loo, &c.

Then Pizarro came in, with a little goſſoon,
That was handled by Rolla as I would a ſpoon;
But, while he was making a bridge ſmithereens,
He was ſhot by a villain behind all the ſcreens.
With my doora la loo, &c.

He then gave to the Mother the ſweet little child,
And look'd all around him as if he was wild,
"Take the child, my dear creature,—it's my blood that's ſpilt,
"To ſave—och, thunder and ouns! ſee how I'm kilt!"
With my doora la loo, &c.

Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow,
That kilt him as dead as old Brien Boiro';
Now Rolla's dead body on a board they all take,
And twenty neat vargin's all join at his wake.
With my doora la loo, &c.

John Bull's Deſcription of Pizarro.

AS I walk'd thro' the Strand, ſo careleſs and gay,
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow;
"Choice fruit, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "and a bill of the play?"
Some apples I bought, and ſet off for Pizarro.

When I got to the door I was ſqueez'd, and cried "dear me,
"I wonder they made the entrance ſo narrow!"
At laſt I got in, and found every one near me
Was buſily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

Lo, the Hero appears (what a ſtrut and a ſtride!)
He might eaſily paſs for Marſhal Suwarrow;
And Elvira ſo tall, neither virgin nor bride—
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro!

But Elvira, alas, turn'd ſo dull and ſo proſy,
That I long'd for a hornpipe of little Del Caro:
Had I been 'mong the Gods, I had ſurely cry'd—"Noſey,
"Come play us a jig; and a fig for Pizarro!"

On his wife and his child his affections to pay,
Alonzo ſtood gazing, and ſtraight as an arrow;
Of him I have only this little to ſay—
His boots were much neater than thoſe of Pizarro.

Then the Prieſteſs and Virgins, in robes white and flowing,
Walked ſolemnly on—like a ſow and her farrow;
And politely inform'd the whole houſe they were going
To entreat Heav'n's curſes on noble Pizarro.

Then at it they went. How they made us all ſtare!
One growl'd like a bear, and one chirp'd like a ſparrow!
I liſten'd; but all I could learn I declare,
Was, that vengeance would certainly fall on Pizarro.

Rolla made a fine ſpeech, with ſuch logic and grammar
As muſt ſure rouſe the envy of Counſellor Garrow,
It would ſell for five pounds, were it brought to the hammer;
For it rais'd all Peru againſt valiant Pizarro!

Four acts are tol lol—but the fifth's my delight,
Where Hiſt'ry trac'd with a pen of a Varro,
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,
Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro?

I have finiſh'd my ſong. If it had but a tune,
(Nancy Dawſon wont do, nor the ſweet Braes of Yarrow,)
I vow I would ſing it from morn till noon—
So much I am charm'd with the Play of Pizarro.

PUBLISHED at N°. 10, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

The Match Boy.

I JOG thro' the world's varied ſcene,
In ſpite of its rubs and its ſcratches,
Like the blackſmith of Gretna-Green,
Get my living by ſelling of matches.

(SPOKEN.)

You know my matches an't the only ones that have to do with brimſtone, ſo,

(SUNG.)

I cry my matches as far as College-green,
Where the grey mare's beſt horſe very often is ſeen.

All folks, except ſcolds, meet their match,
For by ſcolds even lawyers ſurpaſſed are,
Law's limbs may be had by old ſcratch,
But a ſcold is the devil's own maſter.

(SPOKEN.)

We all love our mother tongue, but when it is joined to a wife's tongue it is two to one againſt poor Benedick—That's the way with us—ſo when my wife begins,

(SUNG.)

I cry my matches to where it is ſaid,
There is a good woman without e'er a head.

Some matches 'tis wealth that cements,
When with plenty's full horn love carouſes,
But ſome ladies they take its contents
And leave all the horn to their ſpouſes.

(SPOKEN.)

A great many people make a point of abuſing matrimony, but it has many good points for all that,—to be ſure there's cuckold's point, ſo—

(SUNG.)

I cry my matches as far as horn-fair,
And ſee a great many fine gentlefolks there.

Our church-wardens, cannibals matches,
For let them (the proof we oft meet it)
In the pariſh a baſtard but catches,
And to ſave all the charges they eat it.

(SPOKEN.)

But I dont wonder at it, for I went to our church-warden's t'other day, and he ſnapt ſo, I thought he was going to eat me.—Well, Mr. Church warden, ſaid I, if you wont let me dine with you, I can dine with a greater man; ſo—

(SUNG.)

I cried my matches until it was dark,
And dined with Duke Humphry in the Phœnix-park.

Monopoly all would devour,
What a pity that juſtice don't him ſtone.
But may thoſe who monopolize flour,
Be match'd by the flour of brimſtone.

(SPOKEN.)

Monopoly's a diſeaſe as bad as the plague, but I wonder among all our quack pills and drops we haven't a cure for it.—I know one—ſo

(SUNG.)

I cry my matches as far as Mountbrown,
Where Kilmainham drops bear no ſmall renown.

The Soldier's Adieu.

ADIEU! adieu! my only life,
My honour calls me from thee!
Remember thou'rt a ſoldier's wife,
Thoſe tears but ill become thee.
What though by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's ſelf might ſtand appal'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heav'n above
Thy fervent oriſons are flown:
Thy tender pray'r
Thou put'ſt up there,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in me battle.

My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be,
As ſword and buckler ſerving;
My life ſhall be more dear to me,
Becauſe of thy preſerving.
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I fearleſs ſeek the conflict's heat,
Aſſur'd, when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough with that benignant ſmile,
Some kindred god inſpir'd thee,
Who ſaw thy boſom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee:
I go, aſſur'd, my life, adieu!
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle;
Tho' murd'ring carnage ſtalks in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

On Entick's Green Meadows.

ON Entick's green meadows where innocence reigns,
Where pleaſures ſport freely and plenty preſide,
I romp'd with the maidens and pretty young ſwains,
And Ralph fancied ſoon he ſhould call me his bride.
When I firſt heard the drum with a row dow dow,
Its muſic was ſweeter than ſoft ſerenade,
I ſcorn'd all the ſwains for the row dow dow;
And I ſigh'd for the Captain with a ſmart cockade.

The firſt I e'er ſaw he march'd over our green,
His men all behind him by two and by two,
Such a ſight in our village had never been ſeen,
The men all in ranks were drawn up to our view.
When I firſt heard the drum with a row dow dow,
Young Cupid awaken'd ſuch a buſtle he made,
My heart beat a march, with a row dow dow,
And went o'er to the Captain with a ſmart cockade.

My face took his fancy, he ſwore at my feet
All his laurels he'd lay if I'd give him my hand;
No maid could refuſe a young lover ſo ſweet,
To the church then I march'd at the word of command.
Now I follow the drum with a row dow dow,
Nor e'er have repented the vow that I made,
No muſic to me like the row dow dow,
Nor a youth like the Captain with a ſmart cockade.

The Tom Cat.

HERE am I to tell,
Becauſe it pleaſe my fancy,
I lov'd a pretty girl,
Some folk call'd her Nancy;
I thought that Nance lov'd me,
I muſt have dreamt or read ſo;
And all becauſe, d'ye ſee,
Other people ſaid ſo.
La ral, la ral la, la ral, la ral laddy, &c.

It happen'd on one night,
I call'd, a little mellow;
Out the pops the light,
And down ſtairs trips a fellow;
Says I, who has been here,
She thinking I was boozy,
It was nobody, my dear,
But our Tom, our Puſſy.
La ral, &c.

Damn ſuch cats, ſays I,
For to come here a mouſing;
So my deareſt Nan good bye,
I hate your cat's carouſing.
But we ſhall wed ſays ſhe,
For every body cries ſo:
Says I, how can that be,
When ev'ry body lies ſo?
La ral, &c.

Any body now,
May take my darling Nancy,
Becauſe I muſt allow,
She does not hit my fancy;
That Tom, that damn'd Tom Cat,
If Nance in marriage catch me,
Strange things they might be at,
Which very like would ſcratch me.
La ral, &c.

The Beggar Girl.

COME liſt unto my ditty,
An hapleſs tale of woe;
All who are bleſt with pity,
Will ſure a boon beſtow,
For I am loſt, forlorn,
By ſorrow ſore oppreſt,
From friends and parents torn,
Ah! pity the diſtreſt!

My father was a ſailor,
My mother loved him well;
And ſoon did I bewail her
When he in battle fell.
I have no friend to cheer,
Or bid my ſorrows reſt,
I roam the heath ſo drear—
Oh! pity the diſtreſt!

No ſounds of mirth or pleaſure,
My woe-worn heart beguiles,
Nor boaſt I other treaſure
Than when my conſcience ſmiles.
Oh! bid a ray of joy
Illume the Orphan's breaſt;
And may no cares annoy—
Oh! pity the diſtreſt!

The Thorn.

FROM the white bloſſom'd ſloe my dear Chloe,
Requeſted a ſprig, her fair breaſt to adorn;
No, in truth, I exclaim'd, may I periſh,
If ever I plant in that boſom a thorn.

Then I ſhew'd her a ring, and implor'd her to marry,
She bluſh'd like the dawning of morn;
Yes, I'll conſent, ſhe reply'd, if you'll promiſe,
That no jealous rival ſhall laugh me to ſcorn.

No, in truth, I exclaimed, may I periſh,
If ever I plant in that boſom a thorn.

Knowing Joey.

I WAS call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,
Old dad taught me wiſely to know folk;
Dear! I was ſo ſharp, when they laughing came down,
I ax'd how do'ſt do? to the ſhew-folk:
I could chaunt a good ſtave, that I knew very well;
No boy of my age could talk louder!
Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll ſtory tell;
Of my cleverneſs too none were prouder;
So, thinks I, it's better nor following the plough;
To try with theſe youths to queer low folk;
There meaſter I met, ſo I made my beſt bow,

[SPOKEN.] *How do'ſt do, Sir, ſays I, I'ſe a mighty notion of turning actor-man—I be main leſſon—wreſtles and boxes very pratty,—dances a good ging,—and can play the very devil!*

Axt's a pleace, and ſo joined with the ſhew folk.

This pleace that I got I determin'd to keep,
But adzookers! they all were ſo drolliſh!
Kings, coblers and tailors! a prince, or a ſweep!
And ſtar'd ſo at I—I look'd fooliſh!
Their daggers and ſwords, dear! they handled ſo cute,
And their leadies were all ſo bewitching!
When I thought to be droll, I was almoſt ſtruck mute,
As the bacon rack that hangs in our kitchen:
They ax'd me to ſay, how, the coach was at door,
When were ſeated above and below folk!
Feggs! I was ſo ſhamefac'd, I ſlopp'd on the floor!

[SPOKEN.] *A kind of a ſort of giddineſs ſeiz'd me all over! the candles daunc'd the hays! 'twere as dimmiſh as a Scotch miſt! I dropped down as dead as a ſhot!*

And ſwounded away among the ſhew folk!

They laugh'd ſo, and jeer'd me, as never were ſeen,
All manner of fancies were playing;
One night I was ſent for to wait on a Queen,
[SPOKEN.] *I believe it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk.*
(Not thinking the plan they were laying,)
My leady ſhe died on a chair next her ſpouſe,
While with pins me behind they were pricking!
All at once I ſcream'd out! lent her grace ſuch a douſe,
That alive ſhe was ſoon, aye, and kicking!
The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,
And the comical dogs did me ſo joke!
That I made but one ſtep, without bidding good *bye*.

[SPOKEN.] *From their ſteage, Dear! I never ſo much as once look'd behind me—tumbled over a barrel of thunder, knock'd down a hail ſtorm—roll'd over the ſea—and I darted like lightning through the infernal regions.*

And ſo took my leave of the ſhew folk.

The Princeſs and the Slave.

WHERE fragrant breezes ſigh'd through orange bowers,
And ſpringing fountains cool'd the air with ſhowers,
From pomp retired, and noon-tide's burning ray,
The fair, the royal Nouronihar lay.
The cups of roſes, newly-cropp'd, were ſpread
Her lovely limbs beneath, and o'er her head
Impriſon'd nightingales attuned their throats,
And lull'd the princeſs with melodious notes.
Here roll'd a lucid ſtream its gentle wave
With ſcarce heard murmur; while a Georgian ſlave
Placed near the couch with feathers in her hand,
The lady's panting breaſt in ſilence fann'd,
And chaſed the inſects, who preſumed to ſeek
Their banquet on the beauty's glowing cheek.
This ſlave, a mild and ſimple maid was ſhe,
Of common form, and born of low degree,
Whoſe only charms were ſmiles, devoid of art,
Whoſe only wealth, a gentle feeling heart.

While thus within her ſecret loved retreat,
Half ſleeping, half awake, oppreſs'd with heat,
The princeſs ſlumber'd; near her, ſhrill, yet faint,
Roſe the ſad tones of ſuppliant ſorrow's plaint.
She ſtarts, and angry gazes round: when lo!
A wretched female, bent with age and woe,
Drags her unſteady feet the arbour nigh,
While every ſtep is number'd by a ſigh.
Meagre and wan her form, her cheek is pale;
Her tatter'd garments ſcarce her limbs can veil;
Yet ſtill, through want and grief, her air betrays
Grandeur's remains, and gleams of better days.
Soon as to Nouronihar's couch ſhe came,
Low on the ground her weak and trembling frame
Exhauſted ſank; and, then, with gaſping breaſt,
She thus in plaintive tones the fair addreſs'd.

—"If e'er compaſſion's tear your cheek could ſtain,
" If e'er you languiſh'd in diſeaſe and pain,
" If e'er you ſympathized with age's groan,
" Hear, noble lady, hear a ſuppliant's moan!
" Broken by days of want, and nights of tears,
" By ſickneſs waſted, and oppreſs'd by years,
" Beneath our ſacred Mithra's ſcorching fire
" I ſink enfeebled, and with thirſt expire.
" Yon ſtream is near: oh! liſt a ſufferer's cry,
" And reach one draught of water, leſt I die!"—

—"What means this bold intruſion?" cried the fair,
With peeviſh tone, and diſcontented air;
" What daring voice, with wearying plaint, infeſts
" The ſacred grove where Perſia's princeſs reſts?
" Beggar begone, and let theſe clamours ceaſe!
" This buys at once your abſence, and my peace."—

Thus ſaid the princeſs, and indignant frown'd,
Then caſt her precious bracelet on the ground,
And turn'd again to ſleep. With joyleſs eye
The fainting ſtranger ſaw the jewel lie:
When lo! kind Selima (the Georgian's name,)
Softly with water from the fountain came;
And while, with gentle grace, ſhe gave the bowl,
ſweetly ſad her feeling accents ſtole.

—"Humble and poor, I nothing can beſtow,
" Except theſe tears of pity for your woe:
" 'Tis all I have; but yet that all receive
" From one who fain your ſorrows would relieve,
" From one who weeps to view ſuch mournful ſcenes,
" *And would give more, but that her hand lacks means.*
" Drink, mother! drink! the wave is cool and clear,
" But drink in ſilence, leſt the princeſs hear!"—

Scarce are theſe words pronounced, when, bleſs'd ſurprize!
The ſtranger's age-bowed figure ſwells its ſize!
No more the ſtamp of years deforms her face;
Her tatter'd ſhreds to ſparkling robes give place;
Her breath perfumes the air with odours ſweet;
Freſh roſes ſpring wherever tread her feet,
And from her eyes, where reign delight and love,
Unuſual ſplendour glitters through the grove!
Her ſilver wand, her form of heavenly mould!
Her white and ſhining robes, her wings of gold,
Her port majeſtic, and ſuperior height,
Announce a daughter of the world of light!
The princeſs, whom her ſlave's delighted cries
Compell'd once more to ope her ſleep-bound eyes,
With wonder mix'd with awe the ſcene ſurvey'd,
While thus the Peri cheer'd the captive maid.

" Look up, ſweet girl, and caſt all fears aſide!
" I ſeek my darling ſon's predeſtined bride,
" And here I find her: here are found alone,
" Feelings as kind, as gracious as his own.
" For you, fair princeſs, in whoſe eyes of blue,
" The ſtrife of envy, ſhame, and grief, I view,
" Obſerve, and profit by this ſcene! you gave,
" But oh! how far leſs nobly than your ſlave!
" Your bitter ſpeech, proud glance, and peeviſh tone,
" Too plain declared, your gift was meant alone
" Your own repoſe and ſilence to ſecure,
" And huſh the beggar, not relieve the poor!
" Oh! royal lady, let this leſſon prove,
" Smiles, more than preſents, win a ſuppliant's love
" And when your mandates rule ſome diſtant land,
" Where all expect their bleſſings from your hand,
" Remember, with ill-will and frowns beſtow'd,
" Favours offend, and gifts become a load!"—

She ceaſed, and touching with her ſilver wand
Her deſtined daughter, ſtrait two wings expand
Their purple plumes, and wave o'er either arm;
Next to her perſon ſpreads the powerful charm:
And ſoon the enraptured wondering maid combined
A faultleſs perſon with a faultleſs mind.
Then, while with joy divine their hearts beat high,
Swift as the lightning of a jealous eye
The Peries ſpread their wings, and ſoar'd away
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal day.

Stung with regret, the princeſs ſaw too plain,
Loſt by her fault what tears could ne'er regain!
Long on the tablets of her humbled breaſt
The Peri's parting words remain'd impreſs'd.
E'en when her hand Golconda's ſceptre ſway'd
And ſubject realms her mild behefts obey'd,
The juſt reproof her conſcious ear ſtill heard;
Still ſhe remember'd, with ill grace conferr'd,
Crowns, to a feeling mind, leſs joy impart,
Than trifles, offer'd with a willing heart.

M. G. Lewis.

[Numb. 89]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Dear Image of the Maid I Love.

DEAR image of the maid I love,
Whoſe charms you bring to view;
In abſence ſome delight I feel
By gazing ſtill on you.
Debar'd her ſight by tyrant power,
How wretched ſhould I be,
But that I cheer each lonely hour
By gazing ſtill on thee.

Oh! could I call this fair one mine,
What rapture ſhou'd I feel;
Oh! cou'd I preſs that form divine,
Each hour my bliſs would ſeal:
But ah, deprived of all her charms,
My ſoul can find no reſt;
And ſhould ſhe bleſs another's arms,
Deſpair would fill my breaſt.

I Owe you One.

HARRY came to me laſt week,
And I bade the rogue begone;
With his lips he touch'd my cheek—
For, ſaid he, "I owe you one."

Then he call'd me love and dear,
And my ſhoulder lean'd upon,
With a box, tho' on the ear,
"Sir," cry'd I,—"I pay you one."

Acting then the lover's part,
How the fellow's tongue ran on!—
Swearing he had loſt his heart,
And of courſe I ow'd him one.

Then he paid me double price,
For no bounds his raptures knew—
Kiſſing once and kiſſing twice,
Oh, ſaid he, I owe you two.

The Valley Below.

THE broom bloom'd ſo freſh and ſo fair,
The lambkins were ſporting around,
When I wander'd to breath the freſh air,
And by chance a rich treaſure I found;
A laſs ſat beneath a green ſhade,
For whoſe ſmiles the whole world I'd forego;
As blooming as May was the maid,
And ſhe lives in the valley below.

Her ſong ſtruck my ear with ſurpriſe,
Her voice like the nightingale ſweet,
But love took his ſeat in her eyes,
Where beauty and innocence meet.
From that moment my heart was her own,
For her ev'ry wiſh I'd forego,
She's beauteous as roſes juſt blown,
And ſhe lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'er grown,
The ſweet turtle dove cooing round,
My flocks and my herds are my own,
My paſtures with hawthorn are bound.
All my riches I'll lay at her feet,
If her heart in return ſhe'll beſtow,
For no paſtime can cheer my retreat,
While ſhe lives in the valley below.

The Anſwer to the Valley Below.

WHEN meek eye'd Aurora was dreſs'd,
And breath'd balmy ſweets on the morn,
The ſky-lark was quitting his neſt,
When the timid ſtag flew from the thorn;
Young Damon was firſt in the chace,
He ſhone like the God of the Bow,
The Graces all ſmil'd in his face,
But he's fled from the valley below.

Sad ſighing beneath the cool ſhade,
I envy my kids as they play,
Soft ſlumbers my eye-lids invade,
While melody flows from the ſpray.
The wood with ſweet Philomel rings,
She melts me with muſical woe,
The loſs of my Damon ſhe ſings,
Who's fled from the valley below.

Adieu thou fair regent of night,
No more ſhall I ſtay by thy beams,
Or view with exquiſite delight,
Thy image that dance in the ſtreams.
Ye night-birds that ſcream as you fly,
Go tell yon green towers my woe,
For Damon I pin'd and I die,
Who's fled from the valley below.

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The Patent Speculator.

SINCE patents are now all the go,
Invention without them is flouted,
Without int'reſt to gain them you know
Poor Genius is preſently routed.
But that I can purchaſe at court,
And for conſcience proof belts for the law,
I quickly a patent will ſport,
And prove it a *je ne ſcai quoi.*
Fal, lal, &c.

Then a plan for a famous canal,
D'ye ſee, I have formed in my pate,
Which ſhall ſerve, as I'll preſently tell,
To reach from Blackwall to the Straight.
I've bullet-proof waiſtcoats for beaux,
So wonderous fertile my brain is,
And ſince they ſcarce wear any clothes,
I've water-proof muſlin for ladies.
Fal, lal, &c.

Then for ſpendthrifts I've epaulet ſtraps,
To prevent all attacks on the ſhoulder,
Thus guarded from bailiffs ſly taps,
They might then ſtrut about and look bolder.
But of all theſe inventions there's one,
(It's merit to own none can falter,
For cornfactors the ſecret is done,)
And that is a ſnug patent halter.
Fal, lal, &c.

Erin Go Bragh.

COME puſh round the whiſkey be merry and gay,
Let the devil burn care and drive ſorrow away;
For mirth and good humour is an Iriſhman's law,
So here's friendſhip my jewel, and *Erin go bragh.*

'Midſt a circle of friends we all ſorrow defy,
If a tear drops from one why we wet t'other eye,
Thus grief in our hearts ne'er as yet made a flaw,
So let's join hand in hand and ſing *Erin go bragh.*

Yet tho' oft with laughter the table doth roar,
We think, 'midſt our pleaſure, of thoſe who are poor,
Humanity ever with us is a law,
And our purſe makes the wretched ſing *Erin go bragh.*

Then let envy and malice our iſland invade,
The ſons of St. Patrick will ne'er be diſmayed;
Cloſe bound in one bond they ſhall ne'er make a flaw
In our rights, ſo *nabockliſh* and *Erin go bragh.*

Walter's Miſtreſſes.

THERE was Dorothy Dump, would mutter and mump,
And cry, "my dear Walter, heigho!"
But no ſtep ſhe could take, would my conſtancy ſhake,
For ſhe had a timber toe.

There was Rebecca Roſe, with her aquiline noſe,
Who cried, "for you Walter I die,"
But I laugh at each glance, ſhe threw at me aſkance,
For ſhe had a gimlet eye.

There was Tabitha Twiſt, had a mind to be kiſs'd,
And made on my heart an attack;
But her love I derided—for ſhe was lopſided,
And curſedly warp't in the back.

There was Barbara Brian, who ever was crying,
"Dear youth put an end to my woes."
But to ſave in her head all the tears that ſhe ſhed,
Nature gave her a bottle noſe.

John Bull, &c.

JOHN Bull for paſtime took a prance
Some time ago to peep at France,
To talk of ſciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.
Monſieur, obſequious, heard him ſpeak,
And anſwered John in heathen Greek;
To all he aſked, 'bout all he ſaw,
'Twas, *Monſieur, je vous n'entend pas.*

John to the palace-royal come,
Its ſplendour almoſt ſtruck him dumb:
'I ſay, whoſe houſe is that there here?'
Hoſſe!-je vous n'entend pas, Monſieur.
'What! Nongtongpaw again? cries John,
'This fellow's ſure, ſome mighty don;
'No doubt has plenty for the maw;
'I'll breakfaſt with his Nongtongpaw.'

John ſaw Verſailles from Marli's height,
And cry'd, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
'Whoſe fine eſtate is that there here?'
Stat—je vous n'entend pas, Monſieur.
'His! what the land and houſes, too?
'The fellow's richer than a Jew;
'On every thing he lays his claw;
'I ſhould like to dine with Nongtongpaw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cry'd enchanted with her air,
'What lovely wench is that there here?'
Ventch!—je vous n'entend pas, Monſieur.
'What! he again? upon my life!
'A palace, lands, and then a wife,
'Sir Joſhua might delight to draw!
'I ſhould like to ſup with Nongtongpaw.

'But hold! whoſe fun'ral's that?' cries John,
Je vous n'entend pas! 'What is he gone;
'Wealth, fame, and beauty could not ſave
'Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave?
'His race is run, his game is up;
'I'd with him breakfaſt, dine, and ſup;
'But ſince he chooſes to withdraw—
'Good night t'ye, Mounſeer Nongtongpaw!

The Friar.

I AM a friar of orders grey,
And down the vallies I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good ſtore of ven'ſon does fill my ſcrip,
My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
Where'er I walk no money I want:
And why I'm ſo plump the reaſon I tell—
Who leads a good life is ſure to live well.
What baron or 'ſquire,
Or knight of the ſhire,
Lives half ſo well as a holy friar.

After ſupper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
Myſelf, by denial, I mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
I'm cloth'd in ſackcloth for my ſin;
With old ſack wine I'm lin'd within:
A chirping cup is my matin ſong,
And the veſper's bell is my bowl, ding dong,
What baron or 'ſquire,
Or knight of the ſhire,
Lives half ſo well as a holy friar.

Give the Devil his Due.

Tune,—*To take in good part the ſoft ſqueeze, &c.*

THERE is one thing, my friends, I muſt offer to you,
'Tis, Give to Old Nick, what to Old Nick is due;
What he owes to us, I can venture to ſay,
Like a Dæmon of Rank, upon Honour he'll pay.

Tho' you ſmile at my ſyſtem, and ſneer at my ſong,
His Worſhip's allow'd to be Prince of Bon Ton;
Now thus lies the bus'neſs, Sirs, as we're polite,
And practiſe good manners, pray what is his right?

The Devil is in you's a phraſe daily us'd,
Yet oft by ſuch language, the Devil's abus'd.
Tho' ſome hollow hearts may have much room to ſpare,
The Devil himſelf would not chooſe to dwell there.

Some people affect with this world to be ſick,
And give themſelves up in a pet to Old Nick;
Devil fetch me! they cry, but if Satan they knew,
His Honour has much better bus'neſs to do.

Tho' of darkneſs he's king, he's a prince of the air,
And with his Infernalſhip we ſhould deal fair;
The cheerful day's rul'd by the Angel of Light,
And the Devil (Lord bleſs us) is Monarch of Night.

His torturing ſpirits around him await,
As watchmen attend on the conſtable's ſtate;
Thoſe imps of authority ſally in ſhoals,
And pennyleſs ſtrumpets drag in as damn'd ſouls.

The hell upon earth, and life's dev'liſh diſeaſe,
Is poverty ſinning, and ſeiz'd on for fees;
Deep in darkneſs, that droſs we call money was hid,
A proof that the uſe on't to us was forbid.

But Pluto, the Devil's old heatheniſh name,
Brought it forth from below, as a varniſh for ſhame.
Perſuaſion, Temptation, attended the gold,
'Till all have been bid for, and few are unſold.

We are Dev'liſhly odd, in a Dev'liſh odd way,
Since bribe as bribe can there's the Devil to pay;
The Devil of Party makes damnable rout,
Tho' the Devil a bit can we tell what about.

May Satan ſeize thoſe who by purchaſe deceive,
May they take the ſame road who ſuch things receive;
But may we preſerve honeſt Men, tho' they're few,
Export all the reſt, give the *Devil his due.*

G. A. Stevens.

Sure a Laſs in her bloom, &c.

SURE a laſs in her bloom at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er ſo diſtreſs'd as of late I have been.
I know not I vow any harm I have done,
But my mother oft tells me ſhe'll have me a nun.

Don't you think it a pity ſuch a girl as I,
Should be ſentenc'd to pray, to faſt and to cry;
With ways ſo devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promiſe, and ſwear,
Is a thouſand times better to me I declare;
I can keep myſelf chaſte, nor by wiles be undone;
Nay beſides I'm too handſome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be ſent to, one cannot tell where;
To live or to die in this caſe were all one,
Nay, I ſooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps, but to teize me, ſhe threatens me ſo,
I'm ſure, was ſhe me, ſhe would ſtoutly ſay no;
But, if ſhe's in earneſt, I from her will run,
And be married in ſpite, that I mayn't be a nun.

Honour.

Tune,—*Confuſion to him who a Bumper denies.*

OUR Reck'ning we've paid, here's to all bon repos,
The Decks we have clear'd, and 'tis time we ſhould go;
A Coach did you ſay? No! I'm ſober and ſtrong,
Waiter! call me a Link-boy, he'll light me along.

Obſequious the dog with his dripping torch bows—
Your Honour! poor Jack, Sir, your Honour Jack knows.
For the ſake of the pence thus he'll honour me on,
Gold Duſt ſtrews the Race-ground where all Honour's won.

Hold your light up!—what half-naked Objects here lie,
Thus huddled in heaps?—Good your Honour! they cry;
To poor creatures, your Honour, ſome charity ſpare;
Honour's phraſe is Neceſſity's common-place prayer.

Young periſhing Out-caſts thus nightly are found,
No Pariſhes care, they're too poor to be own'd.
For he, in theſe times, would be laughed to ſcorn,
Who Diſtreſs wou'd aſſiſt, yet expect no Return.

With Courtier-like bowing the Shoe-cleaners call,
And offer their Bruſh, Stool and ſhining Black Ball;
Japanning your Honour, theſe Colouriſts plan,
And, really, ſome Honours may want a Japan.

To varniſh the Taſte is,—as caſes from duſt,
Each picture now glares with a tranſparent cruſt;
Nay, ſome Ladies Faces are colour'd like Blinds,
While men uſe japanning which maſquerades minds.

Of Honour, of Freedom, yet England can boaſt,
And Honour and Freedom's an Engliſhman's toaſt;
May Infamy ever Deſerters attend,
But Honours crown thoſe who our HONOURS defend.

G. A. Stevens.

The Hum.

Tune,—*Puſh about the briſk Bowl.*

PUSH about the briſk Bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we ſit round on the——Stay!
What buſineſs have I an old Song to impart,
When I, Sirs, a new one can ſay, can ſay,
When I, Sirs, a new one can ſay.

What ſhall I firſt ſay, or what ſhall I firſt do?
What beſt will my bad voice become?
Why faith, Sirs, I'll ſtrive by my verſes to ſhew,
That life is, alas! but a Hum.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they die,
At death the moſt happy look glum;
At our entrance and exit we equally cry,
Which proves our life's plainly a Hum.

Law and Phyſic you ſee will make ſure of the fee,
What advice to you gratis will come;
If poor, you are loſt, tho' merit you boaſt,
For Worth without Wealth is a Hum.

Acquaintance pretend that your fortunes they'll mend,
And vow to your ſervice they'll come;
But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,
Modern Friendſhip is merely a Hum.

When ſome Ladies kneel, ſmall devotion they feel,
(But let us be modeſt and mum)
At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for ſhew,
Religion with them is a Hum.

We are hum'd from our birth, till we're hum'd into earth,
To an end of our jokes then we come;
Take your glaſs, my briſk brother, and I'll take another,
And thus make the moſt of a Hum, a Hum,
And let's make the moſt of a Hum.

G. A. Stevens.

The Bleeding Nun.

WHERE yon proud turrets crown the rock,
Seeſt thou a warrior ſtand?
He ſighs to hear the caſtle clock
Say midnight is at hand.

It ſtrikes, and now his lady fair
Comes tripping from her hall,
Her heart is rent by deep deſpair,
And tears in torrents fall.

—" Ah! woe is me, my love," ſhe cried,
" What anguiſh wrings my heart:
" Ah! woe is me," ſhe ſaid, and ſigh'd,
" We muſt for ever part.

" Know, ere three days are paſt and flown,
" (Tears choak the piteous tale!)
" A parent's vow, till now unknown,
" Devotes me to the veil."—

—" Not ſo, my Agnes!" Raymond cried,
" For leave thee will I never;
" Thou art mine, and I am thine,
" Body and ſoul for ever!

" Then quit thy cruel father's bower,
" And fly, my love, with me."—
—" Ah! how can I eſcape his power,
" Or who can ſet me free."—

" I cannot leap yon wall ſo high,
" Nor ſwim the foſſe with thee;
" I can but wring my hands, and ſigh
" That none can ſet me free."—

—" Now liſt, my lady, liſt, my love,
" I pray thee liſt to me,
" For I can all your fears remove,
" And I can ſet you free.

" Oft have you heard old Ellinore,
" Your nurſe, with horror tell,
" How, robed in white, and ſtain'd with gore,
" Appears a ſpectre fell.

" And each fifth year, at dead of night,
" Stalks through the caſtle gate,
" Which, by an ancient ſolemn rite,
" For her muſt open wait.

" Soon as to ſome far diſtant land,
" Retires to-morrow's ſun,
" With torch and dagger in her hand,
" Appears the Bleeding Nun.

" Now you ſhall play the Bleeding Nun,
" Array'd in robes ſo white,
" And at the ſolemn hour of one,
" Stalk forth to meet your knight.

" Our ſteeds ſhall bear us far away,
" Beyond your father's power,
" And Agnes, long ere break of day,
" Shall reſt in Raymond's bower."—

—" My heart conſents, it muſt be done,
—" Father, 'tis your decree,—
" And I will play the Bleeding Nun,
" And fly, my love, with thee.

" For I am thine," fair Agnes cried,
" And leave thee will I never;
" I am thine, and thou art mine,
" Body and ſoul for ever!"

Fair Agnes ſat within her bower,
Array'd in robes ſo white,
And waited the long wiſh'd-for hour,
When ſhe ſhould meet her knight.

And Raymond, as the clock ſtruck one,
Before the caſtle ſtood;
And ſoon came forth his lovely Nun,
Her white robes ſtain'd in blood.

He bore her in his arms away,
And placed her on her ſteed;
And to the maid he thus did ſay,
As on they rode with ſpeed:

—" Oh Agnes! Agnes! thou art mine,
" And leave thee will I never;
" Thou art mine, and I am thine,
" Body and ſoul for ever!"—

—" Oh Raymond! Raymond! I am thine,
" And leave thee will I never;
" I am thine, and thou art mine,
" Body and ſoul for ever!"

At length,—" We're ſafe!"—the warrior cried;
" Sweet love abate thy ſpeed;"
But madly ſtill ſhe onwards hied,
Nor ſeem'd his call to heed.

Through wood and wild, they ſpeed their way,
Then ſweep along the plain,
And almoſt at the break of day,
The Danube's banks they gain.

—" Now ſtop ye, Raymond, ſtop ye here,
" And view the farther ſide;
" Diſmount, and ſay Sir Knight, do'ſt fear,
" With me to ſtem the tide."—

Now on the utmoſt brink they ſtand,
And gaze upon the flood,
She ſeized Don Raymond by the hand,
Her graſp it froze his blood.

A whirling blaſt from off the ſtream
Threw back the maiden's veil;
Don Raymond gave a hideous ſcream,
And felt his ſpirits fail.

Then down his limbs, in ſtrange affright,
Cold dews to pour begun;
No Agnes met his ſhudd'ring ſight,
—" God! 'Tis the Bleeding Nun!"—

A form of more than mortal ſize,
All ghaſtly, pale, and dead,
Fix'd on the Knight her livid eyes,
And thus the Spectre ſaid:

—" Oh Raymond! Raymond! I am thine,
" And leave thee will I never;
" I am thine, and thou art mine,
" Body and ſoul for ever!

Don Raymond ſhrieks, he faints; the blood
Ran cold in every vein,
He ſank into the roaring flood,
And never roſe again!

Tales of Wonder.

[Numb. 90]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

As down the Torrent's Roaring Tide.

AS down the torrent's roaring tide
Awhile the cumbrous maſs may glide,
Diſſever'd from the ſhore;
But, to the lake's calm ſurface borne,
It feels its own ſad weight return,
And ſinks to riſe no more.

So, loſt to love, oppreſs'd by grief,
'Midſt ſocial mirth a ſhort relief
The ſorrowing heart may know;
But, ah! to lonely thought retir'd,
It mocks the joy by mirth inſpir'd,
And droops in laſting woe.

Liſten to the Little Maid.

AH liſten to the little maid
That ſells the little poſies,
A pittance ſpare in virtue's aid,
Come buy my ſweet roſes.
Sweet roſes, &c.

My parents dead, my lover fled,
An orphan girl neglected,
I ſtrive to earn a little bread,
And ſing—howe'er dejected.
Sweet roſes, &c.

The lad you love ſhou'd he adorn,
With flow'ry ſpeech his paſſion,
Remember—roſes hide a thorn,
And truth is out of faſhion.
Sweet roſes, &c.

Ere daiſies peep at dawning day,
I bruſh the dewy bowers,
And often weep my lonely way,
As plucking weeping flowers.
Sweet roſes, &c.

All day I ſell my flow'rs thro' town,
In ruſhy hat and willow,
Content at night's a bed of down,
Sweet innocence a pillow.
Sweet roſes, &c.

Kertland

The Welſh Harper.

OVER the ſunny hills I ſtray,
Tuning many a ruſtic lay,
And ſometimes in the ſhadowy vales,
I ſing of love and battles tales,
Merrily thus I ſpend my life,
Tho' poor, my breaſt is free from ſtrife,
The blithe old harper called am I,
In the Welſh vales 'mid mountains high,
In the Welſh vales, &c.

Sometimes before a caſtle gate,
In ſong a battle I relate,
Or how a Lord in ſhepherd's guiſe,
Sought favour in a virgin's eyes,
With rich, and poor, a welcome gueſt,
No cares intrude upon my breaſt,
The blithe old Harper, &c.

When Sol illumes the weſtern ſky,
And evening zephyrs ſoftly ſigh,
Oft times on village green I play,
While round me dance the ruſtics gay,
And oft when veil'd by ſable night,
The wondering ſhepherds I delight,
The blithe old Harper, &c.

Liſten to the Voice of Love.

O LISTEN, to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove;
The primroſe ſweet bedecks the field,
The tuneful birds invite to rove:
To ſofter joys let ſplendour yield,
O liſten to the voice of love.

Where flowers their fragrant ſweets exhale,
My Daphne! fondly let us ſtray;
Where whiſp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
And ſhepherds ſing their artleſs lay:
O liſten to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come ſhare with me the ſweets of ſpring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noiſe;
The happy ſwains all cheerful ſing,
And echo ſtill repeats their joys:
Then liſten, &c.

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Little Snip.

MY daddy is a tailor, ſir, and brother Jack is alſo one,
And ſure as we've a roaring trade, why I am little Snip his ſon;
My father cuts, and brother ſews, and I can alſo rip and ſtich,
And what is better far than all, my daddy's growing pretty rich,

SPOKEN.] *When he makes but a bill never forgets to put down a few items, which he calls under the denomination of trade cabbaging.*

With his Ri tol, lol, ſol de riddle rido.

My father ſays I am his ſon, becauſe I know a thing or two,
But wer'n't I like a needle ſharp, why this I know 'twould never do;
For daddy never ſticks at threads, an inch, or half a yard, or ell,
And while he meaſures out his cloth, takes care his ſheers ſhall always tell.

SPOKEN.] *Whether 'tis broad cloth, ſuperfine or ſeconds; coat, waiſtcoat, or pantaloons, 'tis always,*

Ri tol, lol, &c.

'Tis certain I'm a clever lad, let people ſay what e'er they will,
For when I ſet up trade myſelf, Lord how I will ſpin out the bill;
For tho' they may ſay this or that, a tailor's trade can never fail,
While there's ſomething to be got, I'm down upon it, as a nail,

SPOKEN.] *If I don't one day or other, cut my coat according to my cloth, and warm my gooſe for a good picking, I ought to be ſet down for a gooſe myſelf.*

With my Ri tol, lol, &c.

Dick Smith the Watchman.

DICK Smith is my name, and a tight boy am I,
For I trudge it both late and early;
And what I oft ſees as the hours I cry,
Why, my Maſters, I'll tell you now fairly.
Sometimes 'tis my fate on a dark cloudy night
To meet a fond pair often cooing;
But if they but ſlide in my hand ſomething bright,
Why Lord I can't ſee what the're doing.
Paſt twelve o'Clock, and a cloudy morning.

When a row d'ye ſee, is kick'd up in the ſtreet,
And—*Watchmen, ſtop Thief,*—are a calling;
If I meets but a ſcamp, while I'm on my beat,
Why I ſoon lays the gentleman ſprawling:
But if he but tips me a watch, or a purſe,
Why I then, do you ſee, does my duty;
As I lets him ſlip by, while I grumble and curſe,
And ſwear he is off with the booty.
Paſt twelve o'Clock, &c.

Sometimes in my box, if I happen to doze,
Some wag of my caſe makes a handle;
For d'ye ſee, after griping me faſt by the noſe,
He ſteals both my lantern and candle.
Then while for the glim I am looking about,
Comes by me an impudent prater,
With, Hip! Maſt'r Watchman, believe me you're out,
For damn me, it's three hours later.
Paſt twelve o'Clock, &c.

Peter's Medley.

NEAR Kew one morn was Peter born,
At Limehouſe educated;
I learnt to pull with Simon Skull,
And a tightiſh lad was rated.
For coat and badge I'd often try,
And when firſt oars, 'twas who but I,
While the pretty girls would archly cry,
" Ah did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
" Who at Blackfriar's Bridge us'd for to ply?
" He feather'd his oars with ſuch ſkill and dexterity,
" Winning each heart, and delighting each eye."

But grown a man, I ſoon began
To quit each boyiſh notion:
With old Benbow, I ſwore to go,
And brave the foaming ocean.
With him I ſail'd twelve years or nigh,
And ſaw the gallant hero die,
Yet 'ſcap'd each ſhot myſelf, for why,
" There's a ſweet little cherub ſits up aloft,
" To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

To Italy, a great grandee
Brought me thro' Fortune's ſteerage;
By chance of war, a Britiſh tar
May meet Italian peerage.
Now hither ſent by friends unkind,
And in *this* iſland cloſe confin'd,
I ſigh for *that* I've left behind;
" For, oh its a nice little iſland,
" A right little, tight little iſland;
" May its commerce increaſe,
" While the bleſſings of peace
" Make glad every heart in the iſland,"

The Wounded Huſſar.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaid hied when the battle was o'er;
O whither, ſhe cried, haſt thou wander'd my lover,
Or here doſt thou welter and bleed on the ſhore?
What voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that ſigh'd.
All mournful ſhe haſten'd, nor wander'd afar,
When bleeding alone on the heath ſhe deſcried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded huſſar.

From his boſom that heav'd, the laſt torrent was ſtreaming,
And pale was his viſage, deep mark'd with a ſcar,
And dim was that eye, once expreſſively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war;
How ſmit was poor Adelaid's heart at the ſight!
How bitter ſhe wept o'er the victim of war;
" Haſt thou come, my fond love, this laſt ſorrowful night,
" To cheer the lone heart of your wounded huſſar."

" Thou ſhalt live!" ſhe replied, " heavens' mercy relieving,
Each anguiſhing wound ſhall forbid me to mourn;"
" Ah! no the laſt pang in my boſom is heaving,
No light of the morn ſhall to Henry return;
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar"—
His falt'ring tongue ſcarcely murmur'd adieu,
When he ſunk in her arms, the poor wounded huſſar.

Alone by the Light of the Moon.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud,
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud,
The muſic of love in our ears.
Maria appear! now the ſeaſon ſo ſweet,
With the beat of the heart that's in tune;
The time is ſo tender for lovers to meet,
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when preſent, unfold what I feel;
I ſigh—can a lover do more?
Her name to the ſhepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! do you long for the grove,
Do you ſigh for an interview ſoon;
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the ſhepherds, whenever I hear,
My boſom is all in a glow;
Your voice, when it vibrates ſo ſweet thro' mine ear,
My heart thrills, my eyes overflow.
Ye pow'rs of the ſky! will your bounty divine,
Indulge a fond lover his boon;
Shall heart ſpring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

As Wit, Joke and Humour.

AS Wit, Joke and Humour together were ſat,
With liquor a plentiful ſtock,
Still varying the ſcene, with ſong and with chat,
The watchman bawl'd, "paſt twelve o'Clock."

At that hour I've read, oft ſpirits do come,
And poor timid mortals affright,
Juſt then in that inſtant, one enter'd the room,
An ancient pale face, meager ſprite.

The phantom appear'd and the candles burnt blue,
Wit and Humour began for to ſtare;
Cries out Joke! "look'e friends, this is nothing new,
"Behold!—ſee, 'tis only Old Care."

"I know he would tell us, 'twas Time ſent him here,
"And tell us 'tis time to be gone;
"But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,
"We'll finiſh him e'er it be one."

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,
Reſolving of Care to get free;
Wit mov'd it,—and ſtrait they all join'd in conſent
To lay the ghoſt in the red-ſea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,
And fav'rite toaſts they went round;
When Humour well pleas'd, thus ſet up a laugh:
Quoth he, "how Care looks now he's drown'd,"

When loud ſhouting began, huzza they all cry'd,
"We're rid of this troubleſome gueſt,
"Fill your bumpers around, let this be our pride,
"To ſing, laugh, and drink to the beſt."

Now their blood running high with a conqueſt ſo great,
To ſinging and drinking they fix;
With the ſun they aroſe, with ſpirits elate,
And decently parted at ſix.

Sally.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I ſtrove in vain
My wild deſires to rally;
But now they're of themſelves come home,
And ſtrange! no longer wiſh to roam,
They center all in Sally.

Yet ſhe, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to deſtroy;
Can love with ruin tally?
By thoſe dear lips, thoſe eyes I ſwear,
I would all deaths all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, O come, thou ſweeter far
Than violets, or roſes are,
Or lilies of the valley!
O follow Love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to theſe arms, my dear,
And make me bleſt in Sally.

Winter.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauties have loſt;
When nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt;
While the peaſant inactive, ſtands ſhivering with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow,
And the innocent flocks run for eaſe to their fold,
With their fleeces beſprinkled with ſnow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And they ſend forth their breath like a ſteam;
And the neat looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Flakes of ice that ſhe finds in the cream:
When the ſweet country maiden, as freſh as a roſe,
As ſhe careleſly trips, often ſlides;
And the ruſtics laugh loud, if, by falling, ſhe ſhews
All the charms that her modeſty hides.

When the lads and the laſſes for company join'd,
In a croud round the embers do gaze;
Talk of faries and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghoſts, till they're all in amaze:
When the birds to the barn come hovering for food,
Or they ſilently ſit on the ſpray;
And the poor timid hare in vain ſeeks the wood,
Leſt her footſteps her courſe ſhould betray.

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon it may prove my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire!
Where in neatneſs and quiet and free from ſurprize,
We may live, and no hardſhips endure;
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other may cure.

The Witches' Song.

1 WITCH.

I HAVE been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, ſoone as ſhe turn'd her beak to the ſouth,
I ſnatch'd this morſell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares;
The ſpurging of a deadman's eyes:
And all ſince the evening ſtarre did riſe.

3 WITCH.

I laſt night lay all alone
On the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chooſing out this ſcull
From charnell houſes that were full;
From private grots, and publike pits;
And frighted a ſexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did crepe
By day; and, when the childe was a-ſleepe
At night, I ſuck'd the breath; and roſe,
And pluck'd the nodding nurſe by the noſe.

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow the wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The ſunne and the wind had ſhrunke his veines:
I bit off a ſinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danced i' the ayre.

8 WITCH.

The ſcrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe
I have been getting; and made of his ſkin
A purſe, to keep Sir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,
Night-ſhade, moone-wort, libbard's-bane;
And twiſe by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardener's bitch
Did ſnatch theſe bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the houſe againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I ſcratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batt's wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypreſſe boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The baſiliſke's bloud, and the viper's ſkin:
And now our orgies let's begin.

Ben. Johnſon.

Elver's Hoh.

Daniſh.—M. G. Lewis.

THE knight laid his head upon Elver's Hoh,
Soft ſlumbers his ſenſes b-guiling;
Fatigue preſs'd its ſeal on his eyelids, when lo!
Two maidens drew near to him, ſmiling;
The one ſhe kiſs'd ſoftly Sir Algamore's eyes;
The other ſhe whiſper'd him ſweetly,
——"Ariſe! thou gallant young warrior, ariſe,
"For the dance it goes gaily and featly!

"Ariſe, thou gallant young warrior, ariſe,
"And dance with us now and for ever!
"My damſels with muſic thine ear ſhall ſurpriſe,
"And ſweeter, a mortal heard never—"
Then ſtraight of young maidens appear'd a fair throng,
Who their voices in harmony raiſing,
The winds they were ſtill as the ſounds flew along,
By ſilence their melody praiſing.

The winds they were ſtill as the ſounds flew along,
The wolf howl'd no more from the mountains;
The rivers were mute upon hearing the ſong,
And calm'd the loud ruſh of their fountains:
They fiſh, as they ſwam in the waters ſo clear,
To the ſoft ſounds delighted attended,
And nightingales, charm'd the ſweet accents to hear,
Their notes with the melody blended.

——"Now hear me, thou gallant young warrior, now hear!
"If thou wilt partake of our pleaſure,
"We'll teach thee to draw the pale moon from her ſphere,
"We'll ſhow thee the ſorcerer's treaſure!
"We'll teach thee the Runic rhyme, teach thee to hold
"The wild bear in magical fetters,
"To charm the red dragon, who broods over gold,
"And tame him by myſtical letters."——

Now hither, now thither, then danced the gay band,
By witchcraft the hero ſurpriſing,
Who ever ſat ſilent, his ſword in his hand,
Their ſports and their pleaſures deſpiſing.
—"Now hear me, thou gallant young warrior, now hear!
"If ſtill thou diſdain'ſt what we proffer,
"With dagger and knife from thy breaſt will we tear
"Thine heart, which refuſes our offer!"—

Oh! glad was the knight when he heard the cock crow!
His enemies trembled, and left him:
Elſe muſt he have ſtayed upon Elver's Hoh,
And the witches of life had bereft him.
Beware then, ye warriors, returning by night
From court, dreſs'd in gold and in ſilver;
Beware how you ſlumber on Elver's rough height,
Beware of the witches of Elver!

[Numb. 91]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Penſive I thought on my Love.

WHILE penſive I thought on my love,
The moon on the mountain was bright;
And Philomel, down in the grove,
Broke, ſweetly, the ſilence of night.

Oh, I wiſh'd that the tear-drop would flow!
But I felt too much anguiſh to weep;
'Till worn with the weight of my woe,
I ſunk on my pillow to ſleep.

Methought that my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleneſs of death ſeem'd to ſay,
" Alas! we muſt never meet more!

" Yes, yes, my beloved! we muſt part;
" The ſteel of my rival was true;—
" The aſſaſſin has ſtruck on that heart,
" Which beats with ſuch fervour for you."

From Blue Beard.

My Journey was Love.

WHEN I was at home as the lark I was gay,
That warbled ſo ſprightly and briſk all the ſpring,
At ploughing or threſhing, I labour'd all day,
When driving my team how I'd whiſtle and ſing,
I'd whiſtle, whiſtle, whiſtle and ſing,
I'd whiſtle, whiſtle, whiſtle and ſing.

For Fan was my darling, a neat pretty maid,
But ſhe from our village inconſtant did rove,
So finding her gone and my hopes all betray'd,
I've come up to town, and my journey is love.
I'd whiſtle, whiſtle, &c.

Over head I was ſous'd in affection I vow,
Nor morn, noon, or night, cou'd a gay moment bring,
At threſhing or driving the team or the plough,
No more the blithe lay could I whiſtle and ſing.
I'd whiſtle, whiſtle, &c.

She was kind to me once, aye as kind as ſhe's fair,
In her ears love-lorn ditties I'd frequently ring,
Which ſhe would admire I vow and declare;
She was pleas'd with the note that I'd whiſtle and ſing.
I'd whiſtle, whiſtle, &c.

I never Lov'd any, Dear Mary, but you.

YOU tell me, dear girl, that I'm given to rove,
That I ſport with each laſs on the green,
That I join in the dance and ſing ſonnets of love,
And ſtill with the faireſt am ſeen.
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows ſo blithe and ſo merry;
With black, brown, and fair I have frolick'd 'tis true,
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

Tho' Phillis or Nancy are nam'd in my ſong,
My eyes will ſtill wander to you;
Not to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong,
To you and you only they're due.
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows ſo blithe and ſo merry;
My ſongs are of beauty and pleaſure 'tis true,
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

In thoſe eyes you may read a fond heart all your own,
But alas! 'tis the language of love;
My feelings you'd pity, that language once known,
Ah! learn it all doubts to remove.
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows ſo blithe and ſo merry;
You'll ne'er find a heart that's more fond or more true,
For I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

The Sailor's Wat'ry Grave.

WHILE o'er the raging, roaring ſeas
The ſailor's heart is ſore oppreſt;
While landſmen ſafe, in health and eaſe,
For wives and children we've no reſt;
To them, perhaps, ne'er ſhall return,
Our little ſavings cannot ſave;
But we are loſt, and they long mourn
The ſailor's cold, cold wat'ry grave!

Kind landſmen, oh! reflect awhile
The awful ſcenes that us befall;
On ſailor's orphans caſt a ſmile,
Poor hearts, ſhould they for pity call;
To them, perhaps, ne'er to return,
Our little ſavings cannot ſave;
But we are loſt, and they long mourn
The ſailor's cold, cold wat'ry grave.

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Dear Ally, I love thee.

DEAR Ally, I love thee, I hope there's no harm in that;
You are so witty, so pretty, so charming, that
When ever I see thee my heart it goes pitty pat;
And I grow lean and dry who once was sleek and fat.
Save me, dear Ally, save me, for I will hang myself if you won't have me.

I'm grown a mere sloven, who once was a flirting fop,
And my coal black hair, O! you'd take it for a dirty mop,
My face it is parched like an over done mutton chop,
Which won't of gravy afford you one single drop.
Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy, so thin and dry O! looks your poor Davie.

When first I was ask'd to take tea with my Ally dear,
I put on my Kerry-stone buckles and solitaire,
I sent for the barber, and cry'd shave me sir d'ye hear,
I'll give you six-pence to drink it in ale or beer.
Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me, and make me spruce and fine before you leave me.

Oh! then to the place of appointment I hurried me,
Where your bright eyes so surprisingly worried me,
From that very hour I thought of no other she,
And I most humbly do crave you my bride to be,
Crave you, crave you, oh! how I crave you, and I most humbly do crave you my bride to be.

Oh! then will you have me, you dear little knave, you,
I will your husband be and never leave you,
My sirname is Drupe and my christian name Davie,
And when we'er married we'll go to Glannavy.
Navy, Navy, go to Glannavy, who'll be so happy as Ally and Davie.

When in order drawn up.

WHEN in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his best,
If my soldier appears with more grace than the rest;
If his gaiters are jet, his accoutrements fine,
If his hair's tied up tight, and his arms brightly shine,
Let him turn, wheel, or face—march, kneel, stoop, or stand,
Anxious still to obey ev'ry word of command;
Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee,
'Tis not for the gen'ra', 'tis all to please me.

If with smoak and with dust cover'd over by turns,
To gain a sham height, or false bastion he burns;
If of danger in spight, and regardless of fear,
He rushes to fight when there's nobody near:
In short, let him turn, &c.

Dibdin.

Nobody.

IF to force me to sing, it be your intention,
Some one I will hint at, yet nobody mention,
Nobody you'll cry, pshaw, that must be stuff,
At singing, I'm nobody, that's the first proof.
No, nobody, no, nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
When something they ought to be 'sham'd of have done;
'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young beaux,
What they were intended for nobody knows.
No, nobody, &c.

If negligent servants should china-plate crack,
The fault is still laid on poor nobody's back;
If accidents happen at home or abroad,
When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd?
No, nobody, &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
When nobody's by, betwixt master and maid:
She gently crys out, Sir, there'll somebody hear us,
He softly replies, my dear, nobody's near us.
No, nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,
When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded;
And when she's examined, cries, mortals, forbid it,
If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.
No, nobody, &c.

When by stealth, the gallant, the wanton wife leaves,
The husband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves;
He rouses himself, and crys loudly Who's there?
The wife pats his cheek, and says, nobody, dear.
No, nobody, &c.

Enough now of nobody, sure has been sung,
Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wrong'd;
I hope for free speaking, I may not be blam'd,
Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd.
No, nobody, &c.

The Honest Fellow.

PHO! pox of this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
Their face and their air, and their mien—what a rout!
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.
Here's to thee, my lad, to thee my lad;
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?
Here's to thee, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;
Remember what topers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.
Here's to thee, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six:
The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul!
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
Here's to thee, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh.
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff,
May mirth and good fellowship always abound:
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.
Here's to thee, &c.

Every Man take his Glaſs.

EV'RY man take his glaſs in his hand,
And drink a good health to our king:
Many years may he rule o'er this land;
May his laurels for ever freſh ſpring,
Let wrangling and jangling ſtraightway ceaſe;
Let every man ſtrive for his country's peace;
Neither tory nor whig,
With their parties look big:
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

'Tis not owning a whimſical name
That proves a man loyal and juſt:
Let him fight for his country's fame;
Be impartial at home, if in truſt.
'Tis this that proves him an honeſt ſoul:
His health we'll drink in a brim-full bowl.
Than let's leave off debate,
No confuſion create;
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

When a company's honeſtly met,
With intent to be merry and gay,
Their drooping ſpirits to whet,
And drown the fatigues of the day—
What madneſs is it thus to diſpute,
When neither ſide can his man confute?
When you've ſaid what you dare,
You're but juſt where you were.
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name;
Let your enemies trembling ſee
That a Briton is always the ſame,
For our king, our laws, our church, our right,
Let's lay by all feuds, and ſtraight unite:
Then who need care a fig
Who's a tory or whig?
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

When Morn her Sweets.

WHEN morn her ſweets ſhall firſt unfold,
And paint the fleecy clouds with gold,
On tuffted green O let me play,
And welcome up the jocund day.
Wak'd by the gentle voice of love,
Ariſe, my fair, ariſe and prove
The dear delights fond lovers know,
The beſt of bleſſings here below.

To ſome clear river's verdant ſide,
Do thou my happy footſteps guide;
In concert with the purling ſtream,
We'll ſing, and love ſhall be the theme:
Ere night aſſumes her gloomy reign,
When ſhadows lengthen o'er the plain;
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleaſure wait us there.

The laughing God there keeps his court,
And little loves inceſſant ſport;
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the ſeat.
There loſt in extaſies of joy,
While tendereſt ſcenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bleſs the hour our loves begun,
The happy moment made us one.

Why Hangs that Cloud.

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
That beauteous heaven e'er while ſerene,
Whence do theſe ſtorms and tempeſts flow,
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean:
And muſt then mankind loſe that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And lie obſcur'd in endleſs night,
For each poor ſilly ſpeech of mine.

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledged at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends;
Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t' enſnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure!
Or who muſt not reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But e'en itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

When up to London.

WHEN up to London firſt I came,
An aukward country booby,
I gap'd, and ſtar'd, and did the ſame
As ev'ry other looby.
With countenance demurely ſet,
I doff'd my hat to all I met,
With, Zir, your humble ſervant.

Alas! too ſoon I got a wife;
And, proud of ſuch a bleſſing,
The joy and buſineſs of my life
Was kiſſing and careſſing;
'Twas "Charmer! Sweeting! Duck and Dove!"
And I, o'er head and ears in love,
Was Cupid's humble ſervant.

She's gone, poor girl; and in my cot,
With friend and bottle ſmiling,
I'd envy not a higher lot,
The tedious hours beguiling.
If Care peeps in, I'm buſy then;
I nod, deſire he'll call again,
And am his humble ſervant.

Since life's a jeſt, as wiſe ones ſay,
'Tis beſt employ'd in laughing;
And, come what frowning cares there may,
My antidote is quaffing.
I'm ever jovial, gay, and free;
For this is my philoſophy;
And ſo, your humble ſervant.

Lord William.

NO eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the ſtream;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning ſcream.

Submiſſive all the vaſſals own'd
The murderer for their Lord;
And he, the rightful heir, poſſeſs'd
The houſe of Erlingford.

The ancient houſe of Erlingford
Stood midſt a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on ſcenes ſo fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's ſtream;
In every wind that ſwept its waves
He heard young Edmund's ſcream.

In vain at midnight's ſilent hour
Sleep cloſed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer ſaw
Young Edmund's form ariſe.

In vain, by reſtleſs conſcience driven,
Lord William left his home,
Far from the ſcenes that ſaw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly deſpair;
He ſought his home again, but peace
Was ſtill a ſtranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet ſwift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd that ſhook
With terror William's ſoul.

A day that William never felt
Return without diſmay,
For well had conſcience kalendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
Fell faſt, with tempeſt roar,
And the ſwoln tide of Severn ſpread
Far on the level ſhore.

In vain Lord William ſought the feaſt,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And ſtrove with noiſy mirth to drown
The anguiſh of his ſoul.

The tempeſt as its ſudden ſwell
In guſty howlings came,
With cold and death like feelings ſeem'd
To thrill his ſhuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he preſs'd;
And, wearied out, he ſunk to ſleep,
To ſleep, but not to reſt.

Beſide that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, ſeem'd to ſtand,
Such and ſo pale as when in death
He graſp'd his brother's hand:

Such and ſo pale his face as when,
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan ſon.

—"I bade thee, with a father's love,
"My orphan Edmund guard;
"Well, William, haſt thou kept thy charge!
"Now take thy due reward."—

He ſtarted up, each limb convulſed
With agonizing fear;
He only heard the ſtorm of night—
'Twas muſic to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmoſt ſoul appals,
—"What ho! Lord William, riſe in haſte!
"The water ſaps thy walls!"—

He roſe in haſte: beneath the walls
He ſaw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard the ſhout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And, eager to the welcome aid,
They crowd for ſafety all.

—"My boat is ſmall," the boatman cried,
"This dangerous haſte forbear!
"Wait other aid; this little bark
"But one from hence can bear."—

Lord William leap'd into the boat,
—"Haſte—haſte to yonder ſhore!
"And ample wealth ſhall well reward,
"Ply ſwift and ſtrong the oar."—

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the ſtream;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning ſcream.

The boatman paus'd,—"methought I heard
"A child's diſtreſsful cry!"—
—"'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
Lord William made reply.

"Haſte, haſte—ply ſwift and ſtrong the oar!
"Haſte—haſte acroſs the ſtream!"—
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning ſcream.

—"I heard a child's diſtreſsful ſcream,"—
The boatman cried again.
—"Nay, haſten on—the night is dark—
"And we ſhould ſearch in vain."—

—"Oh God! Lord William doſt thou know
"How dreadful 'tis to die?
"And can'ſt thou without pity hear
"A child's expiring cry?

"How horrible it is to ſink
"Beneath the chilly ſtream,
"To ſtretch the powerleſs arms in vain,
"In vain for help to ſcream?"—

The ſhriek again was heard. It came
More deep, more piercing loud;
That inſtant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud.

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he ſtood,
A little crag, and all around
Was ſpread the riſing flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his reſting place,
The moon-beam ſhone upon the child
And ſhow'd how pale his face.

—"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cried,
"Lord William reach and ſave!"—
The child ſtretch'd forth his little hands,
To graſp the hand he gave.

Then William ſhriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp, and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms,
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat ſunk down, the murderer ſunk
Beneath the avenging ſtream;
He roſe, he ſcream'd!—no human ear
Heard William's drowning ſcream.

Robert Southey.

[Numb. 92]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Will you come to the Bower.

WILL you come to the bow'r, I have ſhaded for you,
Our bed ſhall be roſes all ſpangled with dew,
Will you come the bow'r, I have ſhaded for you,
Our bed ſhall be roſes all ſpangled with dew.
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bow'r?
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bow'r?

There under the bow'r, on roſes you'll lie,
With a bluſh on your cheek, but a ſmile in your eye,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Smile my beloved.

But the roſes we preſs ſhall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be ſo ſweet, as the kiſſes we'll ſip,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Kiſs me my love.

And oh! for the joys that are ſweeter than dew,
From languiſhing roſes, or kiſſes from you,
Will you, will you, will you, will you.
Wont you, my love,

Captain Megan.

THE face of bold Captain Megan,
Was as broad as a big frying pan;
Juſt over his ſnout
One eye was ſnuff'd out,
But the other burnt bright upon Nan,
Sweet Nan,
Oh, it bother'd the heart of poor Nan.

I'm no beauty, ſigh'd Captain Megan,
But 'tis manners alone make the man,
And tho' my long noſe
Should hang over my toes,
Wou'd you like me the worſe for it, Nan?
Sweet Nan?
Wou'd you, &c.

Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan,
His ſkin was the colour of tan;
But the Captain ſhe ſaw
Had a JE NE SE QUOI,
So the Captain he conquer'd ſweet Nan,
Sweet Nan!
Oh, long life to brave Captain Megan!

The Health-giving Chaſe.

WHEN Aurora is up, the ſweet goddeſs of day,
And Apollo from Thetis's breaſt,
The fleet-footed hare ſteals ſwiftly away,
And the ſweet-ſhrilling lark leaves her neſt.

Chorus.

Then ariſe, my brave boys, to the health-giving chaſe,
And hail the gay nymph of the morn;
No care in your breaſt ſhall ever take place,
While you follow the ſound of the horn.

Sure no ſport on earth ſuch a pleaſure can yield,
No joy to the chaſe can compare;
What proſpect ſo bright as to view the gay field,
Or taſte of the ſweet morning air.

We thus ſpend our lives in a round of delight,
While rapture beams bright in each eye;
Our fav'rites we toaſt with bumpers at night,
And thus fickle fortune defy.

Chorus.

Then ariſe, my brave boys, to the health-giving chaſe,
And hail the gay nymph of the morn;
No care in your breaſt ſhall ever take place,
While you follow the ſound of the horn.

Moſs Roſes to Sell.

IT was Ireland, ſweet place, where my daddy was living,
When firſt I was born upon Liffey's green banks,
Where content we enjoy'd all that heaven was giving,
And return'd to the prieſt of the pariſh our thanks.
O 'twas there too I firſt met with Teddy, my Jewel,
Who took me from home, tho' I lov'd him ſo well;
And now, without pity, falſe hearted and cruel,
He's left me to mourn while moſs roſes I ſell.

I was ſweet ſeventeen, not a month or two older,
When Teddy firſt gave me the half of his heart:
But he ſoon took it back, and then went for a ſoldier,
No man, but a brute, could have done ſuch a part.
Ye laſſes of Ireland, take this for a warning,
Believe not the ſtories your ſweethearts may tell;
For if parents and home you for love ſhould be ſcorning,
Like me, you'll be crying moſs roſes to ſell.

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The Map of Europe.

ON the whole face of Europe, in peace or in war,
While the pond'rous globe is in motion there,
Shew me two ſuch friends as John Bull and Jack Tar,
On that ſnug little ſpot in the ocean there.
John in his ſlippers looks over the map;
Jack puts to ſea in his foul weather cap,
And ſome foreign mazard is ſure of a rap,
For the honour of this little Iſland.

John Bull, tho' good natured, is oft in a rage,
With the ſwaggering blades of the continent;
Jack only waits the cue to engage,
And he handles the roe to their heart's content;
John in his parlour begins the rout,
Jack on the forecaſtle knocks it about;
And whate'er's the quarrel, he fights it out,
For the honour of this little Iſland.

The ocean at large is John Bull's eſtate,
The map of the world is the plan of it;
Jack Tar is his ranger, and keeps the gate,
And diſpute the poſſeſſion who can of it,
John to the northward two preachers found;
Jack in a twinkling paſt the Sound;
And he taught them good manners on Daniſh ground,
For the honour of this little Iſland.

When Johnny has got no more battles to fight,
And mayhap he may ſoon have the boaſt of it;
Jack Tar ſteers home to the port of delight,
And each in his way makes the moſt of it.
John takes a nap o'er his pipe and his pot;
Jack turns into his Sufan's cot;
But pipe all hands, and he's off like a ſhot,
For the honour of this little Iſland.

The Pretty Girl I Love.

JACK Oakum was a gallant tar,
And doated on his lovely Poll,
Whoſe charms were like the morning-ſtar,
And radiant as the beams of Sol:
To live and to each other true,
They ſwore by every ſaint above;
And Jack, wherever ſailing to,
Gave—" Here's the pretty girl I love!"

It chanced once they made a port,
Where beauty held its magic reign,
And each bold tar in am'rous ſport,
Forgot the perils of the main.
Round went the glaſs, the jeſt and whim,
The ſong and toaſt at ev'ry move;
Yet Jack, whene'er they call'd on him,
Gave—" Here's the pretty girl I love!"

Thus faithful Jack, in every clime,
True to his girl, dwelt on her charms;
And ſoon arrived the happy time,
When each were lock'd in t'other's arms:
Safe they made the nuptial coaſt,
And Jack once more his love to prove,
When aſked by friendſhip for his toaſt,
Gave—" Here's the pretty girl I love!"

Old Chairs to Mend.

MANKIND are ſtill mending, if fame tells us true,
But like tinkers, in mending one fracture make two;
Of mending their neighbours like blockheaded elves
They talk, without thinking of mending themſelves;
But I care not a ruſh for mankind or their cares,
But get a good living by mending old chairs.
Old chairs to mend, &c.

A wife I have got, and we quarrel of courſe,
But what if we do, don't our betters do worſe?
And then when we quarrel our paſſions to cure
We do—what d'ye think, make it up to be ſure!
And as pleaſure's exceſs is the parent of pain,
To make us more happy we quarrel again.
Old chairs to mend, &c.

Says our Doctor to me, why we're both of one trade,
Since we both of us mend conſtitutions decay'd;
But ſays I if I mended no oftner than you,
Lord help the poor people! for what would they do?
For you and the Sexton ſo manage your jokes;
That you'll find in the pariſh there's more chairs than folks.
Old chairs to mend, &c.

Every Man his Hobby.

THAT money makes the mare go,
A proverb is of old,
And true as all mankind doth ſhew,
And women too we're told;
For each their fav'rite hobby rides,
As dup'd by fancy's ſway,
It matters not what elſe beſides,
If faſhion leads the way.

The wealthy cit grown free from care,
Enjoys his country ſeat,
And breathes the pureneſs of the air,
Three miles from Lead'nhall-ſtreet;
Then view him on a Sunday gay,
With ſpouſe and maſter Bobby,
In one horſe chair jig jole away,
And this, ſirs, is his hobby.

The lawyer too has his, d'ye ſee,
Which here I will deſcribe,
It is, as oftentimes we find,
The purſe which does him bribe;
But view him when a cauſe is loſt,
And mark me, gentle ſirs,
His hobby cannot trot ſo faſt,
Becauſe he has no ſpurs.

The modern beau, which now-a-days
Is nothing but a crop,
And every dupe to fancy's praiſe,
From bottom, ſir, to top;
But that's his hobby as we find,
And pray let him enjoy it,
Since faſhion varies as the wind,
Time only can deſtroy it.

The grateful hobby let me ride,
And be to all ſubſervient,
For gratitude's the nobleſt pride—
Then view your humble ſervant;
He mounts him with a hearty glee,
If your kind ſmiles attend,
He's gain'd the journey, in which he
Hopes he has pleas'd each friend.

John Gilpin's Journey to Edmonton.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's ſpouſe ſaid to her dear,
'Though wedded we have been
'Theſe twice ten tedious years, yet we
'No holiday have ſeen.

'To-morrow is our wedding day,
'And we will then repair
'Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
'All in a chaiſe and pair.

'My ſiſter and my ſiſter's child,
'Myſelf and children three,
'Will fill the chaiſe—ſo you muſt ride
'On horſeback after we.'

He ſoon reply'd—'I do admire
'Of womankind but one;
'And you are ſhe, my deareſt dear,
'Therefore it ſhall be done.

'I am a linen-draper bold,
'As all the world does know;
'And my good friend, the calender,
'Will lend his horſe to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—'That's well ſaid;
'And, for that wine is dear,
'We will be furniſh'd with our own,
'Which is ſo bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kiſs'd his loving wife:
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That though on pleaſure ſhe was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaiſe was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, leſt all
Should ſay that ſhe was proud.

So three doors off the chaiſe was ſtaid,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious ſouls; and all agog
To daſh through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks ſo glad;
The ſtones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapſide were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horſe's ſide,
Seiz'd faſt the flowing mane,
And up he got in haſte to ride,
But ſoon came down again.

For ſaddle-tree ſcarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round about his face,
Three cuſtomers came in.

So down he came; for loſs of time,
Although it grieved him ſore,
Yet loſs of pence, full well he knew,
Wou'd grieve him ſtill much more.

'Twas long before the cuſtomers
Were ſuited to their mind,
When Betty ſcream'd into his ears—
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he, 'yet bring it me,
'My leathern belt likewiſe,
'In which I bear my truſty ſword
'When I do exerciſe.'

Now Mrs. Gilpin,—careful ſoul!—
Had two ſtone bottles found,
To hold the liquor which ſhe lov'd,
And keep it ſafe and ſound.

Each bottle had two curling ears,
Through which the belt he drew;
He hung one bottle on each ſide,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak well bruſh'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now ſee him mounted once again
Upon his nimble ſteed,
Full ſlowly pacing o'er the ſtones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding ſoon a ſmoother road
Beneath his well-ſhod feet,
The ſnorting beaſt began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his ſeat.

'So, fair and ſoftly,' John did cry,
But John he cry'd in vain;
That trot became a gallop ſoon
In ſpite of curb or rein.

So ſtooping down, as he needs muſt
Who cannot ſit upright,
He graſp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he ſet out,
Of running ſuch a rig.

The horſe, who never had before
Been handled in this kind,
Affrighted fled; and, as he flew,
Left all the world behind.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like ſtreamer long and gay;
Till loop and button failing both,
At laſt it flew away.

Then might all people well diſcern
The bottles he had ſlung;
A bottle ſwinging at each ſide,
As has been ſaid or ſung.

The dogs did bark, the children ſcream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry ſoul cry'd out, 'Well done!'
As loud as they could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he!
His fame ſoon ſpread around—
'He carries weight!—he rides a race!—
''Tis for a thouſand pound!'

And ſtill, as faſt as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How, in a trice, the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back,
Were ſhatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Moſt piteous to be ſeen,
And made his horſe's flanks to ſmoke,
As he had baſted been.

But ſtill he ſeem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For ſtill the bottle necks were left
Both dangling at his waiſt.

Thus, all through merry Iſlington,
Theſe gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Waſh
Of Edmonton ſo gay.

And there he threw the waſh about
On both ſides of the way;
Juſt like unto a trundling-mop,
Or a wild-gooſe at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife,
From the balcony ſpied
Her tender huſband, wond'ring much
To ſee how he did ride.

'Stop, ſtop, John Gilpin! here's the houſe!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired!'—
Said Gilpin, 'ſo am I!'

But, ah! his horſe was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a houſe
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow ſwift he flew,
Shot by an archer ſtrong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my ſong.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And ſore againſt his will,
Till at his friend's, the calender's,
His horſe at laſt ſtood ſtill.

The calender, ſurpriz'd to ſee
His friend in ſuch a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accoſted him—

'What news? what news?—the tidings tell;
'Make haſte and tell me all!
'Say, why bare-headed you are come,
'Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleaſant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus, unto the calender,
In merry ſtrains he ſpoke—

'I came becauſe your horſe would come;
'And, if I well forbode,
'My hat and wig will ſoon be here;
'They are upon the road.'

The calender right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a ſingle word,
But to the houſe went in:

Whence ſtraight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that droop'd behind,
A hat not much the worſe for wear:
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up; and, in his turn
Thus ſhew'd his ready wit—
'My head is twice as big as your's,
'They therefore needs muſt fit.

'But let me ſcrape the dirt away,
'That hangs about your face;
'And ſtop and eat—for well you may
'Be in a hungry caſe!'

Said John—'It is my wedding-day,
'And folks would gape and ſtare,
'If wife ſhould dine at Edmonton,
'And I ſhould dine at Ware.'

Then ſpeaking to his horſe, he ſaid,
'I am in haſte to dine:
'Twas for your pleaſure you came here,
'You ſhall go back for mine.'

Ah! luckleſs word and bootleſs boaſt,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he ſpoke, a braying aſs
Did ſing moſt loud and clear:

Whereat his horſe did ſnort, as if
He heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off, with all his might
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin—and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He loſt them ſooner than at firſt:
For why?—they were too big.

Now Gilpin's wife, when ſhe had ſeen
Her huſband poſting down,
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth ſhe ſaid
That drove them to the Bell,
'This ſhall be your's, when you bring back
'My huſband ſafe and well.'

The youth did ride and ſoon they met;
He try'd to ſtop John's horſe,
By ſeizing faſt the flowing rein,
But only made things worſe.

For, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
He thereby frighted Gilpin's horſe,
And made him faſter run.

Away went Gilpin—and away
Went poſt-boy at his heels;
The poſt-boy's horſe right glad to miſs
The lumber of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus ſeeing Gilpin fly,
With poſt-boy ſcamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue-and-cry.

'Stop thief!—ſtop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
So they and all that paſs that way
Soon join'd in the purſuit.

But all the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in ſhort ſpace;
The men ſtill thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race:

And ſo he did and won it too,
For he got firſt to town:
Nor ſtopp'd till where he firſt got up
He did again get down.

Now let us ſing—'Long live the king;
'And Gilpin, long live he;
'And when he next does ride abroad,
'May I be there to ſee!'

Cowper.

[Numb. 93]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c ——To which will be added, a complete Index.

Fresh and Strong.

FRESH and strong the breeze is blowing,
As yon ship at anchor rides,
Sullen waves incessant flowing
Rudely dash against its sides;
So my heart its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast,
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,
Rise, and still deny it rest.

Come then, lover, friend, protect me,
By thy kindness dry my tears;
Ah! support me, guide, direct me,
Hush my doubts and lull my fears:
So my heart with pleasure glowing,
Down life's stream shall smoothly glide,
As yon tall bark with streamers flowing,
Spreads its sails and cleaves the tide.

When Kind Friends, &c.

WHEN kind friends expect a song,
Something new and striking;
Surely he can ne'er be wrong,
Who gives each his liking.

Patriots like to get a place,
The courtiers theirs to keep;
Country 'squires to drink and chase,
And cits to eat and sleep.

Parsons like a bishoprick,
Gamblers like to bubble;
Doctors like to see friends sick,
Lawyers theirs in trouble.

Soldiers like both peace and pay,
When fighting is no more;
Sailors like a road to stray,
For gold to wash ashore.

Ruddy bullies like to bluster,
Pale beaux to seem polite;
Train-band captains like a muster,
But neither like to fight.

Ladies like—a thousand things,
But yet it were not well;
He who for his pleasure sings,
Should all their likings tell.

You bid my Fair Conceal, &c.

YOU bid my fair conceal my love,
Ah, think, ah think how hard the task,
Think of the mighty pains I prove,
Think of the mighty pains I prove,
Ah! think of what you ask,
Ah! think of what you ask, you ask, &c.

Go bid the favour'd wretch forbear,
Midst burning, midst burning to complain,
Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are,
Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are,
Forget their galling chain, their chain,
Forget their galling chain, their chain, &c.

Shou'd they obey, still greater far,
The torments, the torments which I feel,
Love's fires than fevers fiercer are,
Love's fires than fevers fiercer are,
Love pierces more than steel, than steel,
Love pierces more than steel, &c.

Pain but the body can controul,
The thoughts, the thoughts no cords can bind,
Love is a fever of the soul,
Love is a fever of the soul,
A chain that holds the mind, the mind,
A chain that holds the mind, the mind, &c.

A Soldier for me.

FROM my cradle a soldier was all my delight,
His sash was so gay, and his gorget so bright;
Then the charming red coat, and more charming cockade,
Cou'd ne'er be resisted by widow or maid.
A soldier so noble, so gallant and gay,
That a soldier will always the bell bear away.

'Twas his dress, 'twas his air, 'twas his beauty alone
That won my fond heart, and first made me his own;
But those charms which first caught me now vanish in air,
For his valour, and worth, and his heart he is dear.
A Soldier so noble, &c.

Ye fair British maids, your protectors reward,
Who leave softer pleasures your safety to guard;
No cruelty here let your heroes e'er mourn,
Let the sunshine of smiles gild the soldier's return!
A Soldier so noble, &c.

PUBLISHED at N°. IO, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

The Beauteous Louiſa.

SEE the park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's begun
And right-honor'd knaves talk of conqueſts they've won;
But view yon pale damſel, and mark her ſad air,
'Tis the beauteous Louiſa, once virtuous as fair;
Nor ſpurn her, ye virgins, who ſhone like a ſun,
Ere the beauteous Louiſa by man was undone.

A titled deſpoiler this peerleſs maid found,
And with ſpecious pretences her innocence drown'd;
But having grown weary and cloy'd of her charms,
The titled ſeducer expell'd her his arms:
E'en the conqueſt hard won he inſults with his breath,
Though the beauteous Louiſa is pining to death.

Though numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,
The penitent victim againſt them is ſtrove;
Betray'd and abus'd by the man ſhe ador'd,
She now only wiſhes her honor reſtor'd:
But, alaſs! hapleſs fair one, thy wiſhes are vain!
And the heart-broke Louiſa is left to complain.

But chance, when the ſpoiler ſhall hear ſhe's no more,
The fate of Louiſa e'en he may deplore;
The breaſt that could ſpurn her may then heave a ſigh,
And wiſh the fair bloſſom ſtill on it might lie;
But, ah! then how fruitleſs his love-proffer'd terms,
When the beauteous Louiſa's a prey to the worms!

A New Hunting Song.

AURORA, now ſummon the lads of the courſe,
Ye hunters from ſlumb'ring ariſe;
Behold how the ſun in full ſplendor beams forth,
How ruddy and bright ſeem the ſkies!
Then mount your fleet ſteed—to the meadows repair,
No pleaſure ſurpaſſes the ſight of the hare.

The ſluggard that dozes his life-time away,
And cenſures the joys we partake;
May ſtrut for a while in the ſun-ſhine of day,
But we deem his bliſs—a miſtake!
As we bound o'er the heath, blooming health marks the face,
And the horn's mellow notes but enliven the chaſe.

The fopling may boaſt of his beauty and eaſe,
And play with his miſtreſſe's fan;
Let him look in his glaſs—the reflection may pleaſe,
Tho' he's more an ape than a man!
Unkennel the hounds, to the meadows repair,
And let us, enraptur'd, give chaſe to the hare.

Through life we ſome kind of paſtime purſue,
The ſtateſman will dwell on the laws;
The critic will tell you what learning can do,
While the lawyer will gain a bad cauſe.
But we more exalted, breathe joy in the vale,
And taſte true delight in a jug of mild ale!

Diana commands, now ye ſportſmen ariſe,
The huntſmen the ſummons proclaim;
Away to the woods, where the fox cloſely lies,
The ſcent is now freſh on the plain.
Since the ſun gilds the eaſt, and the morning is bright,
Let the ſports of the day crown with rapture the night.

Dick Dock.

DICK DOCK, a tar, at Greenwich moor'd,
One day had got his beer on board,
When he a poor maim'd penſioner from Chelſea ſaw;
And for to have his jeer and flout,
For the grog once in the wit's ſoon out,
Cries, how good maſter lobſter, did you loſe your claw?
Was't one night in a drunken fray,
Or t'other when you ran away?
But hold you Dick, the poor ſot has one foot in the grave
For ſlander's wind too faſt you fly,
Do you think it fun, you ſwab, you lie,
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave,

Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

Old Hannibal in words as groſs,
For he like Dick had got his doſe,
So to have his bout at grumbling took a ſpell—
If I'm a lobſter, maſter crab,
By the information on your nab,
In ſome ſkirmiſh or other they have crack'd your ſhell;
And then how you hobbling go
On that jury maſt, your timber toe,
A nice one to find fault with one foot in the grave.
But halt! old Hannibal, halt! halt! halt!
Diſtreſs was never yet a fault,
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave,

Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

If Hannibal's your name, do you ſee,
As ſure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out I ow'd my life to you,
Spilt from my hawſe, once when it was dark,
And nearly ſwallowed by a ſhark,
Who boldly plung'd in, ſav'd me, and pleas'd all the crew,
If that's the caſe then ceaſe our jeers,
When boarded by the ſame Monſieurs,
You a true Engliſh lion ſnatch'd me from the grave;
Crying, cowards, do the man no harm,
Damn me, don't you ſee he has loſt his arm,
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave.

Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

Let's broach a can before we part,
A friendly one with all my heart,
And as we puſh the grog about we'll cheerly ſing,
On land and ſea may Briton's fight,
The worlds example and delight,
And conquer ev'ry enemy of George our king.
'Tis he who proves the hero's friend,
His bounty waits us to our end,
Tho' crippled and laid up with one foot in the grave.
Then tars and ſoldiers never fear,
You ſhall not want compaſſion's tear,
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave.

Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

When in War on the Ocean.

WHEN in war on the ocean, we meet the proud foe,
Tho' with ardour for conqueſt our boſoms may glow;
Let us ſee on their veſſels old England's flag wave,
They ſhall find Britiſh ſailors but conquer to ſave.

See their tri-colour'd enſigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each Britiſh tar;
While the genius of Briton ſtill bids us advance,
Our guns hurl in thunders defiance to France.

But mark the laſt broadſide;—ſhe ſinks, down ſhe goes;
Quickly man all your boats, they no longer are foes;
To ſnatch a brave fellow from a wat'ry grave,
Is worthy of Britons—who conquer to ſave.

Happy land! thou haſt now in defence of thy rights,
Brave Nelſon, who the man and the hero unites;
The friend to the wretched: the boaſt of the brave;
He lives but to conquer, and conquers to ſave.

The Laſt Shilling.

AS penſive one night in my garret I ſat,
My laſt ſhilling produced on the table;
That advent'rer cried I might a hiſt'ry relate,
If to think and to ſpeak it were able,
If to think, &c.

Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak,
The face ſeem'd with life to be filling,
And cried, inſtantly ſpeaking, or ſeeming to ſpeak,
Pay attention to me thy laſt ſhilling,
Pay attention, &c.

I was once the laſt coin of the law, a ſad limb,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to faulter,
'Till at length brought to juſtice, the law cheated him
And he paid me to buy him a halter,
And he paid me, &c.

A Jack Tar all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleaſure ſo hearty and willing,
Though hungry himſelf, to a poor diſtreſs'd friend,
Wiſh'd it hundreds, and gave his laſt ſhilling,
Wiſh'd it hundreds, &c.

'Twas the wife of his meſs-mate, whoſe gliſtening eye,
With pleaſure ran o'er as ſhe view'd me;
She chang'd me for bread, as her child ſhe heard cry,
And at parting with tears ſhe bedew'd me,
And at parting, &c.

But I've other ſcenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling,
Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,
Have ſpurn'd me, their beſt friend and laſt ſhilling,
Have ſpurn'd me, &c.

Thou thyſelf haſt been thoughtleſs, for profligates bail,
But to morrow all care ſhalt thou bury,
When my little hiſtory thou offereſt for ſale,
In the interim, ſpend me, and be merry!
In the interim, &c.

Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my Mentor, my muſe,
And grateful thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart—thus men counſel refuſe,
'Till the lecture comes from the laſt ſhilling,
'Till the lecture, &c.

Dibdin.

The Spectre.

COSMELLIA the fair,
Of the virtues the care,
Loved a youth, who her paſſion return'd;
But his country's wrongs call'd him forth to the field,
He ſwore he'd her portrait with life only yield,
And the oath on her lips with fervency ſeal'd;
As with love and with glory he burn'd.

And I, cried the dame,
If I fully my fame,
Or of love liſt to any advance;
Or ere to another my tender love plight,
Of my infamous nuptials oh may the vile night,
Be deſpair and fell horror inſtead of delight;
Worſe than damſel ere knew in romance.

When the cock crows away,
And the morning looks grey,
May thy ſpectre come on thy white ſteed;
Surrounded by fairy, hobgoblin and ſprite,
That to ſcare and to terrify, torment and fright,
And to torture falſe lovers take horrid delight,
Tear my form to requite the vile deed.

Her love rode away,
Oh ominous day,
As ſhe bade him ten thouſand adieus;
The Curfew and the bittern with diſconnance fell,
Through cranny and cavern and hollow and cell,
From the ſhore to the church yard re-echoed the yell;
Of the ſcreech owl that ſcreamed in the yews.

A Baron of land
Who had long ſought her hand,
To trouble her peace, fortune ſent;
Her father ſhe feared, as the eagle, the dove,
He ſwore no entreaties his purpoſe ſhould move,
Oh pity the conflict, twixt duty and love,
She wept and ſhe gave her conſent.

Now the fatal night came,
Oh pity the dame,
She ſhrieked and lamented aloud;
And now by her ſide, as her proud huſband ſlept,
With horror and loathing at a diſtance ſhe crept,
And ſhe moaned and ſhe cried and wail'd and ſhe wept,
And ſhe wiſhed herſelf laid in her ſhroud.

The cock crew away,
The morning was grey,
She uttered a horrible ſcream;
And flew to the window where on his white ſteed,
No goblin, nor ghoſt, but her lover indeed,
Sat prepared his dear bride to the alter to lead;
Oh heaven, cried ſhe 'twas a dream!

The Bride maids ſo gay,
Now to church lead the way,
And now with you the moral pray take;
All your vows oh ye maidens religiouſly keep,
Nor heed how ye moan, and ye wail, and ye weep,
For injuries and wrongs done to lovers aſleep,
So you're conſtant and true when awake.

The Deſcent of Odin.

UPROSE the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtraight his coal-black ſteed:
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode. *
Him the Dog of Darkneſs ſpied;
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd:
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The Father of the powerful ſpell.
Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of Hell ariſe.

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile, he ſate;
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, preſume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mouldering bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me ſleep again.
Who is he, with voice unbleſs'd,
Calls me from the bed of reſt?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is ſpread,
Dreſs'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet ſee
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips uncloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Propheteſs, ariſe, and ſay,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom;
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Propheteſs, my ſpell obey,
Once again ariſe, and ſay,
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the weſt,
By Odin's fierce embrace compreſs'd,
A wond'rous boy ſhall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven-hair,
Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe,
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,
What Virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe:
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightieſt of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding Maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor Propheteſs of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall enquirer come
To break my iron ſleep again:
Till Lok * has burſt his ten-fold chain;
Never, till ſubſtantial Night
Has reaſſumed her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* *Niſlheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it preſided Hela, the Goddeſs of Death.

* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he ſhall break his bonds; the human race, the ſtars and ſun, ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink in the ſeas, and fire conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf, and his kindred deities, ſhall periſh. For a further explanation of this mythology, ſee "Introduction à l'Hiſtoire de Dannemarc, par M. Mallet," 1755, quarto; or rather a tranſlation of it publiſhed in 1770, and entitled; "Northern Antiquities;" in which ſome miſtakes in the original are judiciouſly corrected.

[Numb. 94]

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Moorings.

I'VE heard, cried a friend, that you tars tack and tack,
And at ſea what danger befel you,
But I don't know what's moorings. What don't you! cries Jack;
Man your ear-tackle, then, and I'll tell you.
Suppoſe you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,
And, in ſpite of her tears and implorings,
Some ſcoundrel abus'd her, and you knock'd him down,
Why, d'ye ſee, he'd be ſafe at his moorings.

In life's voyage ſhould you truſt a falſe friend with the helm,
The top-lifts of his heart all akimbo,
A tempeſt of treach'ry your bark will o'erwhelm,
And your moorings will ſoon be in limbo:
But, if his heart's timbers bear up againſt pelf,
And he's juſt in his reck'nings and ſcoreings,
He'll for you keep a look-out the ſame as himſelf,
And you'll find in his friendſhip ſafe moorings.

If wedlock's your port, and your mate true and kind,
In all weathers will ſtick to her duty,
A calm of contentment ſhall beam in your mind,
Safe moor'd in the haven of beauty:
But if ſome friſky ſkiff, crank at every joint,
That liſtens to vows and adorings,
Shape your courſe how you will, ſtill you'll make cuckold's point,
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

A glutton's ſafe moor'd, head and ſtern by the gout;
A drunkard's moor'd under the table;
In ſtraws drowning men will hope's anchor find out,
While a hair's a philoſopher's cable:
Thus mankind are a ſhip, life a boiſterous main,
Of fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
Where for one calm of pleaſure we've ten ſtorms of pain,
Till death brings us all to our moorings.

Dibdin.

The Orphan Boy.

I'M a poor hapleſs youth near a diſtant town bred,
And my friends I have loſt and my parents are dead,
So hither I came your protection to gain,
O don't let me aſk that protection in vain.

How kind was my father, my mother how good,
How neat our ſmall cottage, cloſe under the wood,
But now all are loſt, your protection I'd gain,
O don't let me aſk that protection in vain.

To vice and to folly I yet am unknown,
And nature has mark'd me a child of her own,
How happy ſhould I your protection but gain,
O don't let me aſk that protection in vain.

Since virtue and pity plead loudly my cauſe,
In each gentle breaſt let me hope for applauſe,
Moſt grateful I'll be if this boon I obtain,
Then don't let me aſk for protection in vain.

The Roſe.

THE roſe had been waſh'd—juſt waſh'd in a ſhower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſture incumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head:

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it ſeem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds, it had left with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a noſegay, ſo dripping and drown'd,
And ſwinging it rudely—too rudely, alas!
I ſnapp'd it—it fell to the ground:

"And ſuch," I exclaim'd, "is the pitileſs part,
"Some act by the delicate mind,
"Regardleſs of wringing and breaking a heart
"Already to ſorrow reſign'd.

"This elegant roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
"Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile,
"And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
"May be follow'd perhaps by a ſmile."

Cowper.

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Nancy.

MAYHAP you have heard that as dear as their lives,
All true-hearted tars love their ſhips and their wives,
To their duty like pitch ſticking cloſe till they die,
And whoever wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for why,
One thro' dangers and ſtorms brings me ſafely aſhore,
T'other welcomes me home when my danger is o'er,
Both ſoothing the ups and the downs of this life,
For my ſhip's call'd the Nancy, the Nancy, the Nancy, the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife;
My ſhip's call'd the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife.

When Nancy my wife o'er the lawn ſcuds ſo neat,
And ſo light the proud graſs ſcarcely yields to her feet;
So rigg'd out, and ſo lovely, 't'n't eaſy to trace,
Which is reddeſt her top knot, her ſhoes, or her face,
While the neighbours to ſee her forget all their cares,
And are pleas'd that ſhe's mine, tho' they wiſh ſhe was theirs:
Marvel not then to think of this joy of my life,
I my ſhip calls the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

As for Nancy my veſſel, but ſee her in trim,
She ſeems through the ocean to fly and not ſwim:
'Fore the wind like a dolphin ſhe merrily plays,
She goes any how well, but ſhe looks beſt in ſtays,
Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to ſhe,
Mounting high, or low ſunk in the trough of the ſea,
She has ſav'd me from many hard ſqueaks for my life,
So I call her the Nancy, 'cauſe Nancy's my wife.

When ſo ſweet in a dance careleſs glides my heart's queen,
She ſets out and ſets in far beſt on the green,
So of all the grand fleet my gay veſſel's the flower,
She out ſails the whole tot by a knot in an hour,
Then they both ſail ſo cheerful thro' life's roaring breeze,
All hearts with ſuch pilots muſt be at their eaſe;
Then I've two kind protectors to watch me thro' life,
My good ſhip the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Then theſe hands from protecting them who ſhall debar,
Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar,
Why ev'ry thing female from peril to ſave
Is the nobleſt diſtinction that honor's the brave;
While a rag, or a timber, or compaſs I boaſt,
I'll protect the dear creature againſt a whole hoſt;
Still grateful to both to the end of my life,
My good ſhip the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Dibdin.

Variety.

ASK you who is ſinging here,
Who ſo blithe can thus appear,
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's Variety.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
And my name's Variety.

Like a bird that ſkims the air,
Here and there, and every where,
Sip my pleaſure's like a bee,
Nothing's like Variety.

I've lov'd many a Maiden fair.

I'VE lov'd many a maiden fair,
Of names that ſo much vary,
I ſcarcely know which caus'd my care,
Of Fanny, Beſs, or Mary;
But happy I! for not a thing
Can meet me ſo contrary,
That will not make me think and ſing
Of Fanny, Beſs, and Mary.

With a heigho! heigho!

I always was, from boy to man,
Well pleas'd to toy with any—
Now if a lady ſlap her fan,
Why—ſtraight I think of Fanny—
Dear Fanny I remember yet,
No laſs ſo ſmart and pretty—
But if you offer me a bet,
Why then I think of Betty.

With a heigho! heigho!

Then Betty ſhe is all my theme,
So ſound, ſo plump, and jolly—
But if I hear a parrot ſcream,
It makes me think of Polly.
Thus happy I! while ſcarce a thing
Can meet me ſo contrary,
That will not make me think and ſing
Of Fanny, Beſs, or Mary.

With a heigho! heigho!

The Tranquil Thatch.

YOU ſay my cottage, incomplete,
Yields not the joys of life:
I love th' unfiniſh'd bleſs'd retreat,
I love its gueſt—my wife.

Beneath the thatch content can ſleep,
And labour reaps its joys;
For others woes alone I weep,
No care my breaſt annoys.

The gilded roof, the vaulted dome,
The maſſy pile of plate;
Beſpeaks, I grant the ſplendid home,
—But envy preys on ſtate.

Be mine to boaſt the tranquil thatch,
Content, domeſtic eaſe;
Tho' grandeur ſcorns to lift the latch,
Has grandeur joys like theſe?

Mark too, how throbs the courtier's breaſt
Beneath the glitt'ring ſtar;
A ſtranger ſtill to peaceful reſt;
With calm delight at war.

Yon circling ſmoke that tops the trees
Reveals the lov'd retreat;
And wafted by the paſſing breeze,
Shews happineſs complete.

Neighbour Sly.

THE paſſing-bell was heard to toll!
John wail'd his loſs with bitter cries;
The parſon pray'd for Mary's ſoul,
The ſexton hid her from all eyes.
And, art thou gone?
Cry'd wretched John;
O dear, 'twill kill me—I am dying;
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
While ſtanding by,
Oh! how this world is given to lying.

The throng retir'd; John left alone,
He meditated 'mongſt the tombs,
And ſpelt out on the mould'ring ſtones,
What friends were gone to their long homes.
You're gone before,
Cry'd John, no more!
I ſhall come ſoon—I'm almoſt dying;
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still ſtanding by,
Oh! how this world is given to lying.

Here lies the bones, Heaven's will be done!
Of farmer Slug—reader would'ſt know,
Who to his mem'ry rais'd this ſtone;—
'Twas his diſconſolate widow!
Cry'd John, Oh, oh,
To her I'll go;
No doubt with grief the widow's dying;
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still ſtanding by,
Oh! how this world is given to lying.

Their mutual grief was ſhort and ſweet!
Scarcely the paſſing-bell had ceas'd
When they were ſped:—the fun'ral meat
Was warm'd up for the marriage feaſt;
They vow'd and ſwore,
Now o'er and o'er,
They ne'er would part till both were dying!
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still ſtanding by,
Oh! how this world is given to lying.

Again, to hear the paſſing-bell,
John now a ſort of hank'ring feels;
Again, his helpmate brags how well
She can trip up a huſband's heels;
Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,
Again with tears, and ſobs, and ſighing;
For neighbour Sly,
Again to cry,
Oh! how the world is given to lying.

Neptune and Britannia.

BANISH'D to ſome hapleſs iſle,
Be contention's direful band;
May ſweet peace and commerce ſmile,
In fair Freedom's happy land.

May the warrior reſt his arms,
In bright honour's ſacred dome;
Free from all but love's alarms,
May he reſt in peace at home.

Love and Time.

LOVE was a little blooming boy,
Fond, innocent, and true;
His ev'ry ſmile was fraught with joy,
And ev'ry joy was new.

Till ſtealing from his mother's ſide,
The urchin loſt his way,
And wand'ring far o'er deſerts wide,
Thus weeping pour'd his lay.

O Time! I'll dreſs thy locks of ſnow
With wreaths of fragrant flowers,
And all that rapture can beſtow
Shall deck thy fleeting hours.

But for one day, one little day,
Thy wings in pity ſpare,
That I may homeward bend my way,
For all my wreaths are there.

Time, cheated by his tears and ſighs,
The wily God confeſt,
When, ſoaring to his native ſkies,
He fought his mother's breaſt.

Short was his bliſs, the treach'rous boy,
Was hurl'd from clime to clime,
And found amidſt his proudeſt joy,
He'd ſtill the wings of Time.

Mrs. Robinſon.

Lucy Gray.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray,
And when I croſs'd the wild,
I chanc'd to ſee at break of day
The ſolitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wild moor,
The ſweeteſt thing that ever grew
Beſide a human door.

You yet may ſpy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green:
But the ſweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be ſeen.

"To night will be a ſtormy night,
You to the town muſt go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother thro' the ſnow."

"That, father! will I gladly do;
'Tis ſcarcely afternoon—
The Minſter-clock has juſt ſtruck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father rais'd his hook,
And ſnapp'd a faggot band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe,
With many a wanton ſtroke,
Her feet diſperſe the powd'ry ſnow
That riſes up like ſmoke.

The ſtorm came on before its time,
She wander'd up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went ſhouting far and wide;
But there was neither ſound nor ſight
To ſerve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they ſtood
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they ſaw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

And now they homeward turn'd, and cry'd
"In Heav'n we all ſhall meet!"
When in the ſnow the mother ſpied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the ſteep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks ſmall,
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long ſtone-wall.

And then an open field they croſs'd,
The marks were ſtill the ſame;
They track'd them on, nor ever loſt,
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the ſnowy bank,
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And further there were none.

Yet ſome maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may ſee ſweet Lucy Gray
Upon the loneſome wild.

O'er rough and ſmooth ſhe trips along,
And never looks behind;
And ſings a ſolitary ſong
That whiſtles in the wind.

W. Wordſworth.

We are Seven.

A SIMPLE child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in ev'ry limb,
What ſhould it know of death.

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, ſhe ſaid,
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That cluſter'd round her head.

She had a ruſtic, woodland air,
And ſhe was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Siſters and brothers, little maid,
"How many may you be?"
"How many? ſeven in all," ſhe ſaid,
And wond'ring look'd at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell!"
She anſwer'd, "Seven are we,
"And two of us at Conway dwell,
"And two are gone to ſea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
"My ſiſter and my brother,
"And in the church-yard cottage, I
"Dwell near them with my mother."

"You ſay that two at Conway dwell,
"And two are gone to ſea,
"Yet you are ſeven; I pray you tell,
"Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
"Two of us in the church yard lie,
"Beneath the church yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
"Your limbs they are alive;
"If two are in the church yard laid,
"Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may ſeen,
The little maid replied,
"Twelve ſteps or more from mother's door,
"And they are ſide by ſide.

"My ſtockings there I often knit,
"My 'kerchief there I hem;
"And there upon the ground I ſit—
"I ſit and ſing to them.

"And often after ſun-ſet, Sir,
"When it is light and fair,
"I take my little porringer,
"And eat my ſupper there.

"The firſt that died was little Jane,
"In bed ſhe mourning lay,
"Till God releas'd her of her pain,
"And then ſhe went away.

"So in the church-yard ſhe was laid,
"And all the ſummer dry,
"Together round her grave we play'd,
"My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with ſnow,
"And I could run and ſlide,
"My brother John was forced to go,
"And he lies by her ſide."

"How many are you then," ſaid I,
"If they two are in Heaven,"
The little maiden did reply,
"O maſter! we are ſeven."

"But they are dead; thoſe two are dead!
"Their ſpirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for ſtill
The little maid would have her will,
And ſaid, "Nay, we are ſeven!"

Lyrical Ballads.

[Numb. 95]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Land in the Ocean.

IN the midſt of the ſea, like a tough man of war,
Pull away, pull away, yo ho, there!
Stands an iſland, ſurpaſſing all others by far,
If you doubt it, you've only to go there:
By Neptune 'twas built upon Freedom's firm baſe,
And for ever 'twill laſt, I've a notion;
All the world I defy to produce ſuch a place,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
As the ſnug bit of land in the ocean.

From the oppoſite ſhore, puff'd with arrogant pride,
Pull away, pull away, ſo clever;
They have oft ſworn as how they would come along ſide,
And deſtroy the poor Iſland for ever:
But Britannia is made of ſuch durable ſtuff,
And ſo tightly ſhe's rigg'd, I've a notion;
She'd ſoon give the ſaucy invaders enough,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was *Howe*, ever bold in the glorious cauſe,
Pull away, pull away, ſo ſtout, boys!
Who gain'd on the firſt day of June ſuch applauſe,
And Monſieur he put to the rout boys:
The next was *St. Vincent*, who kick'd up a duſt,
As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion;
For they ſwore not to ſtrike—ſays he, dam'me, but you muſt,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
To the lads of the land in the ocean.

Adam Duncan came next, 'twas in autumn, you know,
Pull away, pull away, ſo jolly;
That he made big Mynheer ſtrike his flag to a foe,
Againſt whom all reſiſtance was folly;
And they ſent, as you know, if you're not quite a dunce,
Such a ſad ſtory home, I've a notion;
How *Duncan* he beat a whole Winter at once,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again may come in for their ſhare,
Pull away, pull away, ſo hearty!
For *Nelſon* will ſet all the world in a flare,
And land-lock e'en great Bonaparte:
And we'll beat them again, ſhould their ſtomachs incline,
But they're all pretty ſick, I've a notion;
Then, may victory's ſword to the olive reſign,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
And peace crown the land in the ocean.

Little Beſs, the Ballad Singer.

WHEN firſt a babe upon the knee,
My mother us'd to ſing to me,
I caught the accents from her tongue,
And e'er I talk'd I liſp'd the ſong,
I'm little Beſs the ballad ſinger.

In every village where I came,
They call'd me by my infant name,
And penſive as I rove along,
This ſtill's the burthen of my ſong,
I'm little Beſs, &c.

Thro' woods and village ſcenes I ſtray,
With plaintive ſuit and artleſs lay,
And every paſſenger I meet,
With lowly curtſey thus I greet,
I'm little Beſs, &c.

Johnny's Grave.

A TARTAN plad was a' ſhe had,
The gloomy lift did lour;
The ſun was doon, ſcarce look'd aboon,
And o'er the hills did glour.
Wi' dolefu' ſtep the verdant turf ſhe preſt,
To Johnny's grave, where a' her ſorrows reſt.

The driving ſhow'r did faſt down pour,
Wi' grief ſhe cou'd na ſpeak;
Thro' ilka bough, the wind did ſugh,
Her heart was like to break.
Wi' dolefu' ſtep, &c.

Upon his tomb, in waeſom gloom,
Her lovely form ſhe threw;
She claſp'd the ſod, the ſully clod,
And lood the weſt wind blew.
Wi' throbbing breaſt the verdant turf ſhe preſt,
On Johnny's grave, where a' her ſorrows reſt.

What is the ſcoul the tempeſts howl,
The ſtorm it hurts not me;
The driving rains give me no pains,
My ſoul feel a' for thee:
As on the grave ſhe lay with throbbing breaſt,
On Johnny's grave, where a' her ſorrows reſt.

Shall I bemoan when thou art gone,
And wipe the tears that ſtart;
Upon the turf I've wept enough,
For ſorrow breaks my heart.
In death! in death! the verdant turf ſhe preſt,
On Johnny's grave, where a' her ſorrows reſt.

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Life's like a Ship.

LIFE's like a ſhip in conſtant motion,
Sometimes high and ſometimes low,
Where ev'ry hand muſt brave the ocean,
Whatſoever winds do blow:
If unaſſailed by ſtorm or ſhower,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let's not loſe the fav'ring hour,
Whilſt ſucceſs attends our ſails.

And if the wayward winds ſhould bluſter,
Let us not give way to fear,
But let us all our patience muſter,
And learn from reaſon how to ſteer:
Let judgment keep you ever ſteady,
That's a ballaſt never fails;
If dangers riſe be ever ready
To manage well the ſwelling ſails.

Truſt not too much your own opinion,
Whilſt your veſſel's under weigh;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compaſs will not ſtray:
When thund'ring tempeſts make you ſhudder,
And Boreas o'er the ſurface rails,
Let good diſcretion guide the rudder,
And Providence unbend the ſails.

And when you're ſafe from danger, riding
In ſome welcome port or bay,
Let hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care awhile in ſlumbers lay;
Then when each can's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowſhip prevails,
Let each heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink ſucceſs unto our ſails.

The Forecaſtle Sailor.

THE wind blew a blaſt from the northward,
When we ſteer'd from the Cape of Good Hope,
The ſky look'd quite pitchy and wayward,
And the ſea o'er our weather-bow broke,
The boatſwain pip'd all hands to bale her,
And I came down the back-ſtay ſo glib;
For I am a forecaſtle ſailor,
You may ſee by the cut of my jib.

Start my timbers, cried Ned Junk, of Dover,
Plump to me as I landed on deck,
With us it will ſoon be all over,
For the Guardian muſt quick go to wreck.—
Well, well, we ſhan't live to bewail her,
Cried I, and I patted his rib;
Come—work like a forecaſtle ſailor;
If I don't, the gale ſhiver my jib.

We were running at nine knots an hour,
When 'bout two leagues to leeward we ſpy'd
An iſland of ice like a tower,
And on it our ſhip quickly hy'd.
But now 'twas no uſe for to bale her,
The water gain'd on her ſo glib;
So each, like a true hearted ſailor,
Waited for to ſhiver his jib.

Some took to the boat, do you mind me,
While ſome on the veſſel's deck ſtood,
Cry'd I, may old Davy Jones take me
If I fail from my captain ſo good.
Now Providence help'd us to bale her,
And we manag'd to patch up her rib;
Safe arriv'd is each true hearted ſailor,
To rig up his weather-beat jib.

A Medley.

TO Anacreon in Heaven, where he ſat in full glee,
A few ſons of harmony ſent a petition,
That he their inſpirer and patron would be,
When this anſwer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian.
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear!—
I did not much like for to be on board a ſhip,
When in danger there's no door to come out,
I liked—
The ſtreamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms, all the charms of—
The true laſt dying ſpeech and confeſſion, both parentage and education, life, character, and behaviour of—
Sir Solomon Simons when he did wed,
Bluſh'd black as a crow, his fair lady did bluſh light,
The clock ſtruck twelve, they were both tuck'd in bed—
And they ſung fal de ral tit, tit fal de ra, tit fal de re,
And they ſung—
Laſt Saturday night I chanc'd to invite
Some friends of mine, good lack!
What a ſight of maidens ſo bright,
To make merry, when maſter had put out the light,
As I told you before, there was—
Old King Cole was a merry old ſoul,
And a merry old ſoul was—
Peter White never goes right,
Would you know the reaſon why?
He follows his noſe wherever he goes,
And that ſtands all awry,
And that—
Whiſtles, whiſtles and drives my team,
Whiſtles, whiſtles and drives my team—
Round the world thus we march in merry glee,
Round the world thus we march in merry glee,
On the pleaſant downs ſometimes in camp we lie,
On the pleaſant downs—
Fair lady lay your coſtly robes aſide,
No longer may you—
Conquer the world, with row dow dow, row dow dow, row dow dow,
Conquer the world with—
Ground ivy! Ground ivy! come buy my—
Charming Clorinda, ev'ry note—
On Richmond Hill there lives a laſs,
More bright than May day morn—
But ſhe had a timber toe, but ſhe had—
A long tail'd pig, or a ſhort tail'd pig, or a pig without e'er a tail,
A ſow pig, or a boar pig that—
Sung and look'd wi' ſic a grace,
He ſung—
Britons ſtill will guard thoſe joys that from bleſt freedom ſpring,
And may we ever with heart and voice cry—
When Britain firſt, at Heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung the ſtrain!
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves!

A Smile from the Youth that I love.

THO' the language of friendſhip is ſweet,
For friendſhip can ſooth and improve,
Yet I'd forfeit ſuch language to meet
With a ſmile from the youth that I love.
When the morning is clouded with care
The ev'ning delightful can prove,
For 'tis then that, with rapture I ſhare
In the ſmile of the youth that I love.
To baſk in the ſunſhine of wealth,
I weary not Heav'n above,
All I crave, with the bleſſing of health,
Is a ſmile from the youth that I love.

An unfortunate Mother to her Infant at the Breaſt.

UNHAPPY Child of Indiſcretion!
Poor ſlumb'rer on a breaſt forlorn;
Pledge and reproof of paſt tranſgreſſion,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born.

For thee, a ſuppliant wiſh addreſſing
To Heav'n, thy mother fain would dare:
But conſcious bluſhes ſtain the bleſſing,
And ſighs ſuppreſs my broken pray'r.

But, ſpite of theſe, my mind unſhaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forſaken,
Thy days ſhall lov'd and guarded be.

And, leſt th' injurious World upbraid thee,
For mine, or for thy father's ill,
A nameleſs Mother oft ſhall aid thee,
A hand unſeen protect thee ſtill.

And though, to Rank and Place a Stranger,
Thy life an humble Courſe muſt run,
Soon ſhalt thou learn to fly the Danger,
Which I too late have learn'd to ſhun.

Meantime in theſe ſequeſter'd Vallies,
Here may'ſt thou reſt in ſafe Content,
For Innocence may ſmile at Malice,
And thou, O thou, art innocent.

Here to thine Infant Wants are giv'n
Shelter and Reſt, and pureſt Air,
And Milk as pure—but, Mercy, Heav'n!
My tears have dropt, and mingled there.

The Cloud-King.

"Adjectives have but three Degrees of Compariſon, the *Poſitive*, Comparative and Superlative."
Engliſh Grammar.

WHY how now, Sir Pilgrim? why ſhake you with dread?
Why brave you the winds of night, cutting and cold?
Full warm was your chamber, full ſoft was your bed,
And ſcarce by the caſtle-bell twelve has been toll'd.

—"Oh! hear you not, Warder, with anxious diſmay,
"How rages the tempeſt, how patters the rain?
"While loud howls the whirlwind, and threatens, ere day,
"To ſtrow theſe old turrets in heaps on the plain!"—

Now calm thee, Sir Pilgrim! thy fears to remove,
Know, yearly, this morning is deſtin'd to bring
Such ſtorms, which declare that reſentment and love
Still gnaw the proud heart of the cruel Cloud-King.

One morning, as borne on the wings of the blaſt,
The fiend over Denmark directed his flight,
A glance upon Roſenhall's turrets he caſt,
And gazed on its lady with wanton delight:

Yet proud was her eye, and her cheek fluſh'd with rage,
Her lips with diſdain and reproaches were fraught;
And lo! at her feet knelt a lovely young page,
And thus in ſoft accents compaſſion beſought.

—"O drive not, dear beauty, a wretch to deſpair,
"Whoſe fault is ſo venial, a fault if it be;
"For who could have eyes, and not ſee thou art fair?
"Or who have an heart, and not give it to thee?

"I own I adore you! I own you have been
"Long the dream of my night, long the thought of my day;
"But no hope had my heart that its idolized queen
"Would ever with paſſion *my* paſſion repay.

"When inſects delight in the blaze of the ſun,
"They harbour no wiſh in his glory to ſhare:
"When kneels at the croſs of her ſaviour the nun,
"He ſcorns not the praiſes ſhe breathes in her prayer.

"When the pilgrim repairs to St. Hermegild's ſhrine,
"And claims of her relics a kiſs as his fee,
"His paſſion is humble, is pure, is divine,
"And ſuch is the paſſion I cheriſh for thee!"—

—"Raſh youth! how preſumeſt thou with inſolent love,"
Thus anſwered the lady, "her ears to profane,
"Whom the monarchs of Norway and Jutland, to move
"Their paſſion to pity attempted in vain?

"Fly, fly from my ſight, to ſome far diſtant land!
"That wretch muſt not breathe, where Romilda reſides,
"Whoſe lips, while ſhe ſlept, ſtole a kiſs from that hand,
"No mortal is worthy to preſs as a bride's.

"Nor e'er will I wed till ſome prince of the air,
"His heart at the throne of my beauty ſhall lay,
"And the two firſt commands which I give him ſhall ſwear,
"(Though hard ſhould the taſk be enjoined) to obey."—

She ſaid.—Straight the caſtle of Roſenhall rocks
With an earthquake, and thunders announce the Cloud-King.
A crown of red lightnings confined his fair locks,
And high o'er each arm waved an huge ſable wing.

His ſandals were meteors; his blue eye reveal'd
The firmament's luſtre, and light ſcatter'd round;
While his robe, a bright tiſſue of rain-drops congeal'd,
Reflected the lightnings his temples that bound.

—"Romilda!" he thundered, "thy charms and thy pride
"Have drawn down a ſpirit; thy fears now diſmiſs,
"For no mortal ſhall call thee, proud beauty, his bride;
"The Cloud-Monarch comes to demand thee for his.

"My eyes furniſh lightnings, my wings cloud the air,
"My hand guides the thunder, my breath wakes the ſtorm;
"And the two firſt commands which you give me, I ſwear,
"(Though hard ſhould the taſk be enjoin'd) to perform."—

He ſaid, and he ſeized her; then urging his flight,
Swift bore her away, while ſhe ſtruggled in vain;
Yet long in her ears rang the ſhrieks of Affright,
Which pour'd for her danger the page Amorayn.

At the Palace of Clouds ſoon Romilda arrived,
When the Fiend, with a ſmile which her terrors increaſed,
Exclaim'd—"I muſt warn my three brothers I'm wived,
"And bid them prepare for my wedding the feaſt."—

Than

Than lightning then swifter thrice round did he turn,
Thrice bitterly curs'd he the parent of good,
And next in a chafing-dish hasten'd to burn
Three locks of his hair, and three drops of his blood:

And quickly Romilda, with anxious affright,
Heard the tramp of a steed, and beheld at the gate
A youth in white arms—'twas the false Water-Spright,
And behind him his mother, the sorceress, fate.

The youth he was comely, and fair to behold,
The hag was the foulest eye ever survey'd;
Each placed on the table a goblet of gold,
While thus to Romilda the Water-King said.—

—"Hail, Queen of the Clouds! lo! we bring thee for drink
"The blood of a damsel, both lovely and rich,
"Whom I tempted, and left 'midst the billows to sink,
"Where she died by the hands of my mother, the witch.

"But see'st thou yon chariot, which speeds from afar?
"The Erl-King with his daughter it brings, while a throng
"Of wood-fiends and succubi sports round the car,
"And goads on the night-mares that whirl it along."—

The maid, while her eyes tears of agony pour'd,
Beheld the Earl-King and his daughter draw near:
A charger of silver each placed on the board,
While the fiend of the forests thus greeted her ear.

—"With the heart of a warrior, Cloud-Queen, for thy food,
"The head of a child on thy table we place;
"She spell-struck the knight as he stray'd through the wood;
"I strangled the child in his father's embrace."—

The roof now divided.—By fogs half conceal'd,
Suck'd from marshes, infecting the air as he came,
And blasting the verdure of forest and field,
On a dragon descended the Giant of Flame.

Fire seem'd from his eyes and his nostrils to pour;
His breath was a volume of sulphurous smoke;
He brandish'd a sabre still dropping with gore,
And his voice shook the palace when silence he broke.

—"Feast, Queen of the Clouds! the repast do not scorn;
"Feast, Queen of the Clouds! I perceive thou hast food!
"To-morrow I feast in my turn, for at morn
"Shall I feed on thy flesh, shall I drink of thy blood!

"Lo! I bring for a present this magical brand,
"The bowels of Christians have dyed it with red;
"This once flamed in Albert the renegade's hand,
"And is destined to-morrow to strike off thy head."—

Then paler than marble Romilda she grew,
While tears of regret blamed her folly and pride.
—"Oh! tell me, Cloud-King, if the giant said true,
"And wilt thou not save from his sabre thy bride?"—

—"'Tis in vain, my fair lady, those hands that you wring,
"The bond is completed, the dye it is cast;
"For she who at night weds an element-king,
"Next morning must serve for his brother's repast."—

—"Yet save me, Cloud-King! by that love you profess'd
"Bear me back to the place whence you tore me away."—
—"Fair lady! yon fiends, should I grant your request,
"Instead of to-morrow, would eat you to day."—

—"Yet mark me, Cloud-King! spread in vain is your snare,
"For my bond must be void, and escap'd is your prey,
"The two first commands which I give you, howe'er
"The task should be wondrous, unless you obey."—

—"Well say'st thou, Romilda; thy will, then, impart,
"But hope not to vanquish the King of the Storm,
"Or baffle his skill by invention or art;
"*Thou* can'st not command what *I* cannot perform!"—

Then clasping her hands, to the Virgin she pray'd,
While in curses the wicked ones vented their rage.
—"Now show me the truest of lovers!"—she said,
And lo! by her side stood the lovely young Page.

His mind was all wonder, her heart all alarms;
She sank on his breast as he sank at her knee.
—"The truest of lovers I fold in my arms,
"Than the *truest* now show me a *truer!*"—said she.

Then loud yell'd the dæmons! the cloud-fashion'd halls
Dissolved, thunder bellow'd, and heavy rains beat;
Again stood the Fair midst her own castle walls,
And still knelt the lovely young page at her feet.

And soon for her own, and for Rosenhall's lord,
Did Romilda the *truest of lovers* declare,
Nor e'er on his bosom one sigh could afford,
That for him she had quitted the Monarch of Air.

Full long yonder chapel has sheltered their urns,
Long ceased has the tear on their ashes to fall;
Yet still, when October the twentieth returns,
Roars the fiend round these turrets, and shakes Rosenhall.

Oh! Pilgrim, thy fears let these annals remove,
For day to the skies will tranquillity bring;
This storm but declares that resentment and love
Still gnaw the proud heart of the cruel Cloud-King.*

M. G. Lewis.

* Lest my readers should mistake the drift of the foregoing tale, and suppose its moral to rest upon the danger in which Romilda was involved by her insolence and presumption, I think it necessary to explain, that my object in writing this story, was to shew young ladies that it might possibly, now and then, be of use to understand a little grammar; and it must be clear to every one, that my heroine would infallibly have been devoured by the dæmons, if she had not luckily understood the difference between the comparative and superlative degrees.

[Numb. 96]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Who Cares.

IF lubberly landſmen, to gratitude ſtrangers,
Still curſe their unfortunate ſtars;
Why what would they ſay did they try but the dangers
Encountered by true-hearted tars?
If life's veſſel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her,
Or whether bound here or there,
Give 'em ſea room, good fellowſhip, grog, and tobacco,
Well then—damme if Jack cares where.

Then your ſtupid old quidnuncs, to hear 'em all clatter,
The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a mar-line-ſpike, chatter
About and *conſarning* of war!
While for king, wife, and friend, he's through ev'ry thing rubbing,
With duty ſtill proud to comply,
So he gives but the foes of old England a drubbing,
Why then—damme if Jack cares why.

And then, when good fortune has crown'd his endeavours,
And he comes home with ſhiners galore;
Well, what if ſo be he ſhould laviſh his favours
On ev'ry poor object 'long ſhore?
Since money's the needle that points to good nature,
Friend, enemy, falſe, or true,
So it goes to relieve a diſtreſs'd fellow-creature,
Well then—damme if Jack cares who.

Don't you ſee how ſome diff'rent thing ev'ry one's twigging
To take the command of a rib,
Some are all for the breaſt-work, and ſome for the rigging,
And ſome for the cut of her jib;
Though poor, ſome will take her in tow to defend her,
And again ſome are all for the rich;
As for I, ſo ſhe's young, her heart honeſt and tender,
Well then—damme if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,
My eyes, why a little will *ſarve*;
Let each a ſmall part of his pittance be giving,
And who in this nation can ſtarve?
Content's all the thing;—rough or calm be the weather,
The wind on the beam or the bow,
So honeſtly he can ſplice both ends together,
Well then—damme if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring-up, d'ye ſee, about dying,
On which ſuch a racket they keep,
What argufies if in a church-yard you're lying,
Or find out your grave in the deep?
Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,
Death will bring us all up; and what then?
So his conſcience's tackle will bear overhauling,
Why then—damme if Jack cares when.

A Tinker I am.

A TINKER I am,
My name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate,
My perſonal eſtate
Lies all within this budget.

Work for the tinker ho! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
'Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war,
The man of the bar,
Phyſicians, prieſts, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?
Work for the tinker, &c.

Thoſe 'mong the great
Who tinker the ſtate,
And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority?
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation:
And thus, had I time,
I could prove, in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

Charming Molly.

Air,—Sailor's Journal.

ON board the grog went cheerly round,
Each honeſt tar,—oh, how delighted!
From Madagaſcar, homeward bound,
The pleaſing thoughts their toil requited:
The can was fill'd, 'twas fill'd again,
Reſolved to drown dull melancholy,
Nor did each ſea-lad pledge in vain,
"Succeſs attend the Charming Molly."

Blue lightning flaſh'd and thunder roll'd,
The raging tempeſt fiercely howling,
When hardy tars, ſo brave and bold,
Can fearleſs reach the main top-bowling:
And when the boatſwain pipes aloud,
D—n thoſe that ſay they won't be jolly,
And nimbly mount the mizen-ſhroud,
When'er on board the Charming Molly.

Once more hand round the boozing can,
Sweethearts and wives we'll drink with pleaſure;
So here's long life to ſaucy Nan,
Board or on ſhore my only treaſure:
Next then, my lads, let's drink the King:
And though the winds ſeem e'er ſo ſqually,
Brave loyal tars can jovial ſing,
"Safe moorings to the Charming Molly."

But now behold the ſhiv'ring ſails,
Meſſmates, while we're to windward plying,
By fav'ring light propitious gales,
Yon craggy ſhore with glee deſcrying:
Land-lubbers, now in groups purſue
Your diſſipation, pride, and folly;
Three cheers, my lads, the harbour view,
Yo, yea! on board the Charming Molly.

Tink a Tink.

DUET.

Shacabac and Beda.

Shac.

YES Beda,—This, Beda, when I melancholy grow,
This tinking heart ſinking ſoon can drive away.

Beda.

When hearing, ſounds cheering, thus we blythe and jolly grow;
How do you, while to you, Shacabac, I play?
Tink, tinka, tinka, tink—the ſweet guittar ſhall cheer you.
Clink, clinka, clinka, clink—ſo gaily let us ſing.

Shac.

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink—a pleaſure 'tis to hear you,
While, neatly, you ſweetly, ſweetly touch the ſtring!

Both.

Tink, tinka, &c.

Shac.

Once, ſighing, ſick, dying, ſorrow hanging over me,
Faint, weary, ſad, dreary, on the ground I lay;
There moaning, deep groaning, Beda did diſcover me—

Beda.

Strains ſoothing, care ſmoothing, I began to play,
Tink, tinka, tinka, tink,—the ſweet guittar could cheer you:
Clink, clinka, clinka, clink, ſo gaily did I ſing!

Shac.

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink,—a pleaſure 'twas to hear you,
While, neatly, you ſweetly, ſweetly touch'd the ſtring!

Both.

Tink, tinka, &c.

From Blue Beard.

The Dancing Soldier.

I'VE carried arms thro' lands afar,
France, Italy, and Spain;
And many a wound, and many a ſcar,
I carry home again.
I never lov'd a SINGLE lot,
The more the merrier chance;
So the women I courted, the men I ſhot,
And the girls I taught to dance.

The beſt POSITION ſtill I choſe,
Should MISS or SERJEANT call;
I LED to pupils and to foes,
And gave to both a BALL.
But women well reveng'd the art
With which my bullets flew;
Where I made ONE hole in their heart,
They ſure in mine made TWO.

It happen'd once I call'd a dance,
My muſket in my hand;
The troops were order'd to advance,
And all to heed command:
Now here the plaguy chance admire,
As ſtrange as e'er you read of,
The ſerjeant call'd, Preſent! aim! fire!
I ſhot my partner's head off.

O then what a hurry-ſkurry!
My ruin they ſeem'd to delight in;
'Twas hard to decide in the flurry,
Who was dancing, and who was fighting.

In came the ſoldiers,
Head and ſhoulders,
Helter, ſkelter,
Routing, ſhouting,
Croſſing, forming,
Charging, ſtorming—
Now they foot it left and right,
Now they're out of order quite;
Bend and ſink, but not ſo low;
Now they're all too much of a row——
Forward hop,
Backward hop,
Ground hop,
There they go!

Toe and heel, now they jumble,
Now they reel, now they tumble!
Now advance!——what's the dance?
Order, handy!——Drops of brandy.
Stand at eaſe!——Butter'd peas.
Now, parade!——White cockade.
To the right, wheel!——Duncan's reel.
To the left dreſs!——Mad Beſs.
Rank and file!——Mouth of the Nile.
Fall back!——Paddy Whack.
Order, arms!——Sukey's charms.
Wheel to the right!——Jack's delight.
March away!——Ballancez.
Fire a volley!——Charming Molly.
Fire away, ſoldiers! fire away, ſailors.
Play the Devil among the tailors.
Clang, clang! bang, bang! crittle crattle!
How folks dance about in a battle!

Come Liften a while.

COME liften a while, my friends, to my ditty,
The which I ſhall now tell you here,
This ſtory was told which I ſhall unfold,
It was over a pot of good beer.
When money was plenty, but now it's grown ſcanty,
And riches did merrily flow,
But now all the nation is full of vexation,
When the times will mend no-body knows.

Here is bite upon bite, a knave's the beſt man,
Wiſe men without money are fools,
Cheats, bites and knaves, make honeſt men ſlaves,
It's money that bears now the rule.
A gentleman born is now held in ſcorn,
If by croſſes he fall to decay,
He's deſpis'd like a beggar, both by friend and neighbour,
The more is the pity I ſay.

A man that is wiſe, he ſaves up his money,
To ſerve for a cold winter's day,
It will ſtand his beſt friend, he will find in the end
When his friends they are all flown away.
A wife that in ſummer provides for the winter,
He's bleſt that has got ſuch a dame,
For a kind loving wife is the joy of man's life,
So is victuals and money the ſame.

It would move you with pity, to walk thro' the city,
To hear the poor tradeſmen complain,
Kind heaven hath ſent us a plentiful ſeaſon,
But the rich they enjoy the ſame.
There's proviſion enough, and good I declare,
But the poor have no money to buy,
We have a ſight and a ſmell, when the rich have their fill,
They won't hear cold Charity cry.

Bumbailiffs and lawyers deliciouſly fare,
Their trade it goes merrily on,
For we muſt have food, and cloaths for to wear,
Tho' in debt for the ſame we do run.
This great world's but a pain, our labour's in vain,
Let's drink with a merry good cheer,
Who knows but kind fortune will turn once again,
And the times will be better next year?

Let's down with all ſorrow, who knows but to-morrow,
We die with a heart full of care;
This world is a bite, if you'll take me but right,
As plainly it now does appear,
He plays his cards fair, that can both lie and ſwear,
And get all his caſh by the Bite,
He lives and grows great, whilſt an honeſt man's fate,
Is to labour and get little by't.

A man that loves ſotting will never grow rich,
The publicans get all his ſtore,
I pity that honeſt man with all my heart,
That in marriage is join'd to a whore:
And a wife that loves gin, will make his back thin;
Her children by poverty's known:
And he that meddles with matters of ſtate,
Had better to let them alone.

Leave, Neighbours, your Work.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to ſport and to play,
Let the tabor ſtrike up and the village be gay;
No day thro' the year ſhall more cheerful be ſeen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

I love Sue and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be ſo happy, ſo happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks who for wealth take a bribe,
Be marry'd to day, and to morrow be cloy'd;
My body is ſtout, and my heart it is ſound,
And my love like my courage will never give round.
I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of faſhon the beſt jointures wed,
And prudently take the beſt bidder to bed:
Such ſigning and ſealing's no part of our bliſs,
We ſettle our hearts, and we ſeal with a kiſs.
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor one of your beaus,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine cloaths;
Yet nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill;
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lie ſtill;
Our joys ſhall continue and ever be new,
And none be ſo happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, &c.

St. Patrick's Purgatory.

In the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, *is the following* ——" Owaine Myles *is a Ballad, giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a tranſlation into verſe of the ſtory related in* Mat. Paris's Hiſt. ſub Ann. 1152."—*The verſion which is here offered to the Public is evidently modern: I am ignorant of the Author. I think the* 19*th ſtanza, in particular, has a great degree of merit.*

—"NOW enter in!"—the Prior cried,
—"And God, Sir Ouvain, be your guide!
" Your name ſhall live in ſtory:
" Many there are who reach this ſhore,
" But few who venture to explore
" St. Patrick's Purgatory."—

Adown the deep and dark deſcent
With cautious ſtep Sir Ouvain went,
And many a pray'r he pour'd;
No helm had he, nor guardian creſt,
No hauberk mail'd the warrior's breaſt,
Nor graſp'd he ſhield or ſword.

The earth was moiſt beneath his tread,
The damps fell heavy on his head,
The air was piercing chill;
And ſudden ſhudd'rings o'er him came,
And he could feel through all his frame
An icy tremor thrill.

At length a dim and doubtful light
Dawn'd welcome on th' advent'rer's ſight;
Th' advent'rer haſtened on.
And now the warrior's ſteps attain
To where a high and ſtately fane
With gem-born radiance ſhone.

—" Come, enter here!"—the Warden cried,
—" And God, oh Pilgrim, be your guide,
" Since you have reach'd this bourne!
" Enter, and take aſſiſtance due—
" 'Twill then be time to welcome you,
" If ever you return."—

Sir Ouvain paſs'd the open gate,
The Warden him conducted ſtraight
To where a coffin lay:
The train around in ſilence ſtands,
With fun'ral torches in their hands,
That gave a gloomy day.

—" Few pilgrims ever reach this bourne,
" Stranger! but fewer ſtill return:
" Receive aſſiſtance due!
" Stranger, a dreadful hour is near:
" Caſt off all mortal feelings here,
" This coffin is for you.

" Lie here, while we with pious breath
" Shall o'er you chaunt the dirge of death,—
" Beſt aid that we can give:
" The rites that wait the Chriſtian dead
" Shall never o'er your corpſe be ſaid—
" Receive them while you live,"—

Sir Ouvain in a ſhroud was dreſt,
He held the croſs upon his breaſt,
And down he laid his head;
The funeral train enclos'd him round,
And ſung with deep and ſolemn ſound
The ſervice of the dead.

—" Now, go your way,"—the Warden cried,
" And God, oh Pilgrim, be your guide!
" Commend you to the Lord!"—
Adown the deep and dark deſcent,
With cautious ſtep, the warrior went,
And many a pray'r he pour'd.

Now deeper grew the dark deſcent,
With timid ſtep Sir Ouvain went—
'Twas ſilence all around;
Save his own echoes through the cell,
And the thick damps that frequent fell,
With dull and heavy ſound.

But colder now he felt the cell,
Thoſe heavy damps no longer fell,
Thin grew the piercing air:
And on the advent'rer's aching ſight
Far roſe a pale and feeble light,—
Th' advent'rer haſten'd there.

And now at length emerged to light,
A frozen deſert met his ſight,
A deſert waſte and wide;
Where rocks of ice piled mountain high,
That towered into the ſunleſs ſky,
Appear'd on every ſide.

There many a wretch, with deadly fear,
Ribb'd in the ice, he ſaw appear
Alive in this their tomb;
Sir Ouvain's blood ſtood ſtill with dread,
And then a voice in thunder ſaid,
—" Retire, or ſhare their doom!"—

Awhile his heart forgot to beat,
Then on he urged his falt'ring feet,
And ſought for ſtrength in pray'r;
Sudden a pow'r, whoſe unſeen hand
No might of mortal could withſtand,
Upgraſp'd him by the hair;

And through the ſky reſiſtleſs ſwung,
And full againſt an ice rock flung;
The ice encas'd him in:
Thus by the arm of Dæmon thrown,
He felt the craſh of every bone,
And ſtill he lived within.

—" Now, mercy Chriſt!"—the warrior cried,
Inſtant the rocks of ice divide,
And ev'ry pain was gone;
He felt new life in ev'ry limb,
And raiſed to heav'n the grateful hymn,
And fearleſs haſten'd on.

New fears, new dangers doom'd to meet,
For now a cloſe and piercing heat
Relax'd each looſen'd limb;
The ſweat roll'd out from every part,
In ſhort quick beatings toil'd his heart,
His throbbing eyes grew dim.

For through the wide and waſted land
A ſtream of fire, through banks of ſand,
Its burning billows ſpread;
The vapours, tremulouſly light,
Hung quiv'ring o'er the glowing white,
The air he breath'd was red.

Beyond a ſtately well aroſe,—
He ſaw its cryſtal ſides diſcloſe
Green fields and ſhady trees,
And running waters cool and clear,
Whoſe murmurs reach'd his tortured ear,
Born on the fiery breeze.

A voice in thunder cried—" Retire!"—
He look'd, and lo, a form of fire!
—" Return!"—the Dæmon ſaid.
His ſoul grew ſick with deep alarm,
The Fiend reach'd out his burning arm,
And touch'd Sir Ouvain's head.

Sir Ouvain ſhriek'd—for then he felt
His eye-balls burn, his marrow melt,
His brain as liquid lead:
And from his heart the boiling blood
Roll'd faſt an agonizing flood
Through limbs like iron red.

The anguiſh brought a brief deſpair,
Then mindful of the aid of pray'r,
He call'd on Chriſt again;
Inſtant the gales of Eden came,
At once they quench'd th' infernal flame,
And heal'd each ſcorching vein.

To him, relieved from all his woes,
The adamantine gates uncloſe,
Free entrance there was giv'n;
And ſongs of triumph met his ear,
Enrapt Sir Ouvain ſeem'd to hear
The harmonies of heav'n.

—" Welcome to this, the bleſs'd retreat,
" Thou who haſt paſs'd, with fearleſs feet,
" St. Patrick's Purgatory;
" For after death theſe ſeats divine,
" Reward eternal ſhall be thine,
" And thine eternal glory."—

Inebriate with the deep delight,
Dim grew Sir Ouvain's ſwimming ſight,
His ſenſes died away;
To life again revived, before
The entrance of the cave once more
He ſaw the light of day.

Tales of Wonder.

[Numb. 97]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index

Twilight Glimmers.

TWILIGHT glimmers o'er the ſleep:
Fatima! Fatima! wakeſt thou, dear?
Grey ey'd morn begins to peep,
Fatima, Fatima, Selim's here!
Here are true-love's cords attaching
To your window—liſt! liſt!
Deareſt Selim I've been watching,
Yes, I ſee the ſilken twiſt.

Down, down, down, down, down,
Down the ladder gently trip;
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, haſte thee, dear—
Oh, I'm ſure my foot will ſlip!
Fatima—
Well Selim—
Do not fear,
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat, pat, pat.

From Blue-Beard.

Sweet is the Dream.

SWEET is the dream, divinely ſweet,
When abſent ſouls in fancy meet!
At midnight love! I'll think of thee;
At midnight love! Oh! think, Oh! think of me.

Think that thou giv'ſt thy deareſt kiſs,
And I will think I feel the bliſs;
Then, if thou bluſh, that bluſh be mine,
And, if I weep, the tear be mine!

Glorious the Ray.

From Paul and Virginia.

GLORIOUS the ray glancing over the ocean,
That bids hill and valley diſplay each gay hue!
Graceful the orange grove waves in ſlow motion,
With joy as it hails the freſh morning in view.
Yet vainly her beauties does nature impart,
But for love's cheering ſunſhine that reigns in the heart,
All is delight if kind love lend his aid,
And all is deſpair if fond hopes are betray'd.

Sweet is the breeze that awakens the morning,
Or murmurs at eve with the nightingale's ſong;
Bright is the moonbeam the ſtreamlet adorning,
While o'er the ſmooth pebbles it wanders along.
Yet vainly her beauties, &c.

The Careleſs Tar.

WHAT matters Tom, to where we're bound,
If ſlighted while on Britiſh ground,
Becauſe our pocket's low?
A foe, d'ye ſee, can't uſe us worſe,
Kind fortune yet may favour us,
And take her tars in tow.

What though we be neglected now,
Shall we to lubbers cringe and bow?
No, dam'me, meſſmates, no,
D'ye mind me, we never did it yet,
Kind fortune ſoon may ſmile a bit,
And take her tars in tow.

For my part, dear Tom, whate'er betide,
I know there's one that will provide,
For you, and I, and Joe:
So brave, my hearts, the tempeſt now,
Kind fortune yet I think as how,
Will take her tars in tow.

Of this be ſure, though now caſt down,
The mermaid can't for ever frown,
Why then, ſhe'll kinder grow:
And, ſhiver me to ſplinter, mate,
But fortune yet may change our ſtate,
And take us tars in tow.

But ſhould ſhe frown, and, brimſtone like,
Her fancy colours never ſtrike,
Why, then we'll let her know,
There's room enough for you and me
To ſpend our lives in joy at ſea,
And ſhe to hell may go.

The Nightingale.

From Robin Hood.

O NIGHTINGALE! who, on yon blooming ſpray
Was bleſt at eve, when all the woods were ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
While jovial hours lead on propitious May:
Thy languid notes, which cloſe the eyes of day,
Portend ſucceſs in love—if Jove's will
Have link'd that am'rous pow'r to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year has ſung too late
For my relief, yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

PUBLISHED at N°. 10, *BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,*
Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

The Intriguing Iriſhman.

THE firſt of my pranks was at little Rathſhane,
Where love, faith, like whiſkey, popt in my brain,
For Alley M'Cullogh, a ſweet little ſoul,
As tall and as ſtraight as a ſhaver-man's pole:

SPOKEN.] *Och! ſhe was a ſweet creature! with a bloom on her face like a Munſter potatoe.—I met her a going to market one morning with a baſket under one of her arms.—Where do you come from my dear? ſays I, from Clanterduffy, ſir, ſays ſhe.—And what's your name, my dear? Alley M'Cullogh, ſir, ſays ſhe,—Och! what a ſoft beautiful name!*

To be ſure then I told her a piece of my mind,
Till ſhe left her old dad and the baſket behind.

But ſoon I was dying for Molly Machree,
A ſweet tender ſhoot juſt come from Tralee;
O ſweet Molly, ſays I, do pray eaſe my pain,
By St. Patrick, ſays ſhe, pray what do you mane?

SPOKEN.] *Mane, ſays I.—Why to marry you to be ſure, my dear—But do you tho' ſays ſhe.—To be ſure I do—What do you think of me?—Oh, there's no reſiſting ye, ſays ſhe—So we were to be married next day.*

But as the devil would have it a thick fog came on,
When I looked for the Church, oh I found it was gone.

But morning and night ſhe was always my plague,
Faith 'tis time then, ſays I, for to leave off intrigue;
So from Cork I ſet ſail in a d—d open boat.

SPOKEN.] *We ſailed ſo plagued ſlow, that a big ſtorm overtook us—To be ſure I didn't ſwallow a little of the ſea broth—but the worſt of my misfortunes was, when I landed, there was Molly Machree! and ſhe put into my arms a great ſqualling brat, with a head as big as a buſhel of potatoes—What's this? ſays I—'Tis your own Teddy, ſays ſhe, and as like ye as two peas. Teddy be d—d, ſays I, take it away woman; I tell ye I don't know any thing at all at all of the matter.*

Then to end my intriguing, I went off to ſea,
And bid a good morning to Molly Machree.

The Laſs of Lucern Lake.

SAY will you leave your lowland haunts,
And range the hills with me;
This arm ſhall render light your wants,
And guard your Liberty.
The mountain doe that flits ſo fleet,
At earlieſt morn I'll take;
And make the rich repaſt for thee,
Dear Laſs of Lucern Lake.

The choiceſt fruits that grace the groves,
The muſcadine and pear,
Juſt when the bee for honey roves,
Will I at morn be there.
I'll pluck impearl'd with evening dew
The berry from the brake,
And ſpread the bow'r with ſweets for you,
Dear Laſs of Lucern Lake.

From nipping blaſts, from froſt and hail
Thy beauty I'll defend,
And ſtill amidſt the winter's gale
I'll live thy love, and friend.
Turn then fair maid and fly with me,
Thy lowland haunts forſake,
And all my cares ſhall be for thee,
Dear Laſs of Lucern Lake.

In Choice of a Huſband, &c.

Air,—*Paddy Whack.*

IN choice of a huſband we widows are nice;
I'd not have a man wou'd grow old in a trice:
Not a bear or a monkey, a clown or a ſop,
But one that could buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

A log I'll avoid when I'm chooſing my lad,
And a ſtork that might gobble up all that I had;
Such ſuitors I've had ſir, but off they might hop,
I want one that can buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

The lad in my eye, is the man to my mind,
So handſome, ſo young, ſo polite, and ſo kind;
With ſuch a good ſoul to the alter I'd hop,
He's the man that can buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

Agreeable Surpriſe.

The Cheerful Hibernian.

ALL you that are wiſe, and think life worth enjoying,
Or ſoldier or ſailor, by land or by ſea;
In loving and laughing your time be employing,
Your glaſs to your lip, and your laſs on your knee.
Come ſing away honies, and caſt off all ſorrow,
Tho' we all die to-day, let's be merry to-morrow,
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
A moment of time to be joyous and free.
Come ſing away honies, &c.

My lord and the biſhop, in ſpite of their ſplendor,
When death gives the call from their glories muſt part;
Your beautiful dame, when the ſummons is ſent her
Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.
Then ſing away honies, &c.

For riches and honors then, why all this riot,
Your rangling and jangling and all your alarms;
Arrah! burn you my honies, you'd better be quiet,
And take while you can, a kind girl to your arms.
You'd better be ſinging and caſting off ſorrow,
Tho' you all die to-day, ſure be merry to-morrow;
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
One moment to toy and enjoy her ſweet charms.
You'd better be ſinging, &c,

Row Dow.

OH, fear not my courage, prov'd over and over,
Your ſoldier will rout each impertinent lover;
With a row dow I'll guard you, the foe ſhall your preſence fly,
Who to fall in love here, muſt have tumbled, faith, pretty high.
With wide ſpreading charms, like the lake of Killarney,
Dear creature, O liſten to none of their blarney.
With a row dow, &c.

Your true hearted lad is come galloping to you,
Oh! the ſalmon's leap's nought to his flight to purſue you.
With a row dow, &c.

Your ſhort date of beauty—your glib tongue contrafting,
Like our own giant's cauſeway, will prove everlaſting.
With a row dow, &c,

The Captured Crew.

NIGHT ſcarce her mantle had withdrew,
And ſlowly uſher'd in the morn,
When bearing down, we 'ſpied in view,
The ſavage foe not far aſtern:
The ſtouteſt trembled—ſmall our crew,
The victims of ſuperior power;
Yet courage bid the drooping few
Wait calmly for the fatal hour.

Bold they approach'd—a council's held,
Our men, with voice united, cry,
'Rather than baſely deign to yield,
'They'd meet their fate and boldly die:'
The fight now rag'd—from ſide to ſide
The thund'ring cannons dreadful ſound;
With purple ſtain the deck was dy'd,
Which iſſu'd from each gaping wound.

Such havoc now ſtern death has made,
Vain our reſiſtance—nought could ſhield;
Wounds and fatigue on valour prey'd,
And with reluctance did we yield:
But ſcarce our batter'd hull we quit,
Scarce from the ſturdy wreck retire,
'Ere up ſhe blew, 'ſham'd to be beat,
Shrouding her form in ſheets of fire.

Tom Truelove's Knell.

TOM Truelove woo'd the ſweeteſt fair,
That e'er to tar was kind;
Her face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind!
His meſſmates heard, while with delight,
He nam'd her for his bride:
A ſail appear'd, ah! fatal ſight,
For grief his love had died:
Muſt I, cried he, thoſe charms reſign,
I love ſo dear, ſo well?
Wou'd they have toll'd, inſtead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Break heart, at once, and there's an end,
Tho' all that heav'n could give;
But hold, I have a noble friend,
Yet, yet, for him I'll live;
Fortune, who all her baleful ſpite,
Not yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news one rough tempeſtuous night,
That his dear friend had died.
And thou, too! muſt I thee reſign,
Who honor lov'd ſo well?
Would they had toll'd, inſtead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Enough, enough, a ſaltſea wave
An healing balm ſhall bring—
A ſailor you? cried one, and brave?
Live ſtill to ſerve your king:
The moment comes, behold the foe!
Thanks, gen'rous friend, he cried;
The ſecond broadſide laid him low,
He nam'd his love and died:
The tale in mournful accents ſung,
His friends ſtill ſorrowing tell,
How ſad and ſolemn, three times rung
Tom Truelove's knell.

Dibdin.

The Town Crier.

O YES, O yes, O yes!
Loſt, or miſlaid, or ſtolen, or ſtray'd,
The character, the decency, the duty of a youth,
Who was fam'd till this accident, for probity and truth,
Who aſſuag'd his parents ſorrow, alleviated all their cares,
And who, with matchleſs honor regulated their affairs,
And who with matchleſs, &c.

SPEAKS.] *This young man was ſeen to come out of his father's banker's, he was beckoned to by a lady in a hackney-coach, he drove to a jeweller's, where he bought her a fine diamond necklace, danced with a roaring party at a tavern, and in the evening was heard to talk very loud at the opera; he was afterwards introduced to a houſe not a hundred miles from St. James's, where it is ſuppoſed he could get no ſupper, for he was ſeen about three o'clock in the morning, to ſwallow dice and eat cards.*

Who to his wretched parents this miſguided youth will bring,
Beſides the ſatisfaction of doing a good action,
He ſhall receive a ſum more than mines can e'er afford,
He ſhall ſee the peace and comfort of a family reſtor'd.
God ſave the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes!
Loſt, or miſlaid, or ſtolen, or ſtray'd,
The tears of a widow, rich, wealthy, and fair,
Who nurs'd a rich old huſband half a year with tender care,
Who lov'd him not for his riches, conveniency or pelf,
All which is very true, for ſhe told me ſo herſelf,
All which is very true, &c.

SPEAKS.] *As this poor unfortunate young lady was ſeen about two hours after her huſband's death to go to the Commons to prove his will, where it is ſuppoſed that a glance from the eye of a handſome young proctor, ſo dried and abſorbed up the tears of the diſconſolate widow, that ſhe has never been ſeen to cry but once ſince, and then was detected with an onion in her pocket handkerchief.*

Who to this wretched mourner theſe ſame precious drops will bring,
Beſides the ſatisfaction of doing a good action,
Shall receive a gracious ſmile, which is all that can be proffer'd,
As they will be cried no more, nor any great reward offer'd,
God ſave the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes!
Loſt, or miſlaid, or ſtolen, or ſtray'd,
The knife and fork of an alderman—a counſellor's wig,
The dice-box of a Grecian—a parſon's tythe-pig—
The fan of a lady—a falſe tooth, alſo,
The hair powder licenſe, and the hair powder belonging to a beau.

SPEAKS.] *As theſe poor unfortunate ſufferers are nearly ruined, and deprived of their livelihood by the loſs of theſe reſpective articles, they being their working tools, the charitable and humane are hereby humbly requeſted to take into conſideration their forlorn condition.*

And who to theſe poor people, theſe ſame articles will bring,
Beſides the ſatisfaction of doing a good action,
Many thanks they ſhall receive from the charitable donors,
As they are very little uſe to any body but the owners.
God ſave the King.

Giles Jollup the Grave,
and
Brown Sally Green.

A Parody on Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogine.

M. G. LEWIS.

A Doctor ſo prim and a ſempſtreſs ſo tight
Hob a-nobb'd in ſome right maraſquin;
They ſuck'd up the cordial with trueſt delight:
Giles Jollup the Grave *was juſt five feet in height,*
And four feet the brown Sally Green.

——" And as," ſaid Giles Jollup, " to-morrow I go
" *To phyſic a feveriſh land,*
" At ſome ſixpenny hop, or perhaps the Mayor's ſhow,
" You'll tumble in love with ſome ſmart city beau,
" And with him ſhare your ſhop in the Strand."—

—" Lord! how can you think ſo?" brown Sally Green ſaid;
You muſt know mighty little of me;
" For if you be living, or if you be dead,
" I ſwear, 'pon my honour, that none in your ſtead
" Shall huſband of Sally Green be.

" And if e'er for another my heart ſhould decide,
" Falſe to you and the faith which I gave,
" God grant that, at dinner too amply ſupplied,
" Over-eating may give me a pain in my ſide;
" May your ghoſt then bring rhubarb to phyſic the bride,
" And ſend her well doſed to the grave!"——

Away went poor Giles, to what place is not told:
Sally wept, till ſhe blew her noſe ſore!
But ſcarce had a twelvemonth elapſed, when behold!
A brewer, quite ſtyliſh, his gig that way roll'd,
And ſtopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whiſky of cane,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
The ſteam of ſtrong beer now bewildering her brain,
He caught her while tipſy! denials were vain,
So he carried her home as his ſpouſe.

And now the roaſt beef had been bleſt by the prieſt,
To cram now the gueſts had begun:
Tooth and nail like a wolf fell the bride on the feaſt;
Nor yet had the claſh of her knife and fork ceaſed,
When a bell—('twas a duſtman's)—toll'd—" one!"

Then firſt with amazement brown Sally Green found
That a ſtranger was ſtuck by her ſide:
His cravat and his ruffles with ſnuff were embrown'd;
He ate not, he drank not, but, turning him round,
Sent ſome pudding away to be fried!!!

His wig was turn'd forwards, and ſhort was his height;
His apron was dirty to view:
The women (oh! wondrous) were huſh'd at his ſight:
The cats, as they eyed him, drew back, (well they might,)
For his body was pea green and blue!

Now, as all wiſh'd to ſpeak, but none knew what to ſay,
They look'd mighty fooliſh and queer:
At length ſpoke the bride, while ſhe trembled—
" I pray,
" *Dear Sir, your peruke that aſide you would lay,*
" *And partake of ſome ſtrong or ſmall beer!*"——

The ſempſtreſs is ſilent; the ſtranger complies,
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.
Adzooks! what a ſquall Sally gave through ſurprize!
Like a pig that is ſtuck how ſhe open'd her eyes,
When ſhe recognized Jollup's bare ſkull!

Each miſs then exclaim'd, while ſhe turn'd up her ſnout,
——" Sir, your head isn't fit to be ſeen!"—
The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,
And couldn't conceive what the noiſe was about,
While the Doctor addreſs'd Sally Green:

——" Behold me, thou jilt-flirt! behold me!" he cried;
" You've broken the faith which you gave!
" God grants, that, to puniſh your falſehood and pride,
" Over-eating ſhould give you a pain in your ſide:
" Come, ſwallow this rhubarb! I'll phyſic the bride,
" And ſend her well-doſed to the grave!"——

Thus ſaying, the phyſic her throat he forced down,
In ſpite of whate'er ſhe could ſay;
Then bore to his chariot the damſel ſo brown;
Nor ever again was ſhe ſeen in that town,
Or the Doctor who whiſk'd her away.

Not long liv'd the Brewer: and none ſince that time
To make uſe of the brewhouſe preſume;
For 'tis firmly believed, that, by order ſublime,
There Sally Green ſuffers the pain of her crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight four times in each year does her ſpirite
With ſhrieks make the chamber reſound:
—" I won't take the rhubarb!" ſhe ſqualls in affright,
While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,
Giles Jollup purſues her around!

With wigs ſo well powder'd, their fees while they crave,
Dancing round them twelve doctors are ſeen:
They drink chicken broth, while this horrible ſtave
Is twang'd through each noſe—" To Giles Jollup the Grave,
" And his patient, the ſick Sally Green!"——

[Numb. 98]

THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR *SIREN MEDLEY.*

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

A Bundle of Proverbs.

MY name's O,B,A,D,I,A,H, a Quaker I am, [hem!]
In figure a lion, in ſpirit a lamb;
'Tis true I can't ſing like the ſmarts of the town, [hem!]
But ſometimes I chant out a ſtave of my own, [hem!]
The Belles and Beaux,
In flaſhy clothes,
All laugh at my Proverbs, as by they are ſcudding,
Your hungry dogs will attack dirty pudding, &c.

I can't boaſt of wit, nor ſhoot ſatire's keen dart,
But an ill phraſe may come from a very good heart;
My taſk is to give a ſhort ſketch of the times,
And put my old ſayings in doggrell rhymes;
In Britain's Praiſe,
My Voice I'll raiſe,
May no foreign follies her brave ſons bewitch,
If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch.

The French all declare, that they'll make us all rue,
But 'tis one thing to ſay, and another to do;
They ſwagger and bluſter, and ſwear in loud tones,
But high words I've heard, never break any bones;
They vow they'll fight
By day and night,
In ſhips, and large rafts, and baloons, and all that,
But a lion was never afraid of a cat.

They threaten to cut the poor Engliſh to fritters,
But you know very well 'tis not all gold that glitters;
Let them meet our brave tars, and they'll quickly retire,
For I've heard burnt children dread ſorely the fire;
They vaunting roar
They'll ſoon come o'er,
And then they can conquer us all in a trice;
But you know noiſy cats very ſeldom catch mice.

I own they've been lucky in fright'ning and burning,
But 'tis a long lane that has never a turning;
They'll rail at our laws and religion, alas!
They ſhould never throw ſtones that have windows of glaſs;
They proudly boaſt
Their conquering hoſt,
To humble Old England will ſoon be diſpatch'd,
But ſome reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd.

Now though I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thouſand hot words will not ſour good beer;
If we firmly unite, we may laugh at their tricks,
Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of ſticks;
The nations all,
They would enthrall,
One queſtion occurs, and I'll make bold to aſk it,
Don't you think they have too many eggs in one baſket.

In numbers they greatly exceed us, 'tis clear,
But two preſs'd men's not equal to one volunteer;
In vain are their efforts, mind not their alarms,
We are not all babes, though we'll all be in arms;
In friendſhip's bands
Join hearts and hands,
And let us for England ſtand up one and all,
For a kingdom divided muſt certainly fall.

Bonaparte in Egypt French freedom did try,
But the Gipſies had got other fiſhes to fry;
They cared for his liberty-tree not a ruſh,
For a bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh;
Sure as a gun,
He's quite undone,
Though he cannot looſe much, ſuch a pickle he's in,
What can you have more from a cat than his ſkin.

The Laſt Adieu.

THE burſting tear that ſoon muſt flow,
When forc'd from friends, ſo kind, ſo true;
And the deep ſigh with ſorrow grow,
When call'd to bid a laſt adieu.

Then muſt we part, a hard decree,
No more the happy hours renew
With thoſe we love, no longer ſee
The friends that bid a laſt adieu.

Can nature chain within my breaſt,
Thoſe thoughts that ever turn on you;
When love declares my ſoul can't reſt—
May heav'n forbid a laſt adieu.

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The Storm.

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift, ye landsmen all to me,
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea,
From bounding billows first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise;
To the tempest troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling!
Down your stay-tails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces;
Quick the topsail sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your topsails nimbly clew!

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,—
Round us roar the tempest louder;
Think what fear our mind enthrals:
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
Now again the boatswain calls:

The topsail yards point to the wind, boys!
See all clear to reef each course!
Let the fore-sheets go; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;
Reef the mizen; see all clear:
Hand up! each preventer-brace set;
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!
In our eyes blue lightnings flash!
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky!
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us.
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;
Call on hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
Come, my hearts be stout and bold!
Plumb the well, the lake increases;
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us;
For only that can save us now!

O'er the lee-beam is the land boys;
Let the guns o'er-board be thrown;
To the pump come every hand, boys;
See our mizen-mast is gone,
The leak we've found; it cannot pour fast:
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury fore-mast;
She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune spar'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now; who fears it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

The Young Man's Wish.

FREE from the bustle care and strife,
Of this short variegated life,
O let me spend my days
In rural sweetness, with a friend,
To whom my mind I may unbend,
Nor censure heed or praise.

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth,
Let me enjoy but peace and health,
I envy not the great:
'Tis these alone can make me blest;
The riches take of east and west,
I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant nor near,
But through the well spent checker'd year,
I'd have enough to live;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good natur'd wife,
Young, sensible and fair:
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
And sooth my every care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I cheerfully would spend,
With no vain thoughts oppress;
If heav'n has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
And I am truly blest.

Ah! why must words.

AH why must words my flame reveal,
What needs my Damon bid me tell
What all my actions prove,
A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
Whene'er I hear his name a sigh
Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve;
The rest unheeded, dance or play,
He steals from all my praise away,
And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet my looks confess
The pleasures which my soul possess,
And all its cares remove.
Still, still too short appears his stay,
I frame excuses for delay,
Can this be ought but love?

Does any speak in Damon's praise,
How pleas'd am I with all he says,
And ev'ry word approve;
Is he defam'd, tho' but in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas, because I love.

But O what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart,
The least desire to rove.
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him I strive to hate in vain,
For ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words but read my eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
All these my passion prove:
Words may deceive, may spring from art,
But the true language of my heart
To Damon must be love.

Oh! Gentle Peace.

OH! gentle peace with pleaſing ſmiles,
Welcome the ſailor from his toils,
His prizes ſold, his wages paid,
His ſhip is ſafe in harbour laid;
To Sal his dear with all his ſtore,
And ſwears from her to part no more.

'Oh! Sal,' ſaid he, 'when bullets flew
'Around my head, and of the crew
'Lay ſtretched on deck, ſad ſight to ſee,
'I felt no pain but love for thee,
'Still hoping when the war'd be o'er,
'My Sal and I ſhould part no more,'

Sal thus replied, 'as through the door
'With hollow ſounds the wind did roar,
'My conſtant heart was fraught with woe,
'Leaſt you might to the bottom go;
'But now the cruel war is o'er,
'I hope we've met to part no more.'

'Come then,' ſays Tom, 'let's bear away,
'And to the church make no delay;
'The parſon then with golden twine,
'Will laſt enſure your hand in mine,
'In peace and love to live on ſhore,
'And nought but death to part us more.

Duncan's Warning.

RECITATIVE.

AS o'er the heath, amid his ſteel clad Thanes,
The royal Duncan rode in martial pride,
Where, full to view, high topp'd with glitt'ring vanes,
Macbeth's ſtrong tow'rs o'erhung the mountain's ſide;
In duſky mantle wrapp'd, a griſly form
Ruſh'd with a giant ſtride acroſs the way;
And thus, while howl'd around the riſing ſtorm,
In hollow thund'ring accents pour'd diſmay.

SONG.

STOP, O king, thy deſtin'd courſe,
Furl thy ſtandard, turn thy horſe;
Death beſets this onward track,
Come no further, quickly back.

Hear'ſt thou not the raven's croak?
See'ſt thou not the blaſted oak?
Feel'ſt thou not the loaded ſky?
Read thy danger, king, and fly.

Lo! yon caſtle banners glare
Bloody through the troubled air,
Lo! what ſpectres on the roof,
Frowning bid thee ſtand aloof.

Murder, like an eagle, waits
Perch'd above the gloomy gates,
Juſt in act to pounce his prey,
Come not near—away, away.

Let not plighted faith beguile
Honour's ſemblance, beauty's ſmile;
Fierce ambition's venom'd dart
Rankles in the feſt'ring heart.

Treaſon arm'd, againſt thy life,
Points his dagger, whets his knife,
Drugs his ſtupefying bowl,
Steels his unrelenting ſoul.

Now 'tis time; ere griſly night
Cloſes round thee, ſpeed thy flight;
If the threſhold once be croſt,
Duncan, thou'rt for ever loſt.

On he goes! reſiſtleſs fate
Haſtes to fill his mortal date:
Ceaſe, ye warnings! vain tho' true,
Murder'd king, adieu! adieu!

Hark, away to the Downs.

HARK, hark away, away to the Downs,
The huntſman is gone on before with the hounds;
Sol after taking his midnight nap,
Shaking his ears in Thetis's lap.
Come come, my boys,
Theſe are the joys,
That far exceed the delights of the Doxies;
This is the ſport,
To which we reſort,
Always in purſuit of hares and foxes.
Tol lol lol.

Diana and her nymphs are already dreſt,
Each with a quiver and hunting veſt;
To follow the chace ſhe very well knows,
Scorning the delights of the fops and beaux
Let the fond loving tool
All day play the fool,
Coaxing his laſs with ſighs and with tears;
We'll hunt all the day,
At night laugh and play,
And outlive them many many years.

See where old Danger leads them along,
Old Jenker exceeds them with his ſong:
Sirrah, get over or I'll crack your crown,
Now my lad get up that you are down.
Fy, Random, fy,
Sirrah, do not lie;
Joe, whip that babler, he is running counter,
Ware heel, ware heel, ware heel!
Ware heel, ware heel, ware heel!
She has made the break where firſt we found her.

Hold hard on, don't make ſuch a rout,
Let them alone, they'll ſoon make her out:
O'er yonder ſtream I'm ſure ſhe's croſt,
They hunt her ſo cool, I'm ſure ſhe's loſt.
Halloo, hark away! Juno's the lay,
That's it my baby, ſhe's gone thro' the fallow,
Try the dogs around,
The ſheep ſpoil'd the ground,
Blaſt thoſe footmen how they hollow.

Why ſo faſt? not ſo much haſte,
Let them enjoy it without any hurry
She's gone a head or muſt lie at quot,
Joe, whip thoſe dogs well in with Larry,
Halloo halloo halloo! dead dead dead!
Jump off your horſes and ſave her from tearing.
Hadois hadois hadois,
Where's Ned or Joe,
Look at them yonder out of hearing.

Let the dull courſer beat the buſh,
All the day long in purſuit of Puſs;
In that amuſement I find no fun,
For the ſport is all over as ſoon as begun;
'Tis but So ho, ſo ho, ſo ho, ſo ho, ſo ho,
Blaſt them, there's no pleaſure in it.
Halloo halloo halloo!
Dead dead dead!
Merry for a minute and dull for an hour.

Oh! why ſhould Love.

OH! why ſhould love with tyrant ſway,
Oppreſs each youthful heart?
Muſt all his rigid laws obey,
And feel his pointed dart?

On reaſon's aid in vain we call,
To break the galling chain,
The potent god diſdains it all,
And triumphs in our pain.

The Fatal Siſters.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.—GRAY.

To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio; and alſo in Bartholinus:

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the eleventh century Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a conſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of Sictryg with the ſilken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs in the death of Brian their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day (the day of the battle,) a native of Scotland ſaw, at a diſtance, a number of perſons on horſeback riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they ſung the following dreadful Song; which, when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth. Theſe were the Valkyriur, *female divinities, ſervants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies* Chooſers of the Slain. *They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or Paradiſe of the Brave, where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.*

Now the ſtorm begins to lower,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron-ſleet of arrowy ſhower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griſly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipp'd in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

Miſta, black terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, ſee!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through th' enſanguined field,
Gondula, and Geira, ſpread
O'er the youthful King your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war.)

They, whom once the deſert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin * weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep:
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death.—
Siſters, ceaſe: the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King!

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence with ſpurs of ſpeed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

* Ireland.

[Numb. 99]

THE

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OR

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The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.——To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Charms of Liberty.

SINCE every charm's on earth combin'd,
In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to see,
What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,
My heart was lively, blithe, and gay,
Cou'd sport with every nymph but she,
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late,
That death must be my hapless fate,
If love and you do not agree,
To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love;
And envy every clown I see,
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
And every idle care disdain;
We'll live in sweet tranquillity,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

The Jovial Seamen.

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel
When waves do mount and winds do blow;
But we have hearts of steel;
No danger can affright us;
No enemy shall flout:
We'll make the monsieurs right us;
So toss the can about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,
We'll plunder, burn and sink,
Then, France, have at your first-rates;
For Britons never shrink:
We'll rummage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by scores,
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying
With our noble Commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely boys,
And then to sea for more:
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly;
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

Not as it shou'd be.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

A Coxcomb once said
He had Bet's maidenhead,
But 'twas false, as I told Mr. Wou'd-be.
His Doctor declar'd,
Impotency debarr'd,
The Fribble was not as he shou'd be.

As Beauty is us'd,
So Britannia's abus'd,
How many loud coffee-house praters
Will boast of the weight
Which they have in the State,
And *wou'd be* the Nation's Dictators.

Such creatures pretend
They can England befriend,
So attract or distract all about them;
That, *pon onner*, they know
How, *when*, *what*, and *also*,
And the Ministry can't do without them.

When Candidates bow,
Patriotic they vow
To honour, esteem, and adore us;
But chose, they change soon,
They are taught the Court Tune,
And chant in Majority's chorus.

Reproach, if you please,
May impertinent teaze,
Remembrance attempt to awaken;
But th' answer is this,
I thought things amiss,
I really, my friend, was mistaken.

His market is made,
We all live by trade,
So buy or sell, Sirs—choose you whether;
Rich and poor 'tis the same,
Change-alley's the game,
A job! a sad job altogether!

Our animal stuff
Is not made of bomb proof,
When Temptation's artillery assails:
As the Batt'ries begin,
We're betray'd from within,
The flesh over spirit prevails.

Corruption!——that's hard—
But, from birth to church-yard,
What are we? but rotting, along:
Folly moulders our clay,
Each vice has its day,
But—good-night—for I've done with my song.

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America, Commerce and Freedom.

HOW bleſt the life a ſailor leads,
From clime to clime ſtill ranging;
For as the calm the ſtorm ſucceeds,
The ſcene delights by changing.
Tho' tempeſts howl along the main,
Some objects will remind us,
And cheer with hope to meet again
The friends we left behind us.

CHORUS.

Then under full ſail, we laugh at the gale,
And the landſmen look pale, never heed 'em;
But toſs of the glaſs to a favorite laſs,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

But when arrived in ſight of land,
Or ſafe in port rejoicing,
Our ſhip we moor, our ſails we hand,
Whilſt out our boat is hoiſting;
With cheerful hearts the ſhore we reach,
Our friends delighted greet us:
And tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty laſſes meet us.

CHORUS.

When the full flowing bowl enlivens the ſoul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em;
And each bonny laſs will drink off her glaſs,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our prizes ſold, the chink we ſhare,
And gladly we receive it,
And when we meet a brother tar
That wants, we freely give it.
No free born ſailor yet had ſtore,
But cheerfully would lend it,
And when 'tis gone, to ſea for more;
We earn it but to ſpend it.

CHORUS.

Then drink round my boys, 'tis the firſt of our joys
To relieve the diſtreſs'd, cloath and feed 'em!
'Tis a duty we ſhare with the brave and the fair,
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

Davy Jones's Locker;

Or, a ſequel to the favorite ſong of Poor Jack.

WHEN laſt honeſt Jack, of whoſe fate I now write,
Weigh'd anchor, and caſt out for ſea;
For he never refus'd for his country to fight,
When call'd on no lubber was he.
To hand, reef, and ſteer, and bouſe ev'ry thing tight,
Full well did he know ev'ry inch;
Tho' the top-lifts of ſailors the tempeſt ſhou'd ſmite,
Jack never was known for to flinch.
Tho' the top-lifts, &c.

Aloft from the maſt-head one day he eſpy'd,
Seven ſail which appear'd to his view;
Clear the decks, ſponge the guns, was inſtantly cri'd,
And each to his ſtation then flew;
And fought until many a noble was ſlain,
And fill d'd was every gun:
'Twas then all the honeſt tar's valour was vain,
For by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conqueſt diſmay'd,
Could tamely ſubmit to his fate;
When his country he found he no longer could ſerve,
Looking round, he addreſs'd thus each mate;
What's life, d'ye ſee, when our liberty's gone,
Much nobler it were for to die—
So now for old Davy—then plung'd in the main—
Then the Cherub above, heav'd a ſigh.

The Maid of Martindale.

IN Martindale a village gay,
A damſel deigns to dwell;
Whoſe looks are like a ſummer's day,
Whoſe charms no tongue can tell;
Whene'er I meet her on my way,
I tell my am'rous tale,
Then heave a ſigh and ſoftly ſay,
Sweet maid of Martindale.

This nymph has numbers in her train,
From Hodge up to the Squire;
A conqueſt makes of ev'ry ſwain,
All gaze and all admire.
Then where's the hope, alas! for me,
That I ſhould e'er prevail;
Yet, while I breathe I'll think of thee,
Sweet maid of Martindale.

Should fate propitious be my lot,
To call this charmer mine;
I'd live content in lowly cot
And pompous thoughts reſign.
But if ſhe ſcorn, each heart felt ſigh,
And leaves me to bewail;
For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,
Sweet maid of Martindale.

Prithee Fool be Quiet.

AS t'other day young Damon ſtray'd
Where Chloe ſat demure,
He doff'd his hat, and ſigh'd, and gaz'd,
'Twas love that ſtruck him—ſure:
With rev'rence he approach'd the fair,
Which ſhe look'd very ſhy at:
And when he prais'd her ſhape and air,
'Twas—prithee fool be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, now be not coy,
Nor think my meaning rude;
Let love, like mine, thy mind employ,
True love can ne'er intrude;
Her hand he then aſſay'd to kiſs,
Which, frowning, ſhe cry'd fie ar,
And when he ſtruggled for the bliſs,
Said—prithee fool be quiet.

Then kneeling at her feet, he ſwore
Without her he ſhould die;
That man ne'er loved woman more,
And heav'd a melting ſigh:
Cupid unſeen now touch'd her breaſt,
And there kick'd up a riot;
Much ſoften'd, yet ſhe ſtill expreſs'd
Nay—prithee ſir be quiet.

The youth perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
And boldly aſk'd her hand;
Soon hymen made them both as one,
United in his band:
The caſe too ſoon is changed quite—
A ſcene you'll all cry fie at;
She prates away from morn till night,
While he cries—Zounds be quiet.

The happy Farmer.

WHEN the bonny grey morning juſt peeps thro' the ſkies,
The lark mounting, tunes his ſweet lay;
With a mind unincumber'd by care, I ariſe,
My ſpirits light, airy, and gay.
I take up my gun, honeſt Tray, my old friend,
Wags his tail, and jumps joyouſly round;
To the woods then together our footſteps we bend,
'Tis there health and pleaſure are found,
I ſnuff the freſh air, bid defiance to care,
And happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, from ambition and ſtate,
'Tis my pride and my boaſt to be free.

At noon, I delighted range o'er the rich ſoil,
And labour's rough children regale;
With a cup of good home-brew'd I ſweeten their toil,
And laugh at their joke or their tale;
And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,
Or the innocent flocks meet my ſight,
Or the orchard, whoſe fruits are juſt turning to gold,
Still, ſtill, health and pleaſure unite.
I ſnuff the freſh air, bid defiance to care,
And happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, from ambition and ſtate,
'Tis my pride and my boaſt to be free.

At eve to my humble roof'd cot I return,
When, oh, what new ſources of bliſs!
My children ruſh out, while their little hearts burn,
Each ſtriving to gain the firſt kiſs,
My Dolly appears with a ſmile on her face,
Good humour preſides at our board:
What more than health, plenty, good humour and peace,
Can the wealth of the Indies afford?
I retire to reſt, ſweet content fills my breaſt,
As happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, from ambition and ſtate,
'Tis my pride and my boaſt to be free.

Faithleſs Edward.

WHEN Edward left his native plain,
He heav'd a ſigh, he dropp'd a tear;
Ere ſpring returns thy conſtant ſwain,
Thy faithful Edward will be here.

Tho' Edward vow'd, and I believ'd,
Ah! blooming flowrets, why ſo fair?
Alas! you prove that I'm deceived,
For faithleſs Edward is not here.

The early lark proclaims the ſpring,
The thruſh delights with notes ſo clear;
The flowers will bloom, and birds will ſing,
Tho' faithleſs Edward is not here.

Had Edward been true, oh! how bleſt I had been;
Each flowret more ſweet, and more gay every ſcene;
If he had been true,
So I had been too:
But if with another he ſeeks for delight,
To be true to myſelf I his falſehood requite.

Young Henry is true,
So I will be too;
At the dance on the green, at the wake or the fair,
I'll be happy and merry,
I'll be happy and merry,
Tho' faithleſs Edward is not there.

The Albion the Pride of the Sea.

MY boys, would you know how our ſhip got her name,
You ſhall ſpeedily know that from me;
When ready to launch ſhe was chriſten'd by Fame,
The Albion, the pride of the ſea.
All her crew lads of mettle,
'Midſt the cannons loud rattle,
A dread lion in battle,
Is Albion the pride of the ſea.

As ſhe daſh'd from the dock, to embrace her own wave,
She ſprang with a heart full of glee,
And cried, let none man but the true Engliſh brave
The Albion, the pride of the ſea.
All her crew, &c.

When, glorious to view, as ſhe ſwam on the main,
This is my throne, exclaim'd ſhe,
And the ſceptre, my boys, we e'er ſhall maintain,
Of Albion, the pride of the ſea.
All her crew, &c.

What honors to her fame and vict'ry have paid,
To hiſtory go and you'll ſee,
The ocean is rul'd, and e'er ſhall be ſway'd,
By Albion, the pride of the ſea.
All her crew, &c.

'Mongſt the greateſt of heroes that hiſtory knows,
All the tars of Old England agree,
Nelſon, Howe, Duncan, Vincent have thraſh'd well the foes,
Of Albion the pride of the ſea.
All her crew, &c.

Corin's Profeſſion;
or, the Song of Conſtancy,

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

NOW, Joan, we are married—and now let me ſay,
Tho both are in youth, yet that youth will decay;
In our journey thro' life, my dear Joan, I ſuppoſe,
We ſhall oft meet a bramble—and ſometimes a roſe!
When a cloud on this forehead ſhall darken my day,
Thy ſunſhine of ſweetneſs muſt ſmile it away;
And when the dull vapours ſhall dwell upon thine,
To chaſe it—the labour and triumph be mine.

Thou ſhalt milk our one cow, and if fortune purſue,
In good time, with her bleſſing, my Joan ſhall milk two:
I will till our ſmall field, while my prattle and ſong
Shall charm as I drive the bright plough-ſhare along.

When finiſh'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat our good neighbours at eve with our ale;
For, Joan, who could wiſh for ſelf only to live?
One bleſſing of life, my dear girl, is to give!

E'en the red breaſt and wren ſhall not ſeek us in vain,
While thou haſt a crumb, or thy Corin a grain:
Not only their ſongs will they pour from the grove,
But yield, by example, ſweet leſſons of love!

Tho' thy beauty muſt fade, yet thy youth I'll remember;
That thy May was my own, when thou ſheweſt December;
And when age to my head ſhall his winter impart,
The ſummer of love ſhall repoſe in my heart!

Reuben and Rose,

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years not a sun-beam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day!

Though the vallies were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave:
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the "wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but *Reuben*, the flow'r of the age?
For *Reuben* was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For *Rose*, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn!

Must *Rose* then, from *Reuben* so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or *Reuben* be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me, oh! tell,
"Shall my *Reuben* no more be restor'd to my eyes?"
"Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
"Of the mouldering abbey, your *Reuben* shall "rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your *Reuben* shall rise,"
And *Rose* felt a moment's release from her pain;
She wip'd, while she listen'd, the tear from her eyes,
And she hop'd she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the fire of his *Rose*;
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.

How strangely the order of destiny falls!
Not long in the water the warrior lay,
When a sun-beam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the day!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank;
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was be gemming the sky,
Poor *Rose* on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When hark! 'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She started, and saw, thro' the glimm'ring shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, tho' his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
'Twas *Reuben*, but ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never!
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

The Dirge of Wallace,

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Author of *The Pleasures of Hope.*

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chaunted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright—
Here eyes was all sleepless and dim!
And the Lady of ELDERSLIE wept for her Lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapp'd at her window board—
To tell of her warrior's doom!

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
"For the soul of my Knight so dear;
"And call me a widow this wretched day,
"Since the warning of God is here!
"For Night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:—
"The Lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;
"His valourous heart they have wounded deep;
"And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
"For WALLACE of Elderslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dire of her champion sung!
When his dungeon-light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;
No weeping there was when his bosom bled—
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to that Knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field;
With the yellow-hair'd Chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield—
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace weight
For his long lov'd country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver Knight
Than WALLACE of Elderslie!
But the day of his glory shall never depart;
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be balm'd;
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd!

[Numb. 100]

THE

CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publiſher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the Engliſh Language, worth preſerving—forming an Univerſal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old Engliſh, Iriſh, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Little Mary's Eye.

LITTLE Mary's eye
Is roguiſh, and all that, Sir,
But her little tongue
Is quite too full of chat, Sir,
Since her eye can ſpeak
Enough to tell her bliſſes;
If ſhe ſtirs her tongue,
Why ſtop her mouth with kiſſes.
Oh the little girls,
Wily, warm, and winning,
When Angels tempt us to it
Who can keep from ſinning.

Nanny's beaming eye
Looks as warm as any;
But her cheek was pale—
Well-a-day poor Nanny:
Nanny in the field,
She pluck'd a little poſie;
And Nanny's pallid cheek,
Soon grew ſleek and roſy.
Oh the little girls, &c.

Sue, the pretty Nun,
Prays in warm emotion;
Sweetly rolls her eye,
In love or in devotion.
If her pious heart
Softens to relieve you,
She gently ſhares the crime
With—" Oh may God forgive you."
Oh the little girls, &c.

To Fortune Unknown.

TO the maid that I love ſimplicity's dear,
And yet ſighs for her enemy's moan,
Unto the wretched ſhe can give but a tear;
She's to fame and to fortune unknown.

How bleſt ſhall I be if this fair will be mine,
To her, each day, devoted alone—
Nor ſhall ſhe have reaſon thro' life to repine,
She's to fame and to fortune unknown.

Major Domo.

MAJOR DOMO am I
Of this good family,
My word through the caſtle prevails:
I'm appointed the head
That muſt keep up the dread,
And the pomp of my ſon-in-law's tails:
I ſtrut as fine as any Macaw,
I'll change for down my bed of ſtraw,
On perquiſites I lay my paw,
I pour wine, ſlily, into my maw,
I ſtuff, I cram good victuals into my craw:
'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law
To a very magnificent three tail'd Baſhaw.

The ſlaves black and white,
Of each ſex own my might;
I command full three hundred and ten:
The females I'll kiſs,
But it won't be amiſs
To fright them with thumping the men,
I ſtrut as fine, &c.

At the head of affairs,
Turn me out then who dares—
Let them prove the head pilfers and ſteals:
No three tail'd Baſhaw,
Kicks his father-in-law,
And make his head take to his heels.
I ſtrut as fine, &c.

Liffey Side.

THE bloſſoms bluſh on every ſpray,
And fragrant flow'rets peep around,
Tho' nymphs and ſhepherds welcome May,
With rural dance and ſylvan ſound:
Yet joyleſs all to me appears,
Since Dermot, deareſt Dermot died!
How ſweeter to indulge my tears
On Liffey's flow'ry enamelled ſide.

For ah! he was the gentleſt youth,
And I a happy ſimple Maid,
He lov'd me—ſure ſuch worth and truth,
With only love could be repaid;
And then I gave my word to wed,
The day was fix'd—that day he died!
And clay cold is his Bridal bed,
On flowing Liffey's flow'ry ſide.

Kertland.

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Gay Bacchus.

GAY Bacchus, liking Eſtcourt's wine,
A noble meal beſpoke;
And for the gueſts that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Joke.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
And Joke near Comus plac'd;
Thus wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feaſt.

The more to pleaſe each ſprightly god,
Each ſweet engaging grace,
Put on ſome cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glaſs,
A lady of the ſky,
While Bacchus ſwore he'd drink the laſs,
And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus toſt his brimmer o'er,
And always got the moſt;
For Joke took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſs'd the toaſt.

They call'd and drank at ev'ry touch,
Then fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid, they did ſo then.

Free jeſts ran all the table round,
And with the wine conſpire,
(While they by ſly reflection wound)
To ſet their head on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ſtung,
By reck'ning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his ſtamm'ring tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring gaits.

Joke droll'd on Comus' greedy ways,
And tales without a jeſt;
While Comus call'd his witty plays,
But waggeries at beſt.

Such talk ſoon ſet them all at odds,
And had I Homer's pen,
I'd ſing you how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the graces fly,
Who make them ſoon agree;
And had the furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept ſome dart to ſtir the cup,
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Joke toking Comus' roſy crown,
In triumph won the prize;
And thrice in mirth he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the Myrtle Grove,
Where Venus did recline,
And Beauty, cloſe embracing Love,
They join'd to trill at wine.

And Comus loudly curſing wit,
Roll'd off to ſome retreat,
Where boon companions gravely ſit,
In fat unwieldy ſtate.

Bacchus and Joke, who ſtay'd behind,
For one freſh glaſs prepare:
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear,
This our inſtructive ſong:
For tho' ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

Hail, Burgundy.

HAIL, Burgundy, thou juice divine,
Inſpirer of my ſong;
The praiſes giv'n to other wine,
To thee alone belong.

Of manly wit and female charms
Thou can'ſt the pow'r improve:
Care of its ſting thy balm diſarms,
Thou nobleſt gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the parent Vines,
From whence thy current ſtreams,
Smiling amidſt the tendrils ſhines,
And laviſh darts his beams.

The pregnant Grapes receive his fire,
And all his pow'r retain;
With the ſame warmth our brains inſpire,
And lead the ſprightly ſtrain.

From thee, fair Chloe's radiant eye,
New ſparkling beams receives;
Her cheeks imbibe a roſier dye,
New fires her boſom heaves.

Summon'd to love, by thy alarms,
Oh! with what nervous heat,
Worthy the maid we fill her arms;
How oft that love repeat!

The ſtoic, prone to thought intenſe,
Thy ſoftneſs can unbend;
A cheerful gaiety diſpenſe,
And makes him taſte a friend.

His brow grows clear, he feels content,
Forgets his penſive ſtrife,
And well concludes our ſpan well ſpent
In honeſt ſocial life.

E'en fops—thoſe doubtful-gender things,
Wrapt up in ſelves and dreſs,
Quite loſt to the delight that ſprings
From ſenſe—thy pow'r confeſs.

Each fooliſh, puling, maudlin face,
That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his cue, and ſtiff grimace,
Grows free and ſeems to think.

Of all the World's Enjoyments.

OF all the world's enjoyments
That ever valu'd were,
There's none of all employments
With fiſhing can compare:
Some preach, ſome write,
Some ſwear, ſome fight,
All golden Lucre courting;
But fiſhing ſtill
Bears off the bell,
For profit, or for ſporting.

Then who a jolly fiſherman,
A fiſherman muſt be,
His throat would wet,
Juſt like his net,
To keep out cold at ſea.

The country 'ſquire loves running
A pack of well mouth'd hounds;
Another fancies Gunning
For wild duck in his grounds;
This hunts, that fowls,
This hawks, Dick bowls,
No greater pleaſure wiſhing;
But Tom that tells
What ſport excels,
Gives all the praiſe to fiſhing.

Then, &c.

A good Weſtphalia gammon,
Is counted dainty fair;
But what is't to a Salmon,
Juſt taken from the weir:
Wheat-ears and Quails,
Cocks, Snipes and Rayls.
Are priz'd while ſeaſon's laſting;
But all muſt ſtoop
to Craw-fiſh ſoop,
Or I've no ſkil in taſting.

Then, &c.

Keen hunters always take to
Their prey with too much pains;
Nay, often break a neck too,
A Penance for no Brains:
They run, they leap,
Now high, now deep,
While he that fiſhing chooſes,
With eaſe may do't,
Nay, more to boot,
May entertain the muſes.

Then, &c.

And tho' ſome envious wranglers
To jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient anglers,
Who ſtand ſo long i' th' cold,
They wait on Miſs,
We wait on this,
And think it eaſy labour,
And if you'd know
Fiſh profits too,
Conſult our Holland neighbour.

Then, &c.

The Maid of the Moor,

OR

The Water Fiends.

G. COLMAN, JUN.

ON a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath frequenting grouſe,
There ſtood a tenement antique,
Lord Hoppergollop's country houſe.

Here ſilence reign'd with lips of glue,
And undiſturbed maintain'd her law;
Save when the owl cried—"whoo! whoo! whoo!
Or the hoarſe crow croak'd—"caw! caw! caw!"

Neglected manſion! for 'tis ſaid,
Whene'er the ſnow came feathering down,
Four barbed ſteeds, from the Bull's-head,
Carried thy maſter up to town.

Weak Hoppergollop! Lords may moan,
Who ſtake in London their eſtate,
On two ſmall rattling bits of bone,
On little figure, or on great.

Swift whirl the wheels,—he's gone;—a Roſe
Remains behind, whoſe virgin look,
Unſeen, muſt bluſh in wint'ry ſnows;
Sweet beauteous bloſſom! 'twas the Cook!

A bolder, far, than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand
Eels might be proud to loſe their coat,
If ſkinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one ſat alone,
Had none remain'd ſave only ſhe;
She by herſelf had been, if one
Had not been left for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whoſe cheek's clear hue
Was tinged with health and manly toil;
Cabbage he ſow'd, and when it grew,
He always cut it off to boil.

Oft would he cry,—"Delve, delve the hole!
"And prune the tree, and trim the root!
"And ſtick the wig upon the pole,
"To ſcare the ſparrows from the fruit!"—

A ſmall mute favourite by day
Follow'd his ſteps; where'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah man! the brute creation ſee,
Thy conſtancy oft need to ſpur!
While leſſons of fidelity,
Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard

Hard toil'd the youth, ſo freſh and ſtrong,
While Bob-tail in his face would look,
And mark'd his maſter troll the ſong,
—" Sweet Molly Dumpling! O, thou Cook!"—

For thus he ſung: while Cupid ſmiled,
Pleaſed that the Gard'ner own'd his dart;
Which pruned his paſſions, running wild,
And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor, his love return!
True love ne'er tints the cheek with ſhame;
When gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds burn,
A cook may ſurely feed the flame.

Ah! not averſe from love was ſhe;
Though pure as heaven's ſnowy flake;
Both lov'd; and though a Gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blaſt, the night's obſcure:
The manſion's crazy wainſcots crack,
The ſun had ſunk, and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor, was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling ſat;
Much did ſhe fear, and much admire,
What Thomas gard'ner could be at.

Liſtening, her hand ſupports her chin,
But ah! no foot is heard to ſtir;
He comes not from the garden in,
Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

They cannot come, ſweet Maid, to thee;
Fleſh, both of cur and man, is graſs:
And what's impoſſible can't be,
And never, never, comes to paſs!

She paces through the hall antique,
To call her Thomas, from his toil;
Opes the huge door: the hinges creak,
Becauſe the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice on the threſhold of the hall,
She—" Thomas "—cried with many a ſob;
And thrice on Bob-tail did ſhe call,
Exclaiming ſweetly—" Bob! Bob! Bob! "—

Vain Maid! a gard'ner's corpſe, 'tis ſaid,
In anſwers can but ill ſucceed;
And dogs that hear, when they are dead,
Are very cunning dogs indeed!

Back through the hall ſhe bent her way,
All, all was ſolitude around;
The candle ſhed a feeble ray,
Though a large mould of four to the pound.

Full cloſely to the fire ſhe drew,
Adown her cheek a ſalt tear ſtole;
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole.

Spiders their buſy death-watch tick'd;
A certain ſign that fare will frown;
The clumſy kitchen clock, too, chick'd,
A certain ſign it was not down.

More ſtrong, and ſtrong, her terrors roſe,
Her ſhadow did the maid appall;
She trembled at her lovely noſe,
It look'd ſo long againſt the wall.

Up to her chamber damp and cold,
She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's ſtair,
Three ſtories high, long, dull, and old,
As great Lords' ſtories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pauſe;
And—" o'er the one half world ſeem'd dead;"—
No—" curtain'd ſleep,"—had ſhe; becauſe
She had no curtains to her bed.

Liſtening ſhe lay; with iron din,
The clock ſtruck twelve, the door flew wide,
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bob-tail by his ſide.

Tall like the poplar was his ſize,
Green, green his waiſtcoat was, as leeks;
Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes,
And pale as turnips were his cheeks!

Soon as the ſpectre ſhe eſpied,
The fear-ſtruck damſel faintly ſaid,
—" What would my Thomas?"—he replied,
—" Oh! Molly Dumpling, I am dead!

" All in the flower of youth I fell,
" Cut off with healthful bloſſom crown'd;
" I was not ill, but in a well,
" I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

" Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,
" His faithful dog his fate doth ſhare;
" We're fiends; this is not he and I,
" We are not here, for we are there.

" Yes! two foul water-fiends are we;
" Maid of the Moor, attend us now!
" Thy hour's at hand, we come for thee!"—
The little fiend-cur ſaid,—" bow! wow!"—

" To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
" A Holland ſheet a maiden likes,
" A ſheet of water, thou ſhalt have;
" Such ſheets there are in Holland dykes."—

The fiends approach; the Maid did ſhrink,
Swift through the night's foul air they ſpin,
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a louſe, they plump'd her in.

So true the fair, ſo true the youth,
Maids, to this day, their ſtory tell,
And hence the proverb roſe, that truth
Lies in the bottom of a well.

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